

Theſaurus Dramaticus:

Containing all the Celebrated

PASSAGES, SOLILOQUIES,
SIMILIES, DESCRIPTIONS,

AND OTHER

Poetical Beauties

IN THE

Body of-English PLAYS,

ANTIEN T and MODERN,

Digeſted under Proper TOPICS;

WITH THE

Names of the PLAYS, and their AUTHORS,
referr'd to in the *Margin*.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

Utile Dulci.

L O N D O N;

Printed by SAM. ARIS, for THOMAS BUTLER,
next *Bernard's-Inn*, in *Holborn*. MDCCXXI⁷.

The Journal of the

Passage of the

Similarity of the

And of the

Poetical Banners

IN THE

Body of English Poetry

ANTIENT

Registered under P.



WITH THE

Names of the Poets, and a List of the

IN TWO VOLUMES

VOL. II

LONDON

Printed by SAM. ARISTOTELIS, at the

next Room to the



Theſaurus Dramaticus.



LOVE and REASON.



REASON and Love rend my divided
Soul :

Love to his Tune my Jarring Heart
would bring ;

But Reason over winds and crack
the String. *Dr. D. Guise*

I LOVE the Man, my Reason bids me hate ;
The War's begun, the War of Love and Virtue ;
And I am fix'd to conquer, or to die :
Thou know'st the Strugglings of my wounded Soul ;
Hast seen me strive against this lawless Passion,
Till I have lain like Slaves upon the Rack ;
My Veins half burst, my weary Eye-Balls fix'd ;
My Brows all cover'd with big Drops of Sweat,
Which struggling Grief wrung from my tortur'd Brain.

Lee's P. Cle.

How Weak is Prudence when oppos'd to Love ?

Hig. Gen. Conq.

SMALL Passions often make our Reason yield ;
When Love invades, it well may quit the Field.

Did I not labour, ſtrive, All-ſeeing Powers !
 Did I not weep and pray, implore your Aid ;
 Burn Clouds of Incenſe on your loaded Altars ?
 Oh ! I call'd Heaven and Earth to my Aſſiſtance,
 All the ambitious Fame of Thirſt and Empires ;
 And all the Honeſt Pride of conſcious Virtue :
 I ſtruggled, rav'd, the New-born Paſſion reign'd
 Almighty in it's Birth. *Smith's Ph. Hipp.*

Now *Marcus* ! now thy Virtue's on the Proof ;
 Put forth thy utmoſt Strength, work every Nerve,
 To quell the Tyrant Love, and guard thy Heart
 On this weak Side, where moſt our Nature fails.
Add. Cato.

BID me for Honour plunge into a War,
 Of thickeſt Foes, and ruſh on certain Death ;
 Then thou ſhalt ſee that *Marcus* is not ſlow
 To follow Glory, and confeſs his Father :
 Love is not to be reaſon'd down, or loſt
 In high Ambition, and a Thirſt of Greatneſs ;
 'Tis ſecond Life, it grows into the Soul ;
 Warms every Vein, and beats in every Pulſe :
 I feel it here, my Reſolution melts. *Ibid.*

WHY doſt thou urge me thus,
 And puſh me to the very Brink of Glory ? Where,
 alas !

I look, and tremble at the vaſt Deſcent ;
 And yet even there, to the vaſt Bottom, down
 My raſh Adventurer, Love, would have me leap,
 And graſp my *Athenais* with my Ruin. *Lee's Theod.*

Do you yet love the Cauſe of all your Woes ?
 Or is ſhe grown, as ſure ſhe ought to be,
 More odious to the Sight, than Toads or Adders ?

Dr. Sp. Friar.

Oh !

Oh! there's the utmoſt Malice of my Fate,
That I am bound to hate, and born to Love! *Ibid.*

Oh! that a Face ſhould thus bewitch a Soul,
And ruin all that's Great, and Reaſonable!
Not ſo he lov'd, when he at *Iſſus* fought,
And join'd in mighty Duel great *Darius*;
Whom from his Chariot, flaming all with Gems,
He hurl'd to Earth, and crush'd the Imperial Crown;
Nor could the Gods defend their Images,
Which, with the gawdy Coach, lay overturn'd:
'Twas not the Shaft of Love, that did the Feat,
Cupid had nothing there to do: But now
Two Wives he takes; two Rival Queens diſturb
The Court; and while each Hand does Beauty hold,
Where is there room for Glory? *Lee's Alex.*

Oh! what a Traytor is my Love,
That thus unthrones me!
I ſee the Errors that I would avoid,
And have my Reaſon ſtill, but not the Uſe of't;
It hangs about me like a wither'd Limb,
Bound up, and numb'd by ſome Diſeaſe's Froſt;
The Form the ſame, but all the Uſe is loſt.

How. Veſt. Vir.

TALK not of Reaſon: What but Love is Reaſon?
For what but Love is Happineſs?
Love firſt appears with Reaſon in the Soul;
And by degrees with Reaſon it decays.

Den. Rin. Arm.

SPIGHT of the high wrought Tempeſt in my
Soul;
Spight of the Pangs which Jealouſy has coſt me,
This haughty Woman reigns within my Breſt:
In vain I ſtrive to put her from my Thoughts,

To drive her out with Empire and Revenge;
 Still she comes back like a retiring Tide,
 That Ebbs a while, but streight returns again,
 And swells above the Beach. *Rowe's Tam.*

WITH folded Arms, and down-cast Eyes he stands,
 The Marks and Emblems of a Woman's Fool!

Otw. Cai. Mar.

Oh! he is lost in a fond Maze of Love;
 The idle Truantry of Callow Boys!

I'd sooner trust my Fortunes with a Daw,
 That hops at every Butterfly he sees;
 Than have to do in Honour with a Man,
 That sells his Virtue for a Woman's smiles.

Otw. Orph.

CURSE on this Love, this little Scare-
 Crow, Love;

That frights Fools with his painted Bow, of Lathe
 Out of their feeble Senses. *Ibid.*

O Lucia! Language is too faint to shew
 His Rage of Love; it preys upon his Life:
 He pines, he sickens, he despairs, he dies;
 His Passion, and his Virtues lie confus'd,
 And mix'd together in so wild a Tumult,
 That the whole Man is quite disfigur'd in him:
 Heav'ns! would one think 'twere possible for Love
 To make such Ravage in a Noble Soul! *Add. Cato.*

O Love! thou Bane of an unhappy Maid;
 Still art thou busy at my panting Heart;
 Still do'st thou melt my Soul with thy soft Images,
 And make my Ruin pleasing: Fondly I try,
 By Gales of Sighs, and Floods of streaming Tears,
 To vent my Sorrows, and assuage my Passions;
 Still new Supplies renew th' exhausted Store.

Love

Love reigns my Tyrant : To himſelf alone
He Vindicates the Empire of my Breſt,
And baniſhes all Thoughts of Joy for ever.

Rowe's Amb. Stepm.

ALAS ! thou know'ſt not what it is to love :
A Grove of Pikes,
Whoſe poliſh'd Steel from far ſeverely ſhines,
Is not ſo dreadful as this beauteous Queen :
When we behold an Angel, not to fear,
Is to be impudent. *Dr. Sp. Friar*

EARLY thou know'ſt laſt Night I went to reſt :
But long, my Friend, e'er Slumber clos'd my Eyes :
Long was the Combat fought 'twixt Love and
Glory ;

The Fever of my Paſſion eat me up ;
My Pangs grew ſtronger, and my Rack was doubled :

My Bed was all afloat with the cold Drops,
That mortal Pain wrung from my lab'ring Limbs :
My Groans more deep than others dying Gasps.

Lee's Theod.

ALAS, *Beliza!* thou haſt never known
The fatal Power of a reſiſtleſs Love !
Like that avenging Guilt, which haunts the Impious,

In vain we ſtrive by flying to avoid it ;
In Courts and Temples it purſues us ſtill,
And in the loudeſt Clamours will be heard :
It grows a-part of us, lives in our Blood ;
And every beating Pulse proclaims it's Force.

Rowe's Amb. Stepm.

BELIEVE me, my *Beliza*, I am grown
So fond of the Delusion that has charm'd me,
I hate the officious Hand that offers cure. *Ibid.*

I could as soon
Stop a Spring-Tide blown in, with my bare Hand,
As this Impetuous Love. *Dr. Don Seb.*

Then, O my Friend!
Tear not those Wounds, which thou should'st rather
heal!

Advice to wretched Lovers is the same,
As drops of Water, cast on Conquering Flames :
They add new Fury to their Native Rage.
Hig. Gen. Conq.

FALLING in LOVE.

O Heavens!

Why does my Blood thus muster to my Heart,
Making it both unable for it self,
And dispossessing all my other Parts
Of necessary Fitness?
So play the foolish Throngs with one that swoons,
Come all to help him, and so stop the Air,
By which he should revive: And even so
The general Subjects, to a well-wish'd King,
Quit their own Part, and in obsequious Fondness,
Crow'd to his Presence, where their untaught Love
Must needs appear-Offence. *Shak. Meas. for Meas.*

A CHANGE so swift, what Heart did ever feel!
It rush'd upon me like a mighty Stream,
And bore me in a Moment far from Shore;
I've lov'd away my self in one short Hour:
Already am I gone an Age in Passion.
Was it his Youth, his Valour, or Success?

These

These might perhaps be found in other Men,
'Twas that Respect, that awful Homage paid me ;
That fearful Love which trembled in his Eyes,
And with a silent Earthquake shook his Soul.
But when he spoke, what tender Words he us'd !
So softly, that like Flakes of feather'd Snow,
They melted as they fell. *Dr. Span. Friar.*

I AM not what I was ; since yesterday,
My Food forsakes me, and my needful Rest :
I pine, I languish, love to be alone ;
Think much, speak little, and in speaking, sigh :
When I see *Torrismond*, I am unquiet ;
And when I see him not, I am in Pain.
They brought a Paper to be sign'd ;
Thinking on him, I quite forgot my Name,
And writ for *Leonora, Torrismond*.
I went to Bed, and to my self I thought
That I would think on *Torrismond* no more ;
Then shut my Eyes, but could not shut out him :
I turn'd and try'd each Corner of my Bed,
To find if Sleep was there, but Sleep was lost :
Feverish for want of Rest I rose, and walk'd,
And by the Moonshine to the Windows went,
There thinking to exclude him from my Thoughts.
I cast my Eyes upon the neighbouring Fields,
And e'er I was aware, sigh'd to my self,
There sought my *Torrismond*. *ibid.*

I AM pleas'd and pain'd, since first her Eyes I saw,
As I were stung with some Tarantula :
Arms, and the dusty Field I less admire,
And soften strangely in some new Desire ;
Honour burns in me, not so fiercely bright,
But pale as Fires when master'd by the Light.

Ev'n while I ſpeak and look I change more,
 And now am nothing that I was before.
 I'm numb'd and fix'd, and ſcarce my Eye-Balls move;
 I fear it is the Lethargy of Love !

'Tis he ! I feel him now in every Part,
 Like a new Lord he vaunts about my Heart,
 Surveys in State each Corner of my Breſt :
 And now I'm all o'er Love ! *Dr. Cong. Gr.*

O LOVE ! O curſed Boy !

Where art thou that torment'ſt me thus unſeen,
 And rageſt with thy Fires within my Breſt,
 With idle Purpoſe to inflame her Heart,
 Which is as inacceſſible and cold
 As the proud Tops of thoſe aſpiring Hills,
 Whoſe Heads are wrapp'd in everlaſting Snow,
 Tho' the hot Sun roll o'er them every Day :
 And as his Beams, which only ſhine above,
 Scorch and conſume in Regions round below ;
 So Love, which throws ſuch Brightneſs thro' her Eyes,
 Leaves her cold Heart, and burns me at her Feet.
 My Tyrant, but her flattering Slave, thou art ;
 A Glory round her lovely Face, a Fire within my
 Heart. *Roch. Val.*

How faſt I languish, and how ſoon I love !
 Armies, when they begin to diſobey,
 And fearful grow, melt not ſo faſt away
 Before the Foe, who puſhes on the Day. *D'Av. Circe.*

WOULD I had been a Man :
 With Honour then I might have ſought his Friendſhip :
 Perhaps from long Experience of my Faith,
 He might have lov'd me better than the reſt :
 Amidſt the Dangers of the horrid War,

Still had been the neareſt to his Side ;
In Courts and Triumphs ſtill had ſhared his Joys :
Or when the ſportful Chafe had call'd us forth,
Together we had chear'd our foaming Steeds ;
Together prefs'd the Savage o'er the plain ;
And when o'er labour'd with the pleaſing Toil,
Stretch'd on the verdant Soil had ſlept together.

Rowe's Amb. Stepm.

BUT then, *Hippolitus* !

Gods ! How he look'd and mov'd when he approach'd
me !

Dreadful as *Mars*, and as his *Venus* lovely ;
His kindling Cheeks with purple Beauties glow'd ;
His lovely ſparkling Eyes ſhot martial Fires :
O Godlike form ! O Extacy of Transports !
My Breath grew ſhort ! my beating Heart ſprung up-
ward,

And leap'd and bounded in my heaving Boſom :
Gods, how I ſhook ! what boiling Heat inflam'd
My panting Breſt ! That Night with Love I
ſicken'd :

Oft I receiv'd his fatal charming Viſits :
Then would he talk with ſuch a heavenly Grace,
Look with ſuch dear Compaſſion on my Pains,
That I could wiſh to be ſo ſick for ever :
My Ears, my greedy Eyes, my thirſty Soul,
Drunk, gorging in the dear delicious Poyſon ;
Till I was loſt, quite loſt in impious Love,
The God of Love, ev'n the whole God poſſeſs'd me.

Smith's Ph. Hip.

LOVE reigns a very Tyrant in my Breſt ;
Attended on his Throne by all his Guard
Of furious Wiſhes, Fears, and nice Supicions.

Otw. Cai. Mar.

I'M all o'er Love :

Nay, I am Love: Love ſhot, and ſhot ſo faſt,
He ſhot himſelf into my Breſt at laſt.

Dr. Cong. Gran.

I LOOK'D and gaz'd, and never miſs'd my Heart,
It fled ſo pleaſingly away : But now my Soul
Is all *Lavinia's* ; now ſhe is fix'd
Firm in my Heart ; by ſecret Vows made there,
The indelible Records of faithful Love !

Otw. Cai. Mar.

CAN I forget him ? Drive him from my Soul ?
Oh ! he will ſtill be preſent to my Eyes ;
His Words will ever echo in my Ears ;
Still will he be the Torture of my Days,
Bane of my Life, and Ruin of my Glory.

His fatal Form

Reigns in my Heart, and dwells before my Eyes :
If to the Gods, I pray, the very Vows
I make to Heaven, are by erring Tongue
Spoke to *Hippolitus* : If I try to ſleep,
Strait in my drouzy Eyes, my reſtleſs Fancy
Brings back his fatal Form, and curſes all my Slum-
bers.

Smith's Phed. Hip.

LUCIA, thou know'ſt not half the Love he
bears thee !

Whene'er he ſpeaks of thee his Heart's in Flames :
He ſends out all his Soul at every Word ;
And thinks, and talks, and looks like one tranſported,

Add. Cato.

HE greatly loves thee :

His Eyes, his Looks, his Actions, all betray it :
But ſtill the ſmother'd Fondneſs burns within him,
When moſt it ſwells and labours for a Vent ;

The

The Senſe of Honour, and Deſire of Fame,
Drive the big Paſſion back into his Heart, *Ibid.*

A L A S! thou talk'ſt like one who never felt
Th'impatient Throbs and Longings of a Soul,
That pants and reaches after diſtant good;
A Lover does not live by vulgar Time.
Believe me, *Portius*, in my *Lucia*'s Abſence,
Life hangs upon me, and becomes a Burden:
And yet when I behold the charming Maid,
I'm ten times more undone, while Hope and Fear,
And Grief, and Rage, and Love, riſe up at once,
And with Variety of Pain diſtract me. *Ibid.*

T E L L her thy Brother languiſhes to Death,
And fades away, and withers in his Bloom;
That he forgets his Sleep, and loaths his Food,
That Youth, and Health, and War, are joyleſs to him;
Deſcribe his anxious Days, and reſtleſs Nights,
And all the Torments that thou ſeeſt me ſuffer. *Ibid.*

In L O V E with an Enemy.

B U T Love, with Malice, as an angry Cur,
Snarls while it feeds; ſo will I ſeize, and ſtanch
The Hunger of my Love on this proud Beauty,
And leave the Scraps for Slaves. *Dr. Oedip.*

To love's no ſtranger than to live: A Tax
Impos'd on all by Nature; paid in Kind,
Familiar as our Being ----- But is't not ſtrange
To love an Enemy! whom yeſter Sun beheld,
Muſt'ring her Charms, and rolling as ſhe paſs'd
By ev'ry Squadron, her alluring Eyes,
To edge her Champions Swords, and urge my Ruin?
The Shouts of Soldiers, and the Burſt of Cannons,
Main

Maintain ev'n still a deaf and murmuring Noise;
 Nor is Heav'n yet recover'd of the Sound
 Her Battle rais'd : Yet spite of me I love.

THOU love! That odious Mouth was never fram'd
 To speak a Word so soft :

Name Death again ; for that thou can'st pronounce,
 With horrid Grace, becoming of a Tyrant.

Love is for human Hearts, and not for thine,
 Where the brute Beast extinguishes the Man.

Insult not :

Too soon, proud Beauty, I confess no Love :

Yet 'tis below my Greatness to disown it.

Love thee implacably, yet hate thee too :

Would hunt thee barefoot in the Midday Sun,

Thro' the parch'd Defarts, and the scorched Sands

T' enjoy thy Love, and once enjoy'd to kill thee.

Lay by the Lion's Hide, vain Conqueror,

And take the Distaff; for thy Soul's my Slave.

Yes, I will wed thee ;

In spite of thee, and of my self I will :

For what ? To people *Africa* with Monsters,
 Which that unnatural Mixture must produce :

Serpent! I will engender Poison with thee,

Join Hate with Hate ; add Venom to the Birth :

Our Offspring, like the Seed of Dragons Teeth,

Shall issue arm'd, and fight themselves to Death.

Dr. Don. Seb.

O Horror ! Horror ! after this Alliance,

Let Tygers match with Hinds, and Wolves with
 Sheep ;

And every Creature couple with his Foe.

Dr. Sp. Friar.

Pro-

Proteſtations of L O V E.

WERE I like dying *Edward*, ſure a Touch
Of this dear Hand would kindle Life a-new.
But I obey, I dread that gath'ring Frown,
And, oh ! when e'er my Boſom ſwells with Paſſion,
And my full Heart is pain'd with ardent Love,
Allow me but to look on you, and ſigh !
'Tis all the humble Joy that *Guilford* aſks.

If I offend thee,
Let me be dumb for ever ; let not Life
Inform theſe breathing Organs of my Voice,
If any Sound from me diſturb thy Quiet.
What is my Peace and Happineſs to thine ?

Here then I take thee to my Heart for ever,
The dear Companion of my future Days ;
What ever Providence allots for each,
Be that the common Portion of us both :
Share all the Griefs of thy unhappy *Jane*,
But if good Heav'n has any Joy in ſtore,
Let that be all thy own.

Thou wondrous Goodneſs !
Heav'n gives too much at once in giving thee,
And by the common Courſe of Things below,
(Where each Delight is temper'd with Affliction,)
Some Evil, terrible and unforeſeen,
Muſt ſure enſue, to poize the Scale againſt
This vaſt Profuſion of exceeding Pleaſure ;
But be it ſo, let it be Death and Ruin,
On any Terms I take thee.

Rowe's Jane Gray.

By Heav'ns, I love
My *Pollidore* beyond all wordly Joys,
And would not ſhock his Quiet, to be bleſt
With greater Happineſs than Man e'er taſted,

Orw. Orp.

OH! I could talk to thee for ever! Thus
Eternally admiring, fix and gaze
On thoſe dear Eyes: For every Glance they ſend
Darts thro' my Soul, and almoſt gives Enjoyment,

Ibid.

My dear *Urania*, Miracle of Women!
Was ever Love ſo true, ſo great as thine,
Clasp'd in thy ſnowy Arms I find more Blifs.
Than ſcepter'd Pride, and crown'd Ambition taſte.

Pow. K. Nap.

THOU ſoſteſt Beauty,
So full my Soul, ſo vaſt my Joys; beyond
The Circle of theſe Arms Ambition has not a Wiſh.

Settle's Diſt. Inn.

FORGIVE what I have done, and in Amends,
(If that can make you happy, that can pleaſe you,)
I'll tear my ſelf for ever from my Hopes,
Stifle this flaming Paſſion in my Soul,
That has ſo long broke out to trouble you,
And mention my unlucky Love no more.

South's Fat. Mar.

My *Iſabella*! O the joy of Heart!
That I have Leave at laſt to call you mine!
When I give that Title to the Charms
Of any other Wiſh, be nothing mine.

Ibid.

My Heart bounds up to meet thee at my Lips;
O take the little flutt'ring Wanderer in!

Or

Or let him grow thus to thy ſnowy Boſom,
And be the immortal Guard of faithful Love!

Johnſ. Succell. Pyr.

To hear thee ſpeak, charms my diſtracted Mind,
And makes all calm within. But when I ſee thee,
My greedy longing Eyes would gaze for ever
Unſatisfy'd! — Might I indulge their Joy,
Swift Hours would unregarded paſs; whole Years
As in a gentle Slumber ſteal away;
The rapid Stream of Time would like one Moment,
Flow back into Eternity again.

Ibid.

LEAVE thee! forget thee! Blot thee from my
Heart!

Eraze the dear Impreſſion of thy Charms!
Sooner thou'lt ſee me breathleſs, pale, and dead,
Intomb'd in the cold Boſom of the Earth,
Yet warmer far, than my *Irene's* Breſt.

Goring's Irene.

NOT the dear Moment I beheld thee firſt,
When my fond Soul ſtood hovering at my Eyes,
And every Paſſage of my yielding Heart
Expanded wide, to let the Charmer in,
Not ſcattered half the Flames around my Breſt,
As I this Moment feel.

Ibid.

THE fragrant Infancy of opening Flowers,
Flow'd to my Senſes in that melting Kiſs:
Oh! I am wild, impatient as Deſire,
To force the bluſhing Beauty to my Boſom,
And there diſſolve it to the Balm of Death!
Speak: Tell me, when! O where?

South. Moth. in Faſh.

My

MY Queen ! my Goddess ! art thou kind at last ?
 O softly, softly, breath the charming Sound,
 And let it gently steal upon my Soul !
 Gently, as falls the balmy Dew from Heaven !
 Or let thy kind consenting Eyes speak for thee,
 And bring me the sweet Tidings from thy Heart.
 She yields ! immortal God's, she yields !

Rowe's Ulyss.

WHAT was my Transport, then when first I saw thee
 Trembling, and in Confusion pale and redning
 By Turns ? when all thy Charms were in a Hurry ?
 And the retreating, and returning Blood,
 Surpris'd me with Vicissitude of Beauty !
 How did my Heart ? But 'tis unutterable,
 No words of Rapture can express my Passion,
 Nor how I since have lov'd.

Trap. Abram.

Oh ! I want Breath to speak ! I die with Extasy !
 And my tumultuous Thoughts above all Words are
 rais'd !

Here let me with dumb Eloquence express them :
 Here pour out the Abundance of my Soul.

Den. Iph.

WITH bursting Veins I'd climb 'gainst Hills of
 Fire ;
 Were you the Prize, 'twould gain me : For your Sake,
 I'd Plunge my shivering Limbs in Seas of Snow,
 And swim thro' all the freezing Lakes of Winter :
 Were you a Prisoner, to restore your Freedom,
 I would rush on, and throw my Naked Breast
 Upon the Spears of Armies ---- To reach you ;
 I would tear Lions throats, and combat Dragons :
 I would descend to Hell, could Hell retain you ;
 But Hell would be no Hell when you were there !

I would do more than Fancy can impoſe,
Or Woman wiſh, to gain you ---- But, by Heavens !
The very Moment your depos'd your Honour,
I would deſpiſe, forſake, and ſcorn to own you.

Hill's Elfrid.

I ſ it a Fault my Life's bound up in thee ?
That all my Power's change with thy Looks ?
That my Eyes glote on thee, when thou'rt preſent ;
And ake and roll for Light when thou'rt abſent ?

Steel's Ly. Lov.

I f ſhe can make me bleſt ! She only can :
Empire and Wealth, and all ſhe brings beſides,
Are but the Trains and Trappings of her Love :
The ſweeteſt, kindeſt, trueſt of her Sex,
In whoſe Poſſeſſion Years roll round on Years ;
And Joys in Circles meet new Joys again :
Kiſſes, Embraces, Languiſhings, and Deaths,
Still from each other to each other move
To crown the various Seasons of our Love :
And doubt you, if ſuch a Love can make me hap-
py ?

Dr. Sp. Fr.

Auroſia here ! O faireſt ! beſt beloved
Of all the beauteous Sex ! Let me Embrace thee !
Thou kind, thou only Bleſſing Fate has left me !
For I'm bereſt of Fortune, Fame, and Friendſhip,
And all the Pleaſures of my Life, but Love.

Otw. Her. Friend.

O H ! bid me leap
From off the Battlements of any Tower,
Or walk in Thieviſh Ways ; or bid me lurk
Where Sepents are : Chain me with roaring Bears ;
Or hide me nightly in ſome Charnel houſe,
O'er cover'd quite with dead Mens rattling bones,

With

With reeky Shanks, and yellow chapleſs Sculls :
 Or bid me go into a new made Grave,
 And hide me with a dead Man in his Shroud;
 Things that to hear but told have made me tremble;
 And I'll go thro' it without Fear or Doubting,
 To keep my Vows unſpotted to my Love ?

Otw. Cai. Mar.

I F Love be Treafure, we'll be wond'rous rich :
 I have ſo much, my Heart will ſurely break with it ;
 Vows can't expreſs it. When I would declare
 How great's my Joy, I'm dumb with the big Thought;
 I ſwell, and ſigh, and labour with my Longing.
 O lead me to ſome Deſart, wide and wild,
 Barren, as our Miſfortunes ; where my Soul
 May have it's Vent ; where I may tell aloud
 To the high Heavens, and every liſt'ning Planet,
 With what a boundleſs Stock my Boſom's fraught ;
 Where I may throw my eager Arms about thee,
 Give looſe to Love with Kiſſes, kindling Joy,
 And let off all the Fires that's in my Heart.

Otw. Ven. Preſ.

O H ! I will love thee ! ev'n in Madneſs love thee !
 Tho' my diſtracted Senſes ſhould forſake me,
 I'd find ſome Intervals, when my poor Heart
 Should ſwage it ſelf, and be let looſe to thine :
 Tho' the bare Earth be all our reſting Place,
 It's Roots our Food, ſome Clift our Habitation,
 I'll make this Arm a Pillow for thy Head ;
 As thou ſighing lieſt, and ſwell'd with Sorrow,
 Creep to thy Boſom, pour the Balm of Love
 Into thy Soul, and kiſs thee to thy Reſt ;
 Then praife our God, and watch thee till the Morn-

ing.

*Ibid.
 Cha*

Chamont's the dearest Thing I love on Earth:
Give me *Chamont*, and let the World forsake me.

Orw. Orph.

I come;

I fly to my ador'd *Castalio's* Arms,
My Wish's, Lord! may every Morn begin
Like this, and with our Days, our Love renew. *Ibid.*

Oh! I will throw my impatient Arms about her,
In her soft Bosom sigh my Soul to Peace,
Till through my panting Breast she finds the Way
To mould my Heart, and make it what she will.

Ibid.

I will not rest till I have found *Castalio*,
My Wish's, Lord! comely as rising Day,
Amidst ten thousand eminently known:
Flowers spring where'er he treads; his Eyes,
Fountains of Brightness, chearing all about him;
When will they shine on me? *Ibid.*

WITH what a graceful Tenderneſs he loves!
And breaths the softest, the sincerest Vows!
Complacency, and Truth, and manly Sweetneſs,
Dwell ever on his Tongue, and smooth his Thoughts.

Add. Cato.

OH! he was all made up of Love and Charms;
Whatever Maid could wish, or Man admire;
Delight of every Eye! When he appear'd,
A secret Pleasure gladden'd all that saw him.
But when he talk'd, the proudest *Roman* blush'd
To hear his Virtues, and old Age grew Wise, *Ibid.*

O my *Lavinia*! if my Heart e'er stray,
Or any other Beauty ever charm me;
If I not live entirely only thine,

In

In that curs'd Moment when my Soul forsakes thee,
 May I be hither brought a Captive bound,
 T' adorn the Triumph of my basest Foe.

Otw. Cai. Mar

AND if I live not faithful to the Lord
 Of my first Vows, my dearest only *Marinus*,
 May I be brought to Poverty and Scorn;
 Hooted by Slaves forth from thy Gates, O *Rome*!
 Till flying to the Woods to avoid my Shame,
 Sharp Hunger, Cold, or some worse Fate destroy me
 And not a Tree vouchsafe a Leaf to hide me. *Ibid*

O THOU soft Dear! If ever I forsake thee,
 At my last Hour may I despair of Mercy:
 And may those Saints, that knew the Wrong I did
 thee,

When at Heaven's Gate I beg for Entrance, answer,
 Remember what thou didst to *Fausta* swear:
 Begone, for ever leave this happy Sphere;
 For perjur'd Lovers have no Mansion here.

Lee's Conf

O best Joy
 Of my abounding Soul! what shall I call thee?
 By Heaven, thou art all Heaven! All Paradise!
 My Soul's best Life, and my Heart's grasp'd Desire!
 Thou Dearest of the World! The Mother in her

Throes;
 After the Rack, when hanging o'er her Babe,
 With bleeding Joys, wild Looks, and yearning Smiles,
 Loves not her Darling more than I love *Crispus*. *Ibid*

I SWEAR to you by Heaven, by all Things sacred
 By all that's great and lovely upon Earth!
 By him! by *Guise*! by all the blessed Moments

Of that dear Life, which single I prefer
To Millions of my own ! I love him more
Than you love Glory, Vengeance, and Ambition.

Lee's Mass. Par.

F O R, oh ! I love beyond all former Passion.
Die for him ! that's too little : I could burn
Piece-meal away ; or bleed to Death by Drops :
I could bleed alive ; then broke upon the Wheel :
I could yet with a Smile, endure it all for *Guise* ;
And when let loose from Torments, all one Wound,
Run with my mangled Arms, and crush him dead.

Ibid.

C A L L then, my Lord, call forth your fierce Tor-
mentors :

Propose to *Marguerite* Flames and Wounds,
And all the cruel Arts of thoughtful Fury :
Or turn me forth a Beggar to the World,
Or make it Death for any to relieve me :
Let the mad Multitude, like Dogs upon me,
To tear, to worry me, like common Flesh ;
To drag me to a Ditch, and leave me gasping :
Let with my last Sighs I will groan to Heaven :
Tis easier this, than to be false to *Guise*.

Ibid.

O *Mithridates* ! mighty as thou art,
Before whose Throne Princes stand dumb as Death,
With folded Arms, and their Eyes fix'd to Earth ;
Dishonour brand me, if I would not chuse
A private Life with her whom my Soul loves,
Rather than live like thee, with all thy Titles,
The Kings of Kings, without her.

Lee's Mith.

I S W E A R upon the Sword ; and, Oh !
I witness Heaven, and all avenging Powers,
Of the true Love I give the Prince *Ziphares* :

When

When I in Thought forſake my plighted Faith,
 Much leſs in Act, for Empire change my Love,
 May this keen Sword, by my own Father's Hand,
 Be guided to my Heart; rip Veins and Arteries,
 And cut my faithleſs Limbs from this hack'd Body,
 To feaſt the rav'nous Birds and Beaſts of Prey.

By all thoſe holy Vows,
 Which, if there be a Power above, are binding!
 Or if there be a Hell below, are fearful!
 May every Imprecation which your Rage
 Can wiſh on me, take place if I am falſe.

Dr. Troil. Cre

So well I love, Words cannot ſpeak how well
 No pious Son e'er lov'd his Mother more
 Than I my dear *Jocasta*.

Dr. Oe

How I love *Hector*! Need I ſay I love him?
 I am not; but in him.

Dr. Troil. Cre

I HAVE a Heart! But if it could be falſe
 To my firſt Vows, ever to love again,
 Theſe honeſt Hands ſhould tear it from my Breaſt,
 And throw the Traytor from me.

South. Ore

FOR Truth it ſelf, and everlaſting Love,
 Grow in this Breaſt, and Pleaſure in theſe Arms.

HERE I reign in full Delights,
 In Joys to Power unknown:
 Your Love my Empire, and your Heart my Throne.

THERE'S not a God inhabits the bright Sphere
 But for this Beauty would all Heav'ns forſwear:
 Ev'n *Jove* would try more Shapes her Love to win
 And in new Birds, and unknown Beaſts, would ſeek

Dr. Tyr. Le

I LOVE you more than Love can weild the Matter,
Dearer than Eye-sight, Space, or Liberty;
Beyond what can be valued rich or rare :
No less than Life, with Grace, Health, Beauty, Honour ;
As much as Child e'er loved, or Father fond :
A Love that makes Breath poor, and Speech unable ;
Beyond all manner of so much I Love you.

Sb. K. Lear.

EMPIRE and Victory be all forsaken,
All but *Chruséis* ! Yes, ye partial Powers,
To Plagues add Poverty, Disgrace, and Shame ;
Strip me of all my Dignities and Crowns,
Not one of all your Curses will be felt,
Whilst I can keep this Blessing : Take, O take
Your Sceptres back, and give them to my Foes !
Give me but Life, and Love, and my *Chruséis*,
'Tis all I ask of Heaven. *Lansd. Her. Love.*

THE World's a worthless Sacrifice for her !
More worth than thousand Worlds !
The Gods, that with unnumber'd Eyes look down
From their high Firmament, all stuck with Lights,
See nothing half so glorious, or so bright.
Glory ! that common Mistress of Mankind,
Courtèd by all, but by so few possess'd,
For which so many Rivals hourly fall,
Early I saw, was tempted, and enjoyed :
But Love has led me to new Realms of Bliss,
Where Pleasures blossom with eternal Spring ;
Enjoyment's made immortal by Desire,
And Joys flow in on Joys, and Rapture's Stream :
All other sweets are visionary Bliss,
Nothing but Love's substantial Extasy.

Ibid.
Let

Let *Chaos* come,
 Confusion seize on all, whene'er we part :
 Interest, Ambition, Piety, Renown,
 Pity, and Reason : 'I have weigh'd them all,
 But, Oh ! how light, when thou art in the Scale. *Ibid.*

Love pleads for me ;
 And Love's enough ; What Argument so strong ?
 Absent or present, thou art still the same ;
 My Faith's the same. What tho' the Hunter flies,
 The stricken Stag bleeds on.
 The Impression that thou leav'st upon my Soul,
 Lies there so deep, so lively, and so full,
 That Memory recalls no other Thought,
 But only Love ; and only Love of thee. *Ibid.*

ALL constant Lovers shall in future Ages,
 Approve their Truth by *Troilus* : When their Verse,
 Full of Protest, and Oath, and big Compare,
 Want Similes, as Turtles to their Mates,
 As true as flowing Tides are to the Moon,
 Earth to the Center, Iron to the Adamant ;
 At last when Truth is tir'd with Repetition,
 As true as *Troilus*, shall crown the Verse,
 And sanctify the Numbers. *Dr. Troil. Cress.*

Prophet may you be !
 If I am false, or swerve from Truth and Love ;
 When Time is old, and has forgot it self,
 In all Things else let it remember me ;
 And after all Comparisons of Falshood,
 To stab the Heart of Perjury in Maids,
 Let it be said, As false as *Cressida*. *Ibid.*

THAT I do love you, O all you host of Heav'n,
 Be witness ! That you are dear to me ?

Dearest

Dearer than Day to one whom Sight muſt leave,
Dearer than Life to one who fears to die ;
O thou bright Power be Judge; whom we adore,
Be Witneſs of my Truth ! be Witneſs of my Love !

Lee's Mith.

O MY *Monimia* ! to my Soul thou'rt dear
As Honour to my Name ; dear as the Light,
To Eyes but juſt reſtor'd, and heal'd of Blindneſs.

Otw. Orph.

O SHE is dearer to my Soul than Reſt
To weary Pilgrims, or to Miſers Gold,
To great Men Power, or Wealthy Cities Pride ! *Ibid.*

DEAR as the vital Warmth that feeds my Life;
Dear as thoſe Eyes that weep, in Fondneſs, o'er thee.

Ibid.

LET me haſte to tell thee,
What, and how dear *Moneſes* has been to me.
What has he not been ? All the Names of Love,
Brothers, or Fathers, Huſbands, all are poor.
Moneſes is my ſelf, in my fond Heart,
Ev'n in my Vital Blood, he lives, and reigns :
The laſt dear Object of my parting Soul
Will be *Moneſes* ; the laſt Breath, that lingers
Within my Panting Breſt, ſhall ſigh *Moneſes*.

Rowe's Tam.

PERDITION catch my Soul, but I do loveth thee;
And when I love thee not, *Chaos* is come again.

Shak. Oth.

MY Love's ſo true,
That I can neither hide it where it is,
Nor ſhew it where 'tis not.

Dry. All for Love.

OH! she's all Softness!

All melting, mild and calm, as a rock'd Infant;
Nor can you wake her into Cries: By Heaven!
She is the Child of Love, and she was born in Smiles.

Lee's Alex.

AND is it given me thus to touch thy Hand,
And fold thy Body in my longing Arms;
To gaze upon thy Eyes, my happier Stars;
To taste thy Lips, and thy dear balmy Breath?
While ev'ry Sigh comes forth so fraught with Sweets,
'Tis Incense to be offer'd to a God.

Ibid.

THE vernal Bloom and Fragancy of Spices,
Wafted by gentle Winds, are not like thee.
From thee, as from the *Cyprian* Queen of Love,
Ambrosia's Odors flow: My ev'ry Faculty
Is charm'd by thee, and drinks immortal Pleasures.

Rowe's Am. Step.

BY Heaven, my *Edith*!

Thy Mother fed on Roses when she bred thee,
The Sweetness of the *Arabian* Wind still blowing
Upon the Treasures of Perfumes and Spices,
In all their Pride and Pleasure, call thee Mistress.

Beau. Rollo.

SWEET as the Rosy Morn, she breaks upon me;
And Sorrow, like the Night's unwholsome Shade,
Gives way before the golden Dawn she brings.

Rowe's Tam.

NOT the Spring's Mouth, nor Breath of *Jessamine*,
Nor Violets infant Sweets; nor opening Buds,
Are half so sweet as *Alexander's* Breast!
From every pore of him a Perfume falls;
He kisses softer than a Southern Wind,
Curles like a Vine, and touches like a God!

Ther

Then he will talk ! good Gods ! how he will talk !
Ev'n when the Joy, he sigh'd for, is possess'd,
Ev'n then he speaks such Words, and looks such
Things,

Vows with so much Passion, swears with so much
Grace,

That 'tis a kind of Heaven to be deluded by him !

If I but mention him, the Tears will fall,

Sure there's not a Letter in his Name,

But is a Charm to melt a Woman's Eyes. *Lee's Alex.*

My Lord, my Love, my Refuge !

Happy my Eyes when they behold thy Face !

My heavy Heart will leave its doleful Beating

At Sight of thee, and bound with sprightly Joy.

Ow. Ven. Pres.

DOES she not come like Wisdom, or good Fortune,

Replete with Blessings, giving Wealth and Honour ?

The Dowry which she brings, is Peace and Pleasure ;

And everlasting Joy is in her Arms. *Rowe's Fair Pen.*

Oh ! she's the Pride and Glory of the World !

Without her, all the rest is worthless Dross ;

Life, a base Slavery ; Empire, but a Mock ;

And Love, the Soul of all, a bitter Curse. *Roch. Valen.*

'Tis now, that I begin to live again,

Since I behold my *Aurenzebe* appear ;

His Name alone afforded me Relief ;

Repeated as a Charm to ease my Grief.

That lov'd Name, did as some God invoke,

And printed Kisses on it as I spoke.

Dr. Auren.

LAVINIA ! Oh ! there's Music in the Name !

That softening me to infant Tenderneers,

Makes my Heart spring like the first Leaps of Life,

Ow. Cai. Mar.

O *Pierre* ! wert thou but ſhe !
 How I ſhould pull thee down into my Heart,
 Gaze on thee till my Eye-Strings crack with Love,
 Till all my Sinews with its Fire extended,
 Fix'd me upon the Rack of ardent Longing ;
 Then ſwelling, ſighing, raging, to be bleſs'd,
 Come like a panting Turtle to thy Breſt.

Otw. Ven. Preſ

HOLD off, and let me run into his Arms !
 My Deareſt ! my All Love ! my Lord ! my King !
 Thou ſhalt not die, if that the Soul and Body
 Of thy *Statira* can reſtore thee Life !
 Give me thy wonted Kindneſs, bend me, break me
 With thy Embraces.

Lee's Alex

LOVE mounts and rolls about my ſtormy Mind,
 Like Fire that's borne by a tempeſtuous Wind ;
 Oh ! I could ſtiſle you with eager Haſte,
 Devour your Kiſſes, with my hungry Taſte,
 Ruſh on you, eat you, wander o'er each Part,
 Raving with Pleaſure, ſnatch you to my Heart ;
 Then hold you off, and gaze ; then with new Rage
 Invade you, till my conſcious Limbs preſage
 Torrents of Joy, which all their Banks o'erflow ;
 So loſt, ſo bleſs'd, as I but then could know.

Dr. Aure

THE God of Love empties his golden Quiver
 Shoots every Grain of her into my Heart !
 She is all mine ; By Heaven ! I feel her here,
 Panting and warm ! the Deareſt ! O *Statira* !

Semandra ſhall be mine ! ev'n all *Semandra* !
 The Thought is Extaſy ! theſe Arms ſhall hold her
 Faſt to my throbbing Breſt ; theſe raviſh'd Eyes
 Gaze till they're blind with looking on her Bluſhes

The

Theſe ſtifling Lips ſhall ſmother all her Smiles,
And follow her with ſuch Purſuit of Kiſſes,
That ev'n our Souls ſhall loſe themſelves i' th' Plea-
ſure *Lee's Mith.*

Who ſhould be lov'd but you?
So lov'd, that ev'n my Crown and Self are vile,
When you are by.
Come to my Arms, and be thy *Harry's* Angel;
Shine thro' my Cares, and make my Crown ſit eaſy.
Lee's Duke of Guiſe.

GIVE, ye Gods! give to your Boy, your *Cæſar*,
This Rattle of a Globe to play withal;
This Gewgaw World, and put him cheaply off:
I'll not be pleas'd with leſs than *Cleopatra*.
Dr. All for Love.

GALLOP a-pace, ye fiery footed Steeds,
Towards *Phæbus'* Lodgings; ſuch a Charioteer,
As *Phaeton*, would laſh you to the Weſt,
And bring in cloudy Night immediately.
Spread thy cloſe Curtains, Love-performing Night;
Thou ſober-suited Matron, all in black;
That jealous Eyes may wink, and *Romeo*
Leap to theſe Arms untalk'd of, and unſeen
Oh! give me *Romeo*, and when he ſhall die,
Take him, and cut him out in little Stars;
And he will make the Face of Heav'n ſo fine,
That all the World will be in Love with Night,
And pay no Worſhip to the gawdy Sun.

Shak. Rom. & Jul.

BUT, Oh! there wants, to crown my Happineſs!
Life of my Empire! Treſure of my Soul!
Guide of my Days, and Goddeſs of my Nights!
My dear *Statira*! Oh! that heavenly Beam!

Warmth of my Brain, and Fire of my Heart!
 Had ſhe but ſhot to ſee me! had ſhe met me,
 By this Time, I had been among the Gods!
 If any Extaſy can make a Heighth,
 Or any Rapture hurl us to the Heavens. *Lee's Alex.*

Oh! thou art my Soul it ſelf, Wealth, Friendſhip,
 Honour!

All preſent Joys, and Earneſt of all future,
 Are ſumm'd in thee! Methinks, when in thy Arms,
 Thus leaning on thy Breſt, one Minute's more
 Than a long Thouſand Years of vulgar Hours.

Otw. Ven. Pref.

SHE reigns more fully in my Soul than ever:
 She garifons my Breſt, and mans againſt me,
 Ev'n my own Rebel-Thoughts, with thouſand Graces,
 Ten thouſand Charms, and new diſcover'd Beauties.
 Oh! haſt thou ſeen her when ſhe lately bleſt me;
 What Tears, what Looks, what Languifhings ſhe
 darted!

Love bath'd himſelf in the diſtilling Balm;
 And, Oh! the ſubtle God has made his Entrance
 Quite thro' my Heart! he ſhoots and triumphs there;
 And all his Cry is, Death, or *Bellamira*!

Oh! Expectation burns me! Heart! how ſhe inflames
 me!

Let's talk no more of War! for now my Theme's
 all Love!

The War, like Winter, vaniſhes, 'tis gone;
 And *Bellamira* with eternal Spring,
 Dreſs'd in blue Heavens, and breathing Vernal Sweet
 Drops like a Cherubim, in Spoils before me.
 Thus to a glorious Coaſt thro' Tempeſts hurl'd,
 We ſail like him, who fought the *Indian* World.

'Tis more, 'tis Paradise, I go to prove,
And *Bellamira* is the Land of Love!
I have her in my View, and hark ſhe talks;
Fair, as the Day when firſt the World began,
And I am doom'd to be the happy Man!

Lee's Caſ. Borg.

THE God of Love once more has ſhot his Fires
Into my Soul, and my whole Heart receives him:

Almeyda now returns with all her Charms:

I feel her, as ſhe glides along my Veins,
And dances in my Blood; ſo when *Mahomet*
Had long been hammering, in his lonely Cell,
Some dull, inſipid, tedious Paradise,
A brisk *Arabian* Girl came tripping by,
Paſſing, ſhe caſt at him a ſide-long Glance,
And look'd behind, in Hopes to be purſu'd:
He took the Hint, embrac'd the flying Fair;
And having found his Heav'n, he fix'd it there.

Dr. Don Seb.

OH! the killing Joy!
O Extaſy! my Heart will burſt my Breaſt,
To leap into thy Boſom! but by Heav'n,
This Night I will revenge me of thy Beauties;
For the dear Rack I have this Day endur'd!
For all the Sighs and Tears that I have ſpent,
I'll have ſo many thouſand burning Loves;
So ſwill thy Lips, ſo fill me with thy Sweetneſs;
Thou ſhalt not ſleep, nor cloſe thy wand'ring Eyes:
The ſmiling Hours ſhall all be lov'd away,
We'll ſurfeit all the Night, and languish all the Day.

Lee's Alex.

WHERE am I! ſure Paradife is round me,
 Sweets planted by the Hand-of Heav'n grow here,
 And ev'ry Senſe is full of thy Perfection!
 To hear thee ſpeak might calm a Madman's Frenzy,
 'Till by Attention he forgot his Sorrows:
 But, to behold thy Eyes, th' amazing Beauties,
 Would make him rage again with Love, as I do:
 To touch thee's Heaven, but to enjoy thee, Oh!
 Thou Nature's whole Perfection in one Piece!
 Sure! framing thee, Heav'n took unuſual Care,
 As it's own Beauty, it deſign'd thee fair,
 And form'd thee by the beſt lov'd Angel there.

Otw. Orphan.

WHO can behold ſuch Beauty, and be ſilent?
 Deſire firſt taught us Words: Man, when created
 At firſt, alone long wander'd up and down
 Forlorn, and ſilent as his Vaſſal Beaſts:
 But when a Heaven-born Maid like you appear'd,
 Strange Paſſion fill'd his Eyes, and fir'd his Heart,
 Unloos'd his Tongue, and his firſt Talk was Love.

Ibid.

L O Y A L T Y.

LET Fools the Name of Loyalty divide,
 Wiſe Men and Gods are on the ſtrongeſt Side.

Sedley's Ant. Cleop.

THE Laws of Friendſhip we our ſelves create,
 And 'tis but ſimple Villany to break 'em:
 But Faith to Princes broke, is Sacrilege,
 An Injury to the Gods: And that loſt Wretch,
 Whoſe Breſt is poiſon'd with ſo vile a Purpoſe,
 Tears Thunder down from Heaven on his own Head,
 And leaves a Curſe to his Poſterity.

Roch. Val.

I WOULD

I WOULD ſerve my King,
Serve him with all my Fortune here at home,
And ſerve him with my Perſon in the Wars;
Watch for him, fight for him, bleed for him, die for
him;

As every true-born Subject ought. *Otw. Orph.*

I HAVE ſerved him:

In this old Body yet the Marks remain
Of many Wounds: I've with this Tongue proclaim'd
His Right, ev'n in the Face of rank Rebellion:
And when a foul-mouth'd Traytor once prophan'd
His ſacred Name, with my good Sabre drawn,
Ev'n at the Head of all his giddy Rout,
I ruſh'd and clove the Rebel to the Chine. *Ibid.*

WHAT gen'rous Man can live with that Constraint
Upon his Soul, to bear, much leſs to flatter,
A Court like this? Can I ſooth Tyranny?
Seem pleas'd to ſee my Royal Maſter murder'd?
His Crown uſurp'd, a Diſtaff on the Throne?
A Council made of ſuch as dare not ſpeak;
And could not, if they durſt? Whence honeſt Men
Banish themſelves, for Shame of being there?
A Government, which knowing not true Wiſdom,
Is ſcorn'd abroad, and lives on Tricks at home.

Dr. Span. Fr.

L U S T.

AS Virtue never will be mov'd,
Tho' Lewdneſs court it in a Shape of Heav'n:
So Luſt, tho' to a radiant Angel join'd,
Will ſeat it ſelf in a Celeftial Bed,
And prey on Garbage.

Shak. Ham.

C. 5.

LUST

LUST, which makes a Woman
Gallop down Hill as fearleſs as a Drunkard;
There's no true Loadſtone in the World but that,
It draws them thro' all Storms by Sea or Shame,
Life's Loſs is thought too ſmall to pay that Game.

LUST is, of all the Fraillties of our Nature,
What moſt we ought to fear, the head-ſtrong Beaſt,
Ruſhes along, impatient of the Courſe;
Nor hears the Rider's Call; nor feels the Rein.

Rowe's Royal Conv.

IT is not Love, but ſtrong Libidinous Will,
That triumphs o'er me; and to ſatiate that,
What Difference 'twixt this Moor, and her fair Dame?
Night makes their Hues alike, their Uſe is ſo:
Whoſe Hand's ſo ſubtle he can Colours name,
If he do wink, and touch them; Luſt being blind,
Never in Woman did Diſtinction find.

Beaum. Kt. Malta.

THY Luſt is more inſatiate than the Grave,
And like infectious Airs, engenders Plagues,
To murder all that's chaſte, or good in Woman.

Beaum. Queen Cor.





M A D N E S S.



OW ſee that noble and moſt ſovereign
Reason,
Like ſweet Bells jangl'd, out of Tune
and harſh;
Mad as the Seas and Winds, when
both contend

Which is the mightier.

She hems, and beats her Breſt,
Spurns enviously at Straws; ſpeaks Things in doubt,
That carry but half Senſe:

Yet her unſhaped Uſe of Speech does move
The Hearers to Collection: They aim at it,
And her Words up fit to their own Thoughts;
Which as her Winks, and Nods, and Geſtures yield
them,

Indeed, would make one think, there would be
Thoughts,

Tho' nothing ſuit, yet much unhappily. *Shak. Ham.*

HER unregarded Locks

Matted like Fury's Treſſes, her poor Limbs
Chain'd to the Ground; and 'ſtead of thoſe Delights,
Which happy Lovers taſte, her Keeper's Stripes,
A Bed of Straw, and a coarſe wooden Diſh
Of wretched Suſtenance.

Opw. Orph.

OBSERVE

OBSERVE the Gallantry of her Divraction:
Hark! how ſhe mouths the Heavens, and mates the
Gods;

Her blazing Eyes darting the wand'ring Stars:
While with her thund'ring Voice ſhe threatens high,
And ev'ry Accent twangs with ſmarting Sorrow.

Lee's Oed.

HE raves, his Words are looſe
As Heaps of Sand, and ſcattering wide from Senſe:
So high he's mounted in his airy Throne,
That now the Wind is got into his Head,
And turns his Brains to Frenzy.

Dr. Span. Fr.

Wild.

As a robb'd Tygreſs bounding o'er the Woods.

Lee's Oed.

WILD as Winds,
That ſweep the Deſarts of our moving Plains.

Dr. Don Seb.

THERE is a Pleaſure ſure, in being mad,
Which none but Madmen know.

Dr. Span. Fr.

MADMEN ought not to be mad,

But who can help their Frenzy?

Ibid.

To my charm'd Ears no more of Woman tell,
Name not a Woman, and I ſhall be well:

Like a poor Lunatic, that makes his Moan,

And for a while beguiles his Lookers on:

He reaſons well, his Eyes their Wildneſs loſe;

He vows the Keepers his wrong'd Senſe abuſe:

But if you hit the Cauſe that hurt his Brain,

Then his Teeth gnaw, he foams, he ſhakes his Chain,

His Eye-Balls roll, and he is mad again.

Lee's C. Bor.

I HAVE bethought my ſelf,

To take the beſt, and the pooreſt Shape,

That

That ever Penury, in Contempt of Man,
Brought near to Beast. My Face I'll grime with Filth,
Blanket my Loins, put all my Hair in Knots;
And with presented Nakedness out-face
The Winds, and Persecutions of the Sky.
The Country gives me Proof and Precedent
Of *Bedlam* Beggars, who with roaring Voices,
Strike into their numb'd and mortified Arms,
Pins, wooden Pricks, Nails, Sprigs of Rosemary;
And with this horrible Object from low Farms,
Poor pelting Villages, Sheep-Cotes, and Mills,
Sometimes with lunatic Bans, sometimes with Prayers,
Enforce their Charity. *Shak. K. Lear.*

SOME strange Commotion
Is in his Brain: He bites his Lip, and starts;
Stops on a sudden, looks upon the Ground;
Then lays his Finger on his Temple: Streight
Springs out into fast Gate, then stops again,
Strikes his Breast hard, and anon he casts
His Eye against the Moon: In most strange Posture
We have seen him put himself. *Shak. Hen. VIII.*

IF on Ship-board I should see my Friend
Grown frantic in a raging Calenture,
And he, imagining vain flow'ry Meads,
Would plunge himself into the Deep,
Should I not hold him from that mad Attempt,
'Till his sick Fancy were by Reason cur'd? *Dr. D. Seb.*

BUT now her Grief has wrote her into Frenzy,
The Images her troubled Fancy forms,
Are incoherent, wild, her Words disjointed:
Sometimes she raves for Music, Light, and Air:
Nor Air, nor Light, nor Music, calms her Pains:
Then with Extatic Strength she springs aloft.

And

And moves, and bounds with Vigour not her own.
 Then Life is on the Wing; then most she sinks,
 When most she seems reviv'd Like boiling Water,
 That foams and hisses o'er the crackling Wood,
 And bubbles to the Brim; ev'n then most waiting,
 When most it swells. *Smith's Ph. Hip.*

THE Moon has roll'd o'er his Head, and turn'd it,
 As Peals of Thunder soure the gen'rous Wine.

Dr. Love Tri.

MAD as the Winds,
 When for the Empire of the Main they strive.

Den. Ap. Virg.

MORE wild
 Than the fierce Tygres of her Young beguil'd.

Lee's Nero.

MY Head grows giddy: Oh! that I were mad!
 Madness brings Ease: Reason! Reason alone
 Feels Sorrow! Folly, and Madness are exempt:
 No State of human Life is to be envy'd,
 But Lunacy and Folly: None can be happy
 Who can feel Pain? To want the Sense to grieve
 Is the best Measure of Felicity. *Lansd. Her. Love.*

K. *John.* I MARRY, now my Soul hath Elbow-Room,
 It would not out at Windows, nor at Doors:
 There is so hot a Summer in my Bosom,
 That all my Bowels crumble up to Dust:
 I am a scribled Form, drawn with a Pen
 Upon a Parchment; and against this Fire
 Do I shrink up.

Henry. — How fares your Majesty?

K. *John.* Poison'd! ill Fare: Dead, forsook, cast off;
 And none of you will bid the Winter come
 To thrust his icy Fingers in my Maw:

Nor

Nor let my Kingdom's Rivers take their Courſe
Thro' my burnt Boſom; nor intreat the North,
To make his bleak Winds kiſs my parch'd Lips,
And comfort me with Cold. *Shak. K. John.*

HARK! methinks, the Gods grow loud: hark how
Their humble Thunder grumbles in the Sky!
See how the fiery Balls fly whizzing by,
Dealing Amazement and Deſtruction all around!

Ha! ha! ha!

See yon' old Miſer laden with ſwelling Bags
Of ill-got Gold, with how much aukward Haſte
He limps away to Shelter! See how he ducks,
And dives, and dodges with the Gods; and all
Only in Hope to avoid for ſome few Days,
Perhaps, the juſt Reward of his own ſad Extortion.
The hot Adulterer now all chill and impotent,
With Fear leaps from the polluted Bed,
And crams himſelf into a Cranny!
Thoſe mighty Men of Blood, who make a Trade
Of Murder, forget their wonted Fierceneſs;
Out-noiſ'd, they ſhrink aſide, and ſhake for Fear
O' th' louder Threat'nings of the angry Gods.

Film. Unn. Bro.

MAGICIAN.

ALL Nature lyes ſubjected to my Charms,
I give her Reſt, and rowze her with Alarms:
My arbitrary Voice ſhe hears with Awe;
And ſtanding fix'd, ſuſpends th' eternal Law.
I to the Tempeſt make the Poles reſound,
And the afflicting Elements confound.

At

At my Command

The Thunder rushes out on flaming Wings;
And all the hollow Deep of Hell with hideous Up-
roar rings. *Den. Rin. & Arm.*

THOU know'st how far her dreadful Power extends,
That Power, that sets Earth, Hell, and Heav'n in Up roar
While *Chaos* hush'd, stands list'ning to the Noise,
And wonders at Confusion not his own.

But hark! already she begins; already
Hell's grisly Tyrant takes the dire Alarm,
In frantic Haste ev'n now the Furies arm :
Th' infernal Trumpet thro' th' Abyfs profound,
Horribly rumbles with its dreary Sound.
Hark! in that Roar Hell's dreadful Bounds it past;
Hark! how the vaulted Heavens restore the dismal
Blast. *Ibid.*

WITH silent Awe attend my potent Charm;
And thou, O Air, that murmur'st on the Mountain,
Be hush'd at my Command: Silence, ye Winds,
That make outrageous War upon the Ocean :
And thou, old Ocean, lull thy wond'ring Waves;
Ye warring Elements, be hush'd as Death;
While I impose my dread Commands on Hell :
And thou profoundest Hell, whose dreadful Sway
Is giv'n to me by *Fate* and '*Demogorgon*;
Hear, hear my powerful Voice thro' all thy Regions,
And from thy gloomy Caverns thunder thy Reply. *Ib.*

SINCE that the Powers Divine refuse to clear
The mystic Deed, I'll to the Grove of Furies;
There I can force th' infernal Gods to shew
Their horrid Forms, each trembling Ghost shall rise,
And leave their grisly King without a Waiter.

Lee's Oed.

INFERNAL

INFERNAL Gods!

Must you have Muſic too? Then tune your Voices,
And let them have ſuch Sounds, as Hell ne'er heard,
Since *Orpheus* brib'd the Shades. *Ibid.*

HEAR thoſe Laments,
Thoſe Groans of Ghoſts, that cleave the Earth with
Pain,
And heave it up; they pant, and ſtick half way.
Dr. Oed.

M A L E C O N T E N T.

THERE's ſtill

A dangerous Wheel at Work, a thoughtful Villain;
One, who has rais'd his Fortune by the Jars
And Diſcords of his Country; like a Fly
O'er Fleſh, he buzzes about itching Ears,
Till he has vented his Infections there,
To feſter into Rancour and Sedition. *Otw. Cai. Mar.*

THAT talking Knave
Conſumes his Time in Speeches to the Rabble,
And ſows Sedition up and down the City;
Picking up diſcontented Fools, belying
The Senators and Government; deſtroying
Faith among honeſt Men, and praizing Knaves. *Ibid.*

GREAT Diſcontents there are, and many Murmurs:
The Doors are all ſhut up: The wealthier Sort
With Arms a-croſs, and Hats upon their Eyes,
Walk to and fro before their ſilent Shops;
Whole Droveſ of Lenders crowd the Bankers Doors,
To call in Money: Thoſe who have none, mark
Where Money goes; for when they riſe 'tis Plunder.

Dr. Span. Fr.

No

No Safety can be here for Virtue;
 Where all agree to ſpoil the public Good,
 And Villains fatten with the brave Man's Labours:
 We've neither Safety, Unity, nor Peace;
 For the Foundation's loſt of common Good:
 Juſtice is lame, as well as blind, amongſt us:
 The Laws, corrupted to their Ends that make them
 Serve but for Inſtruments of ſome new Tyranny,
 That every Day ſtarts up to enſlave us deeper.

Otw. Ven. Pref.

OH! the curs'd Fate of *Venice*!
 Where Brothers, Friends, and Fathers all are falſe;
 Where there's no Truſt, no Truth; where Innocence
 Stoops under vile Oppreſſion, and Vice lords it. *Ibid.*

THE public Stock's a Beggar: One *Venetian*
 Truſts not another: Look into their Stores
 Of general Safety, empty Magazines;
 A tatter'd Fleet, a murmuring unpaid Army:
 Bankrupt Nobility, a factious, giddy, and
 Divided Senate, a harraſs'd Commonalty,
 Is all the Strength of *Venice*! Let's deſtroy it;
 Let's fill the Magazine with Arms to awe them;
 Man out their Fleet, and make their Trade maintain it:
 Let looſe the murmuring Army on their Maſters,
 To pay themſelves with Plunder: Lop their Nobles
 To the baſe Roots, whence moſt of them firſt ſprung:
 Enſlave the Rout, whom Smarting will make humble:
 Turn out their doting Senate, and poſſeſs
 That Seat of Empire, which our Souls were fram'd
 for. *Ibid.*

To ſee the Suff'rings of my fellow Creatures,
 And own my ſelf a Man! to ſee our Senators

Cheat

Cheat the deluded People with a Shew
Of Liberty, which yet they ne'er muſt taſte of:
They ſay, by them our Hands are free from Fetters,
Yet whom they pleaſe they lay in baſeſt Bonds;
Bring whom they pleaſe to Infamy and Sorrow,
Drive us, like Wrecks, down the rough Tide of
Power,

Whiſt no Hold's left to ſave us from Deſtruction:
All that bear this, are Villains! and I one,
Not to rouse at the great Call of Nature,
And check the Growth of theſe Domeſtic Spoilers,
That make us Slaves, and tell us tis our Charter. *Ibid.*

THE State is out of Tune, diſtracting Fears,
And jealous Doubts jar in our Public Counſels;
Amidſt the Wealthy, City Murmurs riſe,
Lewd Railings and Reproach on thoſe that rule;
With open Scorn of Governments, hence Credit
And Publick Truſt 'twixt Man and Man are broken
The golden Streams of Commerce are withheld,
Which fed the Wants of needy Hinds and Artiſans,
Who therefore curſe the Great, and threat Rebellion.

Rowe's Jane Shore.

When ſhall the deadly Hate of Faction ceaſe,
When ſhall our long divided Land have Reſt,
If every peeviſh, moody Malecontent
Shall ſet the ſenſleſs Rabble in an Uproar,
Fright them with Dangers, and perplex their Brains,
Each Day with ſome fantaſtic giddy Change. *Ibid.*

The reſty Knaves are over-run with Eaſe,
As Plenty ever is the Nurſe of Faction. *Ibid.*

M A N.

MAN is but Man, inconstant ſtill, and various:
 There's no To-morrow in him, like To-day:
 Perhaps, the Atoms whirling in his Brain,
 Make him think honeſtly this preſent Hour;
 The next, a Swarm of baſe ungrateful Thoughts
 May mount aloft.
 Who would truſt Chance, ſince all Men have the
 Seeds
 Of Good or Ill, which ſhould work upward firſt.

Dr. Cleom.

MEN are but Children of a larger Growth;
 Our Appetites as apt to change as theirs,
 And full as craving too, and full as vain:
 And yet the Soul ſhut up in her dark Room,
 Viewiſg ſo clear abroad, at home ſees nothing;
 But like a Mole in Earth, buſy and blind,
 Works all her Folly up, and caſts it outward
 To the World's open View. *Dr. All for Love.*

WITH what unequal Tempers are we fram'd!
 One Day, the Soul ſupine with Eaſe and Fulneſs,
 Revels ſecure, and fondly tells her ſelf;
 The Hour of Evil can return no more:
 The next, the Spirits, pall'd and ſick of Riot,
 Turn all to Diſcord, and we hate our Beings;
 Curſe the paſt Joy, and think it Folly all,
 And Bitterneſs and Anguiſh *Rowe's F. Pen.*

MANKIND each other's Stories ſtill repeat,
 And Man to Man is a ſucceeding Cheat.

How. D. Lerma.

Fly from his Charms betimes,
There is no other Safety : If you think
To ſtand, and guard the Paſſes to your Heart,
You are undone: Oh! I've heard him talk
Like the firſt-born Child of Love, when every Word
Spoke in his Eyes, and wept to be believ'd,
And all to ruin me. Had I more Time
To tell my Story out, 'twould move your Pity.

South. M. in Faſh.

O WRETCHED Man! whoſe too too buſy Thoughts
Ride ſwifter than the galloping Heavens round,
With an eternal Hurry of the Soul!
Nay, there's a Time, when even the rolling Year
Seems to ſtand ſtill, dead Calms are in the Ocean,
When not a Breath diſturbs the drowſy Waves:
But Man! the very Monster of the World,
Is ne'er at Reſt, the Soul for ever wakes. *Dr. Oed.*

How could my Tongue
Take Pleaſure, and be laſh in thy Praise!
How could I ſpeak thy Nobleneſs of Nature!
Thy open manly Heart, thy Courage, Conſtancy,
And in-born Truth, unknowing to diſſemble:
Thou art the Man in whom my Soul delights,
In whom, next Heaven, I truſt. *Rowe's Jane Gray.*

HIS Nature is too noble for the World,
He would not flatter *Neptune* for his Trident,
Or *Jove* for his Power to thunder: His Heart's his
Mouth,
What his Breſt forges, that his Tongue muſt vent;
And being angry, does forget that ever
He heard the Name of Death. *Shak. Coriol.*

TRUST

—TRUST not a Man, we are by Nature falſe,
 Diſſembling, ſubtil, cruel, and inconstant,
 When a Man talks of Love, with Caution hear him,
 But if he ſwears, he'll certainly deceive thee. *Otw. Orp.*

I WILL ſooner truſt a Crocadile,
 When he ſheds Tears; for he kills ſuddenly,
 And ends our Cares at once; or any Thing
 That's Evil to our Nature, than a Man;
 I find there is no End of his Deceivings,
 Nor no avoiding them, if we give Way. *Beaum. Cox.*

EVERY Word he ſpeaks, a Syren's Note
 To drown the careleſs Hearer. Have I not taught thee
 The Falſhood, and the Perjuries of Men?
 On whom, but for a Woman to ſhew Pity,
 Is to be cruel to her ſelf; the Sovereignty,
 Proud, imperious Men uſurp upon us,
 We confer on our ſelves, and love thoſe Fetters
 We faſten to our Freedoms. *Beaum. Sea Voy.*

YOU Men are ſkilful in the Trade of Love:
 You ſound our Souls, and catch our Weakneſſes,
 Apting your Words ſtill to the Theam we're fond of,
 And we believe 'em to our own Undoing.

Mountf. Edw. III.

MEN are not ſtill the ſame; our Appetites
 Are various, and inconstant as the Morn,
 That never ſhines with the ſame Face again:
 'Tis Nature's Curſe never to be reſolv'd;
 Buſy To-day in the Purſuit of what
 To-morrow's eldeſt Judgment may deſpiſe.

South. Diſap.

'TIS better be a Dog, than be a Man;
 Inſtinct of Nature is the only Guide,
 Unerring, vain Light of Reaſon! Ah! how frail!

Put

out out by every accidental Breath,
That Paſſion blows!

What Fool would be a Man, who had the Choice
Of his own Being? The beſt, moſt perfect,
Are ſo allay'd, the Good ſo mix'd with Bad,
Like counterfeited Coin of mingled Metal,
The noble Part's not current for the baſe.

Lausd. Her. Love.

THERE'S nothing ſituate under Heaven's Eye,
But hath its Bound in Earth, in Sea and Sky?
The Beaſts, the Fiſhes, and the Winged Fowls,
Are their Male's Subjects, and at their Controuls:
Man's more divine, the Maſter of all theſe,
Lord of the wide World, and wide watry Seas,
Endu'd with intellectual Senſe and Soul,
Of more Preheminence than Fiſh and Fowl;
Are Maſters to their Females, and their Lords,
Then let your Will attend on their Accords.

Shak. Comedy of Errors.

THIS is the State of Man; To-day he puts forth
The tender Leaves of Hopes, To-morrow Bloſſoms,
And bears his bluſhing Honours thick upon him.
The third Day comes a Froſt, a killing Froſt!

And when he thinks, good eaſy Man! full ſurely,
His Greatneſs is a ripening, nips his Root,
And then he falls as I do.

Shak. Hen. VIII.

WHAT is Man,

If his chief Good and Marker of his Time
Be but to ſleep and feed? A Beaſt, no more!
Sure he that made us with ſuch large Diſcourſe,
Looking before and after, gave us not
That Capability and Godlike Reaſon,
To ruſt in us unus'd.

Shak. Ham.

Is

Is Man no more than this? Consider him well,
 Thou ow'st the Worm no Silk, the Beast no Hide,
 The Sheep no Wool, the Cat no Perfume. Ha! here
 Three ones are sophisticated. Thou art the Thing it self
 Unaccommodated Man is no more, but such a poor
 Bare-fork'd Animal as thou art. *Shak. K. Lear*

MARRIAGE.

WHEN fix'd to one, Love safe at Anchor rides,
 And dares the Fury of the Wind and Tides,
 But losing once that Hold, to the wide Ocean born
 It drives away at Will, to every Wave or Scorn.

Dr. Tyr. Love

MARRIAGE, thou Curse of Love, and Snare of Life
 That first debas'd a Mistress to a Wife!
 Love, like a Scene, at Distance should appear,
 But Marriage views the gross dawb'd Landskip near
 Love's nauseous Care! thou cloy'st whom thou
 should'st please,

And when thou cur'st, then thou art the Disease.
 When Hearts are loose, thy Chain our Bodies ties
 Love couples Friends, but Marriage Enemies.

Dr. Conq. Gra

FONDNESS is still the Effect of new Delight:
 Marriage is but the Pleasure of a Day;
 The Metal's base, the Gilding worn away.

Dr. Aure

I WOULD not wed her:
 No! were she all Desire could wish, as fair
 As would the Vainest of her Sex be thought,
 With Wealth beyond what Woman's Pride could waste
 She should not cheat me of my Freedom. Marry
 Whe

When I grow old, and weary of the World,
I may grow desperate,

And take a Wife to mortify withal. *Orw. Orph.*

MARRIAGE to Maids, is like a War to Men;
The Battle causes Fear, but the sweet Hopes
Of winning at the last, still draws 'em in. *Lee's Mith.*

WIFE is as much of Heaven as we can know!
When Man was in his Maker's Likeness made,
And wond'ring Angels gazed on the bright Form,
Judging that Work as near a full Perfection,
As all but that Perfection's Self could be;
To prove his glorious Power unlimited,
And bless the late-made Man, Man's mighty Maker,
Stamp'd a new Form still nearer to his own;
That Form was Woman, and that Woman Wife.
Woman, like soft *May* Dew on Morning Flowers,
Distils her balmy Influence: Peace and Rest
Are Woman's Gifts to Man: When Toils and Cares
Have worn our weary Souls, Woman, dear Woman,
Is Nature's downy Pillow of Repose.

MAN is the Staff for your weak Sex to lean on,
The Prop your Beauty's tender Stalk is bound to,
The Wall to yield your branching Vine a Shelter;
Man is the circl'd Oak, Woman the Ivy. *Hill's Elfrid.*

Is not Love, Love, without a Priest and Altar?
The Temples are inanimate, and know not
What Vows are made in them: The Priest stands ready
For's Hire, and cares not what Hearts he couples:
Love alone is Marriage. *Dr. Assign.*

MARRIAGE is a bold Venture at the best:
But when we please our selves we venture least.

South. Fat. Mar.

CURST be the Memory, nay, doubly curst,
 Of her that wedded Age for Interest first!
 Tho' worn with Years, with fruitless Wishes full,
 'Tis all Day troublesome, and all Night dull.
 Who wed with Fools, indeed, lead happy Lives;
 Fools are the fittest finest Things for Wives:
 Yet old Men Profit bring, as Fools bring Ease,
 And both make Youth and Wit much better please.

Osw. Sold. Fort.

WHEN to my Arms thou brought'st thy Virgin Love,
 Fair Angels sung our Bridal Hymn above:
 Th' Eternal, Nodding shook the Firmament,
 And conscious Nature give her glad Consent:
 Roses unbud, and every fragrant Flower
 Flew from their Stalks, to strew thy Nuptial Bower:
 The furr'd and feather'd Kind the Triumph did pursue,
 And Fishes leap'd above the Stream the passing Pomp
 to view.

Dr. St. Inn.

IF you would have the Nuptial Union last,
 Let Virtue be the Bond that ties it fast. *Rowe's F. Pen.*

WEDDED Love is founded on Esteem,
 Which the fair Merits of the Mind engage,
 For those are Charms that never can decay;
 But Time, which gives new Whiteness to the Swan,
 Improves their Lustre.

Fen. Mar.

M A R T Y R.

TO Minds resolv'd the Threats of Death are vain,
 They run to Fire, and there enjoy their Pain. *Dr. Tyr. L.*

TO die thus for Religion, O *Cadagnes!*
 It puts the Soul in everlasting Tune,
 And sounds already in the Ears of Angels:

And,

And, oh! what Cauſe had ever ſuch Foundation?
I tell thee, that the Root ſhall reach the Centre,
Spread to the Poles, and with her Top touch Heaven.

Lee's Maſſ. Par.

THE Martyrs, tho' but drawn with painted Flames,
Amaze me with th' Image of their Sufferings. *Lee's Tb.*

M A S S A C R E.

WE'LL bring Deſtruction to this curſed City!
Let not one Stone of all her Towers ſtand ſafe:
Let not her Temples, nor her Gods Eſcape:
Let Husbands in their Wives Embraces periſh:
Let Youth be maſſacred, her Virgins raviſh'd.

Otw C. Mar.

HE amongſt us
That ſpares his Father, Brother, or his Friend,
Is damn'd. How rich and beauteous will the Face
Of Ruin look, when theſe wide Streets run Blood!
I, and the glorious Part'ner of my Fortunes,
Shouting and ſtriding o'er the proſtrate Dead,
Still to new Waſte; whiſt thou far off in Safety,
Smiling ſhall ſee the Wonders of our Daring.

Otw. Ven. Pref.

THE Matrons, and the Virgins Cries,
The Screams of dying Infants, and the Groans
Of murder'd Men, are Muſic to appeaſe me.

Otw. Cai. Mar.

JUST Dead of Night,
And 'tis the blackeſt that e'er mask'd a Murder;
It likes me better; for I love the Scroul,
The grimmeſt Lowr of Fate on ſuch a Deed:
I would have all the Charnel Houſes yawn,

The dusty Bones, and monumental Urns,
Remov'd to make our Massacre a Tomb.

METHINKS I see

The Glutton Death gorg'd with devouring Lives;
Nothing but Images of Horror round me:

Rome all in Blood, the ravish'd Vestals raving,
The sacred Fire put out; robb'd Mother's Shrieks,
Deaf'ning the Gods with Clamours for their Babes,
That sprawl'd aloft upon the Soldiers Spears:
The Beard of Age pluck'd off by barb'rous Hands,
While from their piteous Wounds, and horrid Gashes,
The lab'ring Life flow'd faster than the Blood. *Lee's*

Luc. Jun. Br.

IMAGINE all the Horrors of that Night,
Murder and Rapine, Waste, and Desolation,
Confusedly raging.

Otw. Ven. Pres.

Think thou already hear'st the dying Screams
Of harmless Infants:

Think that thou seest their sad distracted Mothers
Kneeling before thy Feet, and begging Pity,
With torn dishevel'd Hair, and streaming Eyes,
Their naked mangled Breasts besmear'd with Blood;
And even the Milk, with which their fondled Babes
Softly they hush'd, drop in Anguish from them. *Ibid.*

BEHOLD, the furious and unpitying Soldier
Pulling his reeking Dagger from the Bosoms
Of gasping Wretches: Death in every Quarter,
With all, that sad Disorder can produce
To make a Spectacle of Horror. *Ibid.*

WHETHER, oh! whether shall we fly for Safety!
Already reeking Murder's in our Streets:
Matrons with Infants in their Arms are butcher'd,
And *Rome* appears one noisome House of Slaughter.

Otw. Cai. Mar.

SLAUGHTER

SLAUGHTER bestrid the Streets, and stretch'd himself
To seem more large; whilst to his stain'd Thighs,
The Gore he drew flow'd up, and carry'd down
Whole Heaps of Limbs, and Bodies thro' his Arch:
No Age was spar'd, no Sex, nay, no Degree,
Not Infants in the Porch of Life were free.
The Sick, the Old, who could but hope a Day
Longer by Nature's Bounty, not let stay:
Virgins and Widows, Matrons, and Pregnant Wives,
All died; 'twas Crime enough that they had Lives:
To strike but only those who could do hurt,
Was dull and poor; some fell to make the Number,
As some the Prey. The rugged *Charon* fainted,
And ask'd a Navy rather than a Fleet,
To ferry over the sad World that came:
The Maws and Dens could not receive
The Bodies that their Souls were frighted from,
And even the Graves were filled with Men yet living
Whose Flight and Fear had mix'd them with th'
Dead.

*Joh. Cat**M E D I O C R I T Y.**O Mediocrity!*

Thou prizeless Jewel only mean Men have;
But cannot value, like the precious Jem,
Found in the Muckhill by the ignorant Cock.

Beaum. Q. of Cor.

GREATNESS, the Earnest of malicious Fate,
For future Woe was never meant a Good:
Baited with gilded Ruin, 'tis cast out
To catch poor easy Man. What is't to be a Prince?
To have a keener Sense of our Misfortunes:
That's all our wretched Gain.

The Vulgar think us happy; and at Distance,
 Like some fam'd ruinous Pile, we seem to flourish:
 But we who live at home, alone can tell
 The sad Disquiets, and Decays of Peace,
 That always haunt the Dwelling. O Ambition!
 How strangely dost thou charm the Minds of Men,
 That they will chuse to starve on Mountain Tops,
 Rather than taste the Plenty of the Vale!
 Had my kind Fate design'd my Fortune here,
 Bred among Swains, with my *Semanthe* by me,
 The conqu'ring Beauty of some neighbouring Village,
 What Ages of Content might I have pass'd,
 Till Time had quench'd both Life and Love together.

South. Loy. Bro.

O hard Condition! Twin-born with Greatness,
 Subject to the Breath of every Fool, whose Sense
 No more can feel, but his own Wringing!
 What infinite Heart's-Ease must Kings neglect,
 That private Men enjoy?
 And what have Kings, that Privates have not too,
 Save Ceremony?
 And what art thou, thou Idol Ceremony?
 What Kind of God art thou, that suffer'st more
 Of mortal Grievs, than do thy Worshipers?
 What are thy Rents? What are thy Comings in?
 O Ceremony! shew me but the Worth:
 Art thou nought else but Place, Degree, and Form,
 Creating Fear and Awe in other Men?
 Wherein thou art more happy being fear'd,
 Than they in fearing?
 What drink'st thou of, instead of Homage sweet,
 But poison'd Flattery? O be sick, great Greatness!
 And bid thy Ceremony give thee Cure!

Think

Think'ſt thou, thy fiery Feaver will go out,
With Titles blown from Adulation?
Will it give Place to Flexure, and low Bending?
Can'ſt thou, when thou command'ſt the Beggar's Knee,
Command the Health o't? No, thou proud Dream,
That plays ſo ſubtilly with a King's Repoſe!
I am a King that find thee, and I know,
'Tis not the Balm, the Scepter, and the Ball,
The Sword, the Mace, the Crown Imperial,
The Intertiſſu'd Robe of Gold and Pearl,
The ſarced Title running 'fore the King,
The Throne he ſits on, nor the Tide of Pomp,
That beats off the high Shore of this World;
No, not all theſe thrice gorgeous Ceremony,
Not all theſe, laid in Bed Majefſtical,
Can ſleep ſo ſoundly, as the weary'd Slave,
Who, with a Body fill'd, and vacant Mind,
Gets him to Reſt, cramm'd with diſtreſſful Bread,
Never ſees horrid Night, the Child of Hell,
But like a Lacquey, from the Riſe to ſet,
Sweats in the Eye of *Phæbus*, and all Night
Sleeps in *Elyſium*. Next Day after Dawn,
Riſes and helps *Hypereon* to his Horſe,
And follows ſo, the ever-running Year,
With profitable Labour to his Grave:
Winding up Days with Toil, and Nights with
Sleep,
Has the Forehand and 'Vantage of a King.

Shakſ. Hen. V.

THUS happy, who would envy pompous Pow'r,
The Luxury of Courts, or Wealth of Cities?

Otw. Orph.

EMPTY and insignificant are Greatneſs,
 Splendor and Wealth, Magnificence and Pomp;
 That with falſe Brightneſs dazzle vulgar Eyes,
 And make the fawning Crowd admire and tremble,
 If ſweet Tranquillity of Mind be wanting:
 And vain are all ſoft Blandiſhments to gain,
 Or ſooth the troubl'd Soul. A careleſs Swain
 Stow'd in a little Cottage with Content,
 Is happier far than I: His ſlender Wealth
 In bleating Flocks, and low'ring Herds conſiſts;
 Him, flow'ry Lawns, and limpid Streams delight;
 Few are his Wiſhes, and his Joys are boundleſs;
 Sings all the Day, and ſweetly ſleeps at Night.

Hey. F. Captive.

M E E T I N G.

BUT here ſhe comes!
 In the calm Harbour of whoſe gentle Breſt,
 My Tempeſt-beaten Soul may ſafely reſt.
 O my Heart's Joy! whate'er my Sorrows be,
 They ceaſe and vaniſh in beholding thee:
 Care ſhuns thy Walk, as at the chearful Light
 The groaning Ghoſts and Birds obſcene take Flight:
 By this one View all my paſt Pains are paid,
 And all I have to come more eaſy made.

Dr. Auren.

MY Soul! (for thou giv'ſt new Life to my Spirit!)
 Myriads of Joys, tho' ſhort in Number of
 Thy Virtues, fall on thee! O my *Eugenia*!
 Th' Assurance that I do embrace thee, makes
 My twenty Years of Sorrow but a Dream;
 And by the *Nectar* which I take from thee,

I feel my Age restor'd, and like Old *Eson*,
Grow young again. *Beau. Martial Maid.*

'TIS not in Words, to tell thee what I've felt,
The Sorrows and the Fears, ev'n yet I tremble;
Ev'n yet the fierce Ideas shock my Soul,
And hardly yield to Wonder and to Joy.

Rowe's Ulysses.

AND is it giv'n me thus again to hold thee?
Thus to devour thee with a thousand Kisses?
With clasping Arms embracing, and embrac'd,
To taste a thousand Joys? Oh! 'tis Illusion all!
Speak, shining Creature, ev'ry Sense awakes
To find thee out. Tho' parting was a Pain,
The Joy to meet is ample Satisfaction.

No Mother that has mourn'd her long lost Infant,
Rejoices half so much to find her Darling;
Or views the lovely Babe with half the Fondness
I look on thee. *Hopk. Pyrb.*

O MY *Antigone!*

What shall I say to tell thee, that my Soul
Is full with Joy? How shall I pour it forth?
To see thee still the same, to see thee mine,
Is all the Gods could grant, or I could ask. *Ibid.*

OH! let my Arms thus press thee to my Heart!
That labours with the Longings of my Love;
Struggles and heaves, and feign would out to meet
thee. *South. Disap.*

BUT see, she comes!

Bright as the Virgin Blushes of the Morn,
Rising upon the Darkness of my Fate,
And darts a Day of Comfort thro' my Soul.

South. Loyal Bro.

O *Teraminta*! come,
Come to my Arms, thou only Joy of *Titus*!
Huſh to, my Cares, thou Maſs of hoarded Sweets!
Selected Hour of all Life's happy Moments!

Lee's Luc. Jun. Br.

HAIL, charming Maid, how does thy Beauty ſmooth
The Face of War, and make ev'n Horror ſmile!
At Sight of thee my Heart ſhakes off its Sorrows:
I feel a Dawn of Joy break in upon me. *Add. Cato.*

JUST ſo, when welcome Light begins to riſe,
An unknown Comfort ſteals on troubl'd Eyes.

How. Veſt. Virg.

MY Griefs ſhall fly like Clouds before *Semandra*:
But ſee the Sun that drives them! O my Star!
Thou Day, that gild'ſt my little World of Comfort!

Lee's Mith.

THOU mightieſt Pleaſure,
And greateſt Bleſſing, that kind Heav'n could ſend
me!

Oh! when I look on thee, new Starts of Glory
Spring in my Breſt, and with a backward Bound,
I run the Race of luſty Youth again! *Lee's Theod.*

OH! were I Proof againſt the Darts of Love!
And cold to Beauty, as the Marble Lover,
That lies without a Thought upon his Tomb;
Would not this glorious Dawn of Life run thro'
me,

And waken Death it ſelf? Why am I ſlow then?
What hinders now, but that in ſpite of Rules,
I burſt thro' all the Bands of Death that hold me,
And fly with ſuch a Haſte to that Appearance,
As bury'd Saints ſhall make at the laſt Summons?

Ibid.

BUT

BUT ſee he comes! the lovely Tyrant comes!
He ruſhes on me like a Blaze of Light!
I can not bear the Transport of his Preſence,
But ſink oppreſs'd with Woe. *Smith's Ph. Hipp.*

HE comes, my Lord, with all th' expecting Joys
Of a young promis'd Lover: From his Eyes
Big Hopes look forth, and boiling Fancy forms
Nothing but *Theodoſius* ſtill before him:
His Thought, his every Word is *Theodoſius*!

Lee's Theod.

WHERE is my Friend? Oh! where is my Be-
loved?

My *Theodoſius*? Point him out, ye Gods!
That I may preſs him dead betwixt my Arms;
Devour him thus with over-haſty Joys,
That languish at his Breſt, quite out of Breath,
And cannot utter more. *Ibid.*

'TIS he himſelf, himſelf! by holy Friendſhip!
Art thou return'd at laſt, my better Half?
Come, give me all my ſelf. *Dr. All for Love.*

I MUST be ſilent, for my Soul is buſy
About a noble Work: She's new come home,
Like a long abſent Man, and wanders o'er
Each Room, a Stranger to her own, to ſee
If all be ſafe. *Ibid.*

O my Siſter! let me hold thee
Long in my Arms: I've not beheld thy Face
Theſe many Days. By Night I've often ſeen thee
In gentle Dreams, and ſatisfy'd my Soul
With fancy'd Joys, 'till Morning Cares awak'd me.
Otw. Orph.

TALK not of Fears and Griefs,
Affliction is no more, now thou art found:

Why

Why dost thou weep, and hold thee from my Arms?
My Arms, which ach to hold thee fast, and grow
To thee with twining. *Cong. Mourn. Bride.*

It is, it is *Alphonso*! 'tis his Face,
His Voice! I know him now: I know him all!
Oh! take me to thy Arms, and bear me hence
Back to the Bottom of the boundless Deep;
To Seas beneath, where thou so long hast dwelt:
Oh! how hast thou return'd? how hast thou charm'd
The Wildness of the Waves and Rocks to this,
That thus relenting, they have giv'n thee back
To Earth, to Light and Life, to Love and me?

Ibid.

OH! I'll not ask, nor answer how, or why,
We both have backward trod the Paths of Fate,
To meet again in Life: To know I have thee,
Is knowing more than any Circumstance,
Or Means by which I have thee;
To fold thee thus, to press thy balmy Lips,
And gaze upon thy Eyes; is so much Joy,
I have not Leisure to reflect, or know,
Or trifle Time in thinking.

Ibid.

MELANCHOLY.

A SUDDEN Damp has seiz'd my Spirits,
And, like a heavy Weight,
Hangs on their active Springs. *Dr. D. of Guise.*

A kind of Weight hangs heavy on my Heart,
My flagging Soul flies under her own Pitch,
Like Fowl in Air too damp, and lags along,
As if she were a Body in a Body,
And not a mounting Substance made of Fire.

My

My Senſes too, are dull and ſtupify'd,
Their Edge rebated : Sure ſome Ill approaches,
And ſome kind Spirit knocks ſoftly at my Breaſt,
To tell me Fate's at Hand. *Dr. Cleom.*

SOME unborn Sorrow, ripe in Fortune's Womb,
Now coming towards me, grieves my inmoſt Soul.
Shak. Rich. II.

SURE ſome ill Fate's upon me :
Diſtruſt and Heavineſs fit round my Heart,
And Apprehenſion ſhakes my tim'rous Soul.
Otw. Orphan.

THIS Melancholy flatters, but unmans you ;
What is it elſe but Penury of Soul ?
A lazy Froſt, a Numbneſs of the Mind,
That locks up all the Vigour to Attempt,
By barely crying, 'tis impoſſible ? *Dr. Cleom.*

MY Mind's not well :
A heavy Melancholy clogs my Heart,
I droop, and ſigh, and yet I know not why.
Otw. Orphan.

THERE's ſomething hangs moſt heavy on my
Heart,

And my Brain's ſick with Dulneſs. *Otw. Cai. Mar.*

UNUSUAL Weight hangs on my lab'ring Soul,
Prefaging inauspicious Joys. *Hig. Gen. Conq.*

LIKE the Day-Dreams of melancholy Men,
think, and think on Things impoſſible,
Yet love to wander in the golden Maze.
Dr. Rival Ladies.

MY Melancholy haunts me every where,
And not one kindly Gleam pierces the Gloom
Of my dark Thoughts, to give a Glimpſe of Comfort.
South. Loyal Bro.

A HEAVY Melancholy hangs on his Mind,
And in his Eyes inhabit moſt ſad Shadows.

Beaum. Double Mar.

HE droops, and hangs his diſcontented Head,
Like Merit ſcorn'd by inſolent Authority,

Rowe's Fair Pen.

AGAINST ill Chances Men are ever merry,
But Heavineſs fore-runs the good Event.

Shak. Hen. IV.

M E M O R Y.

REMEMBER thee!

Ay, thou poor Ghoſt! while Memory holds a Seat
In this diſtracted Globe! Remember thee!

Yes, from the Table of my Memory

I'll wipe away all trivial fond Records,

All Saws of Books, all Forms, all Preſſures paſt,
That Youth and Obſervation copy'd there;

And thy Commandment all alone ſhall live

Within the Book and Volume of my Brain,

Unmix'd with baſer Matter.

Shak. Hamlet.

SOMETHING like

That Voice, methinks, I ſhould have ſomewhere
heard,

But Floods of Woes have hurry'd it far off,

Beyond my Ken of Soul.

Dr. Don Seb.

A CONFUS'D Report paſs'd thro' my Ears,

But full of Hurry, like a Morning Dream,

It vaniſh'd in the Buſ'neſs of the Day.

Dr. Oed.

'Tis loſt,

Like what we think can never ſhun Remembrance,

Yet of a ſudden's gone beyond the Clouds.

Ibid.

THE

THE Joys I have poſſeſs'd are ever mine;
Out of thy Reach, behind Eternity;
Hid in the ſacred Treafure of the paſt;
But bleſt Remembrance brings 'em hourly back.

Dr. Don Seb.

Now all the Pleaſures I have known, beat thick
On my Remembrance. How I long for Night!
That both the Sweets of mutual Love may try,
And once triumph o'er *Cæſar* e'er we die!

Dr. All for Love.

WHY doſt thou ſearch ſo deep, and urge my Me-
mory,

To conjure up my Wrongs to Life again?
I have long labour'd to forget my ſelf;
To think on all Time backward like a Space
Idle and void, where nothing e'er had Being;
But thou haſt peopl'd it again: Revenge
And Jealouſy renew their horrid Forms,
Shoot all their Fires, and drive me to Diſtraction:
Oh! thou haſt ſet my buſy Brain at Work!
And now ſhe muſters up a Train of Images,
Which, to preſerve my Peace, I'd caſt aſide,
And ſunk in deep Oblivion.

Rowe's J. Shore.

WHY was I ever bleſt? why is Remembrance
Rich with a thouſand pleaſing Images
Of paſt Enjoyments, ſince 'tis but to plague me?
To think of all the golden Minutes paſt;
To think, that thou wert kind, and I was happy:
But like an Angel fallen from Blifs, to curſe
My preſent State, and mourn the Heav'n I've loſt!

Rowe's Tam.

BUT, oh! the Torment and the Rack of Soul!
To keep our Thoughts for ever on the Bent!

Upon

Upon themselves! still labouring to forget,
What by the Labour we remember more!

South. Fate of Cap.

I WOULD most gladly have forgot it:
But, oh! afresh it comes o'er my Memory,
As does the Raven o'er th' infectious House,
Boding to all!

Shak. Othello.

HAVE a Care, Memory, drive that Thought no
further:

Oh! for a long sound Sleep, and so forget it!

Ot. w. Ven. Pref.

I NEVER can forget him:
He once was mine and once; tho' now 'tis gone,
Leaves a faint Image of Possession still.

Dr. All for Love.

THE sad Remembrance
Quite blasts my Soul.

Lee's Oed.

M E R C H A N T.

SO when the Merchant sees his Vessel lost,
Tho' richly freighted from a foreign Coast;
Gladly for Life, the Treasure he would give,
And only wishes to escape, and live:
Gold and his Gains no more employ his Mind,
But driving o'er the Billows with the Wind,
Cleaves to one faithful Plank, and leaves the rest
behind.

Rowe's Fair Pen.

I IN my private Bark already wreck'd,
Like a poor Merchant driv'n on unknown Land,
That had, by Chance, pack'd up his dearest Treasure
In one rich Casket, and sav'd only that:

Since

Since I must wander farther on the Shore,
Thus hug my little, but my precious Store,
Resolv'd to scorn, and trust my Fate no more.

Otw. Ven. Pres.

THE Merchant stranded, and his Fortunes lost;
Fix'd on the floating Mast, each God implores:
With longing Eyes the distant Mountain views,
And vows he'll never trust the Ocean more:
But when escap'd, all his Resolves are vain:
Thus I relapsing reassume my Chain,
Forget the Danger, and renew the Pain.

Hig. Gen. Conq.

M E R C Y.

HEAV'N has but
Our Sorrow for our Sins, and then delights
To pardon erring Man; sweet Mercy seems
Its darling Attribute, which limits Justice;
As if there were Degrees in Infinite,
And Infinite would rather want Perfection,
Than punish to Extent.

Dr. All for Love.

Ev'N Heaven is weary'd with repeated Crimes,
Till Light'ning flashes round to guard the Throne,
And the curb'd Thunder grumbles to be gone.

Dr. Duke of Guise.

THE Quality of Mercy is not strain'd,
It droppeth as the gentle Rain from Heav'n
Upon the Place beneath. It is twice blest,
It blesteth him that gives, and him that takes;
Tis mightiest in the Mightiest; it becomes
The throned Monarch better than his Crown:
His Scepter shews the Force of temporal Power,
The

The Attribute to Power and Maſteſty,
Wherein doth ſit the Dread and Fear of Kings.
It is an Attribute to God himſelf;
And earthly Power doth then ſhew likeſt Gods,
When Mercy ſeaſons Juſtice. *Shak. Merch. of Ven.*

MERCY is good: A very good dull Virtue;
But Kings miſtake its Timing, and are mild;
When manly Courage bids 'em be ſevere.

Dr. Span. Friar

NOT the King's Crown, nor the deputed Sword
The Mareſchall's Truncheon, nor the Judge's Robe
Become them with one half ſo good a Grace,
As Mercy does.

Alas! the Souls of all Men once were forfeit,
And he that might th' Advantage beſt have taken,
Found out the Remedy: How would ye be,
If he, who is the Top of Judgment, ſhould
But judge you as you are? Oh! think on that,
And Mercy then will breathe within your Lips,
Like new-made Man.

Shak. Meaſ. for Meaſ.

MERCY but murders, pardoning thoſe that kill.

Shak. Rom. & Jul.

THE Powers above are ſlow
In puniſhing; and ſhould not we reſemble them?

Dr. Temp.

MERCY! what's that? a Virtue coin'd by Villains
Who praiſe the Weakneſs which ſupports their Crimes.

Smith's Ph. Hyp.

WEIGH well the various Turns of human Fate,
And ſeek by Mercy to ſecure your State.

Dr. Aurel.

THY Injuries would teach Patience to blaſpheme:
Yet ſtill thou art a Dove.

Beaum. Double Mar.

A MERCY unexpected, undeserv'd,
Surprises more.

Dr. Don Seb.

MERCY is still a Virtue, and most priz'd,
When Hope of Pardon leaves us. *South. Loyal Bro.*

OF all the Attributes that *Jove* can boast,
Mercy's the most divine: And of all Men,
The merciful are pleasing to the Gods.

Lansd. Her. Love.

OH! think, think upwards on the Thrones above!
Disdain not Mercy, for they Mercy love:
If Mercy were not mingled with their Power,
This wretched World could not subsist an Hour.

Dav. Siege of Rhodes.

OH! do not thus with Cruelty's keen Breath
Blow off and scatter the sweet Dew of Mercy;
When from the Heaven of Power that soft Rain falls,
The thriving State looks fresh; Dominion prospers,
And parch'd Rebellion shuts her drowthy Gapings.
Mercy's the becoming Smile of Justice;
This makes her lovely, as her Rigor dreadful:
Either alone defective:—But when join'd,
Like Clay and Water in the Potter's Hands,
They mingle Influence, and together rise
In Forms which neither separate could bestow.

Hill's Hen. V.

M E R I T.

THERE's a proud Modesty in Merit;
Averse from asking, and resolv'd to pay
Ten Times the Gift it asks.

Dr. Cleom.

LET none presume
Without the Stamp of Merit to obtain.

Oh!

Oh! that Eſtates, Degrees, and Offices,
 Were not deriv'd corruptly! and that clear Honour
 Were purchas'd by the Merit of the Wearer!
 How many then would cover, who ſtand bare!
 How many be commanded who command!
 How much low Peaſantry would then be glean'd
 From the true Seed of Honour! and how much Honour,
 Pick'd from the Chaff and Ruin of the Times,
 To be new varniſh'd. *Shak. Merch. of Ven.*

M E R M A I D.

I SAT upon a Promontory,
 And heard a Mermaid on a Dolphin's Back,
 Uttering ſuch dulcet and harmonious Sounds,
 That the rude Sea grew civil at her Song;
 And certain Stars ſhot madly from their Spheres,
 To hear the Sea-Maid's Muſic.
Shak. Midſ. Night's Dream.

M I R T H.

THEN all was Jollity,
 Feaſting and Mirth, light Wantonneſs and Laugh-
 ter,
 Piping and Playing, Minſtrelſies and Masking,
 'Till Life fled from us, like an idle Dream;
 A Shew of Momery without a Meaning.
Rowe's 7. Shore.

WHILE I am compaſs'd round
 With Mirth, my Soul lies hid in Shades of Grief;
 Whence

Whence like the Bird of Night, with half shut Eyes,
She peeps and sickens at the Sight of Day.

Dr. Rival Ladies.

M I S C H I E F.

WHEN Remedies are past, the Griefs are ended,
By seeing the worst, which late on Hopes depended.

To mourn a Mischief that is past and gone,
Is the next Way to draw new Mischief on.

What cannot be preserv'd when Fortune takes,
Patience, her Injury a Mockery makes.

The Robb'd that smiles, steals something from the
Thief,

He robs himself that spends a bootless Grief.

Shak. Othello.

MISCHIEFS are like the Cockatrice's Eye,
If they see first, they kill; if seen, they die.

Suck. Sad One.

O Mischief thou art swift,
To catch the straggling Thoughts of desp'rate Men!

Shak. Rom. & Jul.

Down, rising Mischief, down, or I will kill thee,
Ev'n in the Cause, and strangle new-born Pity.

Dr. Duke of Guise.

MISCHIEFS feed,
Like Beasts 'till they are fat, and then they bleed.

Johns. Volp.

WHEN once the Mind is to Destruction bent,
How easy 'tis new Mischiefs to invent.

Shak. Titus Andron.

MISCHIEF to some, to others must be good.

Dr. Duke of Guise.

How

How eloquent is Miſchief to perſwade!

Dr. Span. Friar.

METHINKS, if Miſchief had but this to vaunt,
That like a God, none knows her but her ſelf,
It were enough to mount her o'er the World.

Lee's Caſ. Bor.

M I S E R.

GOOD Morning to the Day, and next, my Gold;
Open the Shrine, that I may ſee my Saint:
Hail the World's Soul and mine! more glad, than is
The teeming Earth to ſee the long'd-for Sun
Peep thro' the Horns of the Celeſtial Ram,
Am I, to view thy Splendor, dark'ning his;
That lying here amongſt my other Hoards,
Shew'ſt like a Flame by Night; or like the Day,
Struck out of *Chaos*, when all Darkneſs fled
Unto the Centre. O thou Son of *Sol*!
But brighter than thy Father, let me kiſs
With Adoration thee, and every Relict
Of ſacred Treſure in this bleſſed Room.
Well did wiſe Poets, by thy glorious Name,
Title that Age, which they would have the beſt,
That being the beſt of Things, and far tranſcending
All Style of Joy in Children, Parents, Friends,
Or any other waking Dream on Earth.
Thy Looks, when they to *Venus* did aſcribe,
They ſhould have given twenty Thouſand *Cupids*;
Such are thy Beauties, and our Loves, Dear Saint,
Riches, the dumb God, that giv'ſt all Men Tongues,
That can'ſt do nought, and yet mak'ſt Men do all
Things!

The

the Price of Souls! ev'n Hell with thee to boot,
made worth Heav'n! Thou art Virtue, Fame,
honour, and all Things else! Who can get thee,
shall be noble, valiant, honest, wise. *Johns. Volp.*

SPARE not Usurers:

under their Souls; you'll find them in their Bags.

Smith's Pr. of Parma.

LIKE a Miser 'midst his Store,
who grasps, and grasps, 'till he can hold no more;
and when his Strength is wanting to his Mind,
looks back, and sighs, on what he left behind.

Dr. Tyr. Love.

AT Midnight thus the Usurer steals untrack'd,
to make a Visit to his hoarded Gold,
and feasts his Eyes upon the shining Mammon.

Othw. Orph.

SLAVES, who ne'er knew Mercy!
our unrelenting Money-loving Villains!
who laugh at human Nature and Forgiveness,
and are like Fiends, the Factors for Destruction!

Rowe's Fair Pen.

M I S E R Y.

I'LL give thee Misery; for here she dwells:
this is her House, where the Sun never dawns:
the Bird of Night sits screaming o'er the Roof;
grim Spectres sweep along the horrid Gloom;
and nought is heard but Wailings and Lamentings.

Rowe's J. Shore.

COME, my *Alicia*! reach thy friendly Arm,
and help me to support this feeble Frame,

That

That nodding, totters with oppreſſive Woe,
And ſinks beneath its Load. *Ibid*

HEAVY of Heart ſhe ſeems, and fore afflicted:
See with what ſad and ſober Cheer ſhe comes:
Sure, or I read her Viſage much amiſs,
Or Grief beſets her hard.

But thus it is when rude Calamity
Lays its ſtrong Gripes upon theſe mincing Minions
The dainty Gewgaw Forms diſſolve at once,
And ſhiver at the Shock. *Ibid*

ALAS! her gentle Nature was not made
To buffet with Adverſity. *Ibid*

FOR angry Heaven has laid in ſtore for you,
Such perfect Miſchief, ſuch transcendent Woe,
That the black Image ſhocks my frightened Soul,
And the Words die on my reluctant Tongue.

Smith's Phed. Hy

NOTHING almoſt ſees Miracles, but Miſery.

Shak. K. Lear

LEONATO. I pray thee ceaſe thy Counſel,
Which falls into mine Ears, as profitleſs
As Water in a Sieve; give not me Counſel,
Nor let no Comfort elſe delight mine Ear,
But ſuch a one whoſe Wrongs doth ſuit with mine
Bring me a Father that ſo lov'd his Child,
Whoſe Joy of her is overwhelm'd like mine,
And bid him ſpeak of Patience:
Meaſure his Woe, the Length and Breadth of mine
And let it answer every Strain for Strain;
As thus for thus, and ſuch a Grief for ſuch,
In every Lineament, Branch, Shape, and Form:
If ſuch a one will ſmile, and ſtroke his Beard,
And halloo, wag, cry Hem! when he would groan *groan*

Pat

patch Grief with Proverbs, make Misfortune drunk,
With Caudle-wasters: Bring him yet to me,
And I of him will gather Patience.
But there is no ſuch Man: For Brother, Men
Can counſel, and give Comfort to that Grief
Which they themſelves not feel; but taſting it,
Their Counſel turns to Paſſion, which before
Would give preceptional Medicine to Rage,
Fetter ſtrong Madneſs in a ſilken Thread,
Charm Ach with Air, and Agony with Words:
No, no, 'tis all Mens Office, to ſpeak Patience
To thoſe that wring under the Load of Sorrow;
But no Man's Virtue, nor Sufficiency,
To be ſo moral, when he ſhall endure
The like himſelf. Therefore give me no Counſel,
My Griefs cry louder than Advertiſement.

ANTON. Therein do Men from Children nothing
differ.

LEON. I pray thee, Peace; I will be Fleſh and
Blood;

For there was never yet Philoſopher,
That could endure the Tooth-Ach patiently;
However they have writ the Style of Gods,
And made a Piſh at Chance and Sufferance.

Shak. Much a-do about Nothing.

M I S T.

A FOG, that ſteaming from the Mouth of Hell,
Doubles the native Horrors of the Night.

Den. Rim. & Arm.

LIKE a deep Miſt that thickens all the Air,
And ſtains the Sun with Fog, and ſometimes Clouds,
When they do hug him in their reeking Boſoms.

Shak. Titus And.

MISTRESS.

BEWARE the dangerous Beauty of the Wanton;
Shun their Enticements: Ruin, like a Vulture,
Waits on their Conqueſts; Falſhood too's their Bu-
ſineſs:

They put falſe Beauty off to all the World,
Uſe falſe Endearments to the Fools that love 'em;
And when they marry, to their ſilly Huſbands
They bring falſe Virtue, broken Fame and Fortune.

Otw. Orphan.

You bear the ſpecious Title of a Wife,
To gild your Cauſe, and draw the pitying World
To favour it: The World contemns poor me;
For I have loſt my Honour, loſt my Fame,
And ſtain'd the Glory of my Royal Houſe;
And all to bear the branded Name of Miſtreſs.

Dr. All for Love

OH! I fain would hide me
From the baſe World, from Malice, and from Shame
For 'tis the ſolemn Counſel of my Soul,
Never to live with public Loſs of Honour:
'Tis fix'd to die, rather than bear the Inſolence
Of each affected She, that tells my Story,
And bleſſes her good Stars, that ſhe is virtuous:
To be a Tale for Fools! ſcorn'd by the Women!
And pity'd by the Men!

Rowe's Fair Pen

How

How didst thou dare to think that I would live
A Slave to base Desires and brutal Pleasures:
To be a wretched Woman for thy Leisure,
To toy and waste an Hour of idle Time with. *Ibid.*

Leon. O *ATHENAI*S! let me see thee dead,
Born a pale Corps, and gently laid in Earth;
So I may say, She's chaste, and dy'd a Virgin;
Rather than view thee with these wounded Eyes,
Seated upon the Throne of *Isdigertes*,
The Blast of common Tongues, the Nobles Scorn;
Thy Father's Curse, that is, the Prince's Whore:
No, *Athenais*! when the Day beholds thee
So scandalously rais'd, Pride cast thee down,
The Scorn of Honour, and the People's Prey!

Athen. No, cruel *Leontine*! not to redeem
Thy aged Head from the descending Ax:
Not tho' I saw thy trembling Body rack'd,
Thy Wrinkles too about thee fill'd with Blood;
Would I for Empire, to the Man I love,
Be made the Object of unlawful Pleasure.

Leon. OH! preserve thy Virtue!
And since he does disdain thee for his Bride,
Scorn thou to be his Whore.

Athen. Hold, Sir! Oh! hold! forbear!
For my nice Soul abhors the very Sound:
Yet with the Shame of that, and the Desire
Of an immortal Name, I am inspir'd:
All kinder Thoughts are fled for ever from me;
All Tendernefs, as if I ne'er had lov'd,
Has left my Bosom colder than the Grave.

Leon. On, *Athenais*, on; 'tis bright before thee:
Pursue the Track, and thou shalt be a Star.

Athen. O *Leontine*! I ſwear, my noble Father,
 That I will ſtarve, e'er once forego my Virtue:
 And thus, let's join to contradict the World;
 That Empire could not tempt a poor old Maid,
 To ſell his Prince the Honour of his Daughter;
 And ſhe too match'd the Spirit of her Father;
 Tho' humbly born, and yet more humbly bred,
 She, for her Fame, refus'd a Royal Bed:
 Who, tho' ſhe lov'd, yet did put off the Hour,
 Nor could her Virtue be betray'd by Pow'r.
 Patterns like theſe, will guilty Courts improve,
 And teach the Fair to bluſh at conſcious Love:
 Then let all Maids, for Honour, come in View,
 If any Maid can more for Glory do. *Lee's Theod.*

M O B.

THE Captain of the Rabble iſſu'd out
 With a black Shirtleſs Train: Each was an Hoſt;
 A Million ſtrong of Vermin, every Villain:
 No Part of Government, but Lords of Anarchy;
 Chaos of Power, and privileg'd Deſtruction;
 Outlaws of Nature! Yet the Great muſt uſe 'em,
 Sometimes as neceſſary Tools of Tumult.

Dr. Don Sel

SOME popular Chief,
 More noiſy than the reſt, but cries Halloo,
 And in a Trice the bellowing Herd came out;
 The Gates are barr'd, the Ways are barricado'd:
 And One and All's the Word: True Cocks o' the
 Game!

They never aſk for what, or whom they fight;

But turn 'em out, and ſhew 'em but a Foe;
Cry Liberty, and that's a Cauſe of Quarrel.

Dr. Spaniſh Friar.

AND ſince the Rabble now is ours,
Keep the Fools hot, preach Dangers in their Ears;
Spread falſe Reports o' th' Senate; working up
Their Madneſs to a Fury quick and deſp'rate;
'Till they run headlong into Civil Diſcords,
And do our Buſineſs with their own Deſtruction.

Otw. Cai. Mar.

BUT curs'd be they,
Who truſt Revenge with ſuch mad Inſtruments,
Whoſe blindfold Madneſs is but to deſtroy;
And like the Fire, commiſſion'd by the Winds,
Begins on Sheds, but, rolling in a Round,
On Palaces returns.

Dr. Don Seb.

YE Mongrel Work of Heav'n in human Shapes,
Not to be damn'd or ſav'd, but breath and periſh,

Ibid.

LOOK, as I blow this Feather from my Face,
And as the Air blows it to me again;
Obeying with my Wind, when I do blow,
And yielding to another when it blows;
Commanded always by the greater Guſt:
Such is the Lightneſs of you common Men.

Shak. Hen. VI.

M O D E S T Y.

M O D E S T Y!

The Virgin's troubleſome and conſtant Gueſt.

Lee's Theod.

Is but the Wax, whoſe Seals on Virgins ſtay :
Let it approach Love's Fires, 'twill melt away.

Dr. Cong. Gran.

THO' Thought will have no Bound,
A Virgin's Tongue ſhould ſhame to hint a Thought
At which a Virgin's Cheek ſhould bluſh.

Shak. Merch. of Ven.

MONASTIC LIFE.

I WILL devote the ſad Remains of Life
To the bleſt Company of holy Men!
Learn Contemplation, and the Dregs of Life
Purg'd off, taſte clearer and more ſprightly Joys;
Partake their Tranſports in the brighteſt Viſions;
See op'ning Heavens, and the deſcending Gods:
Then, as I view the dazzling Track of Angels,
Sigh to my Heart, and cry, See there, and there,
In full Perfection thouſand *Bellamiras*.

Lee's Caſ. Borg.

To ſee this Day the Emperor of the Eaſt
Leave all the Pleaſures that the Earth can yield,
That Nature can beſtow, or Art invent;
In his Life's Spring and Bloom of gawdy Years,
To undergo the Penance of a Cloiſter;
Confin'd to narrow Rooms and gloomy Walks;
Faſtings, and Exerciſes of Devotion,
Which from his Bed at Midnight muſt awake him:
Methinks, O *Leontine*! is ſomething more
Than yet Philoſophy could ever reach:
Methinks, at ſuch a glorious Reſignation,
Th' Angelic Orders ſhould at once deſcend
In all the Paint and Drapery of Heaven,

Wich

With charming Voices, and with lulling Strings,
To give full Grace to such triumphant Zeal.

Lee's Theod.

M O O N.

THE Queen of Night
Shines fair with all her Virgin Stars about her.

Otw. Cai. Mar.

A GLIMPSE of Moonshine streak'd with Red,
A shuff'd, fullen, and uncertain Light,
That dances thro' the Clouds, and shuts again.

Dr. Cleom.

M O R N I N G.

SULLEN, methinks, and slow the Morning
breaks;

As if the Sun were listless to appear,
And dark Designs hung heavy on the Day.

Dr. D. Guise.

Now from Night's Womb the glorious Day breaks
forth,

And seems to kindle from the setting Stars.

Lee's Luc. Jun. Brutus.

SEE how the Morning opes her golden Gates,
And takes her Farewell of the glorious Sun!
How well resembles it the Prime of Youth,
Trimm'd like a Younger, prancing to his Love.

Shak. Hen. VI.

THE Morning dawns with an unwonted Crimson;
The Flowers more od'rous seem; the Garden Birds

Sing louder, and the laughing Sun ascends
 The gawdy Earth with an unusual Brightness:
 All Nature smiles, and the whole World is pleas'd.

Lee's Cæs. Bor.

Look, Love! what envious Streaks
 Do lace the severing Clouds in yonder East!
 Night's Candles are burnt out, and jocund Day
 Stands tip-toe on the misty Mountain-Tops.

Shak. Rom. & Jul.

BEHOLD the Morn in Ruffet Mantle clad,
 Walks o'er the Dew of yon' high Eastern Hill!

Ibid.

BEHOLD what Streaks
 Of Light embroider all the cloudy East:
 Night's Tapers are burnt out, and jocund Day
 Upon the Mountain-Tops fits gayly dress'd,
 While all the Birds brings Music to his Levee.

Ibid.

FROM Amber Shrouds I see the Morning rise,
 Her rosy Hands begin to paint the Skies:
 And now the City Emmets leave their Hive,
 And rousing Hinds to chearful Labour drive:
 High Cliffs and Rocks are pleasing Objects now,
 And Nature smiles upon the Mountain Brow;
 The joyful Birds salute the Sun's Approach:
 The Sun too laughs, and mounts his gawdy Coach;
 While from his Car the dropping Gems distil,
 And all the Earth, and all the Heavens do smile.

Lee's Mass. of Paris.

IT is, methinks, a Morning full of Fate:
 It rises slowly, as her sullen Care
 Had all the Weights of Sleep and Death hung on it:
 She is not rosy-finger'd, but swell'n black;

Her

Her Face is like a Water turn'd to Blood:
Her ſick Head is bound about with Clouds,
As if She threaten'd Night e'er Noon of Day.

Johnſ. Cat.

THE Morning riſes black, the louring Sun
Drives heavily his ſable Chariot on:
The Face of Day now bluſhes Scarlet deep.

Lee's Alex.

WISH'D Morning's come, and now upon the
Plains,
And diſtant Mountains, where they feed their Flocks,
The happy Shepherds leave their homely Huts,
And with their Pipes proclaim the new-born Day:
The luſty Swain comes with his well-fill'd Scrip
Of healthful Viands, which when Hunger calls,
With much Content and Appetite he eats,
To follow in the Field his daily Toil,
And dreſs the grateful Glebe that yields him Fruits:
The Beaſts, that under the warm Hedges ſlept,
And weather'd out the cold bleak Night are up;
And looking tow'rds the neighb'ring Paſtures, raiſe
Their Voice, and bid their Fellow Brutes Good-
morrow:

The cheerful Birds too on the Tops of Trees
Aſſemble all in Choirs; and with their Notes
Salute, and welcome up the riſing Sun. *Otw. Orph.*

MURDER.

OH! where ſhall I ſtrike?
Is there a ſmalleſt Grain of that lov'd Body
That is not dearer to me than my Eyes?

E 5

My

My boſom'd Heart, and all my Life-Blood there;
 Bid me cut off theſe Limbs, hew off theſe Hands,
 Dig out theſe Eyes; tho' I would keep them laſt,
 To gaze upon thee: But to murder thee!
 The Joy and Charm of ev'ry raviſh'd Senſe!
 My Wife! forbid it, Nature!

South. Oron.

My Plot grows full of Death:

Murder is playing her great Maſter-piece;
 And the ſad Siſters ſweat, ſo faſt I urge 'em:
 Oh! how I hug my ſelf for this Revenge!
 My Fancy's great in Miſchief! for methinks,
 The Night grows darker; and the lab'ring Ghoſts,
 For Fear leſt I ſhould find new Torments out,
 Run o'er the old with moſt prodigious Swiftneſs:
 I ſee the fatal Fruit betwixt the Teeth,
 The Sieve brim-full, and the ſwift Stone ſtand ſtill.

Lee's Alex.

OH! he's the cooleſt Murderer! ſo ſtanch,
 He kills, and keeps his Temper!

Dr. All for Love.

MURDERS, at which th' aſtoniſh'd Sun went
 back,

And turn'd aſide, and veil'd his Head in Clouds.

Lanſd. Her. Love.

I SEE my Death is written in thy Eyes:

Therefore wreak all thy Luſt of Vengeance on me
 Waſh in my Blood, and ſteep thee in my Gore;
 Feed like a Vulture, tear my bleeding Heart.

Lee's Alex.

CREATURES of vileſt Make! upon Diſguſt,
 With Knives, or Cords, ſet looſe their Coward Souls

Lee's Miſt.

AND what's the Punishment, my dear *Pulcheria*
 What Torments are allotted thoſe ſad Spirits,

Wh.

Who, groaning with the Burden of Deſpair,
No longer will endure the Cares of Life,
But boldly ſet themſelves at Liberty?

THRO' the dark Caves of Death to wander on,
Like wilder'd Travellers without a Guide?
Eternal Rovers in the gloomy Maze,
Where ſcarce the Twilight of an Infant Moon,
By a faint Glimmer check'ring thro' the Trees,
Reflects to diſmal View the walking Ghoſts,
And never hope to reach the bleſſed Fields?

Lee's Theod.

HAD you beheld his Rack and Torments:
When from his dying Eyes ſwoll'n to the Brim,
The big round Drops roll'd down his manly Face:
When from his hollow Breſt a murm'ring Crowd
Of Groans ruſh'd forth, and echo'd, All is well:
Then had you ſeen him, O ye cruel Gods!
Ruſh on the Sword I held againſt his Breſt,
And dye it to the Hilt!

Ibid.

HE like a Traytor-Coward,
Sluic'd out his innocent Soul thro' Streams of Blood:
Which Blood, like ſacrificing *Abel's*, cries,
Ev'n from the tongueleſs Caverns of the Earth,
Aloud for Juſtice, and rough Chaiſement.

Shak. Rich. II.

THE Blow you give will mount me to the Stars,
But ſink my Murd'reſs in eternal Ruin.

A thouſand Spirits tell me,
There's not a God, but whispers in my Ear;
This Death will crown me with immortal Glory,
And make me Company of Queens above:
While thou, the Burden of the Earth,
Fall'ſt to the Deep, ſo heavy with thy Guilt,

That

That Hell it ſelf muſt groan at thy Reception:
While fouleſt Fiends ſhun thy Society;
And thou ſhalt walk alone, forſaken Fury.

Lee's Alex.

SEE how the Blood is ſettl'd in his Face:
Oft have I ſeen a timely parted Gholt,
Of aſhy Semblance, meagre, pale, and bloodleſs;
Being all deſcended to the lab'ring Heart:
Who in the Conſlict that it holds with Death,
Attracts the Blood for Aid againſt the Enemy:
Which with the Heart there cools, and ne'er returns
To bluſh and beautify the Cheek again:
But ſee, his Face is black, and full of Blood;
His Eye-balls farther out than when he liv'd;
Staring full ghastly, like a ſtrangl'd Man;
His Hair up-rear'd; his Noſtrils ſtretch'd with Strug-
ling;
His Hands diſplay'd abroad, as one that graſp'd
And tugg'd for Life, and was by Strength ſubdu'd.

Shak. Hen. VI.

BEHOLD, ev'n now the great unhappy Youth
Falls by the ſordid Hands of butchering Villains:
Now, now he bleeds, he dies:
See his rich Blood in Purple Torrents flows;
And Nature ſallies in unbidden Groans:
Now mortal Pangs diſtort his lovely Form;
His roſy Beauties fade; his ſtarry Eyes
Now darkling ſwim, and fix their cloſing Beams;
Now in ſhort Gasps his lab'ring Spirit heaves,
And weakly flutters on his fault'ring Tongue,
And ſtruggles into Sound.

Smith's Ph. Hip.

THERE

THERE he lyes! the Blood
Yet bubbling from his Wounds. O more than Savage!
Had they or Hearts, or Eyes, that did this Deed?
Could Eyes endure to guide ſuch cruel Hands?
Are not my Eyes guilty alike with theirs,
That thus can gaze, and yet not turn to Stone?

Cong. M. Bride.

O DEATH! thou gentle End of human Sorrows,
Still muſt my weary Eye-lids vainly wake,
In tedious Expectation of thy Peace:
Why ſtand thy thouſand, thouſand Doors ſtill open,
To take the Wretched in, if ſtern Religion
Guards ev'ry Paſſage, and forbids my Entrance?
Lucrece could bleed, and *Portia* ſwallow Fire,
When urg'd with Grief beyond a mortal Suff'rance:
But here it muſt not be! Think, think, *Arpafia*,
Think on the ſacred Dictates of thy Faith,
And let that arm thy Virtue, to perform
What *Cato's* Daughter durſt not: Live, *Arpafia*,
And dare to be unhappy

Rowe's Tam.

FOUL Deeds will riſe,
Tho' all the Earth o'erwhelm them, to Mens Eyes;
And Murder, tho' it have no Tongue, will ſpeak
With moſt mirac'lous Organ.

Shak. Ham.

SELF-MURDER.

MY Virtue is a Guard beyond my Strength,
And Death my laſt Defence, within my Call.

Death may be call'd in vain, and cannot come;
Tyrants may tie him up from your Relief,
Nor has a Chriſtian Privilege to die:

Brutus

Brutus and *Cato* might discharge their Souls,
And give them Furloes for another World;
But we, like Centries, are oblig'd to stand
In starless Nights, and wait th' appointed Hour.

Dr. Don Seb.

HE'S a Man;

He knows, that Men abandon'd of their Hope,
Should ask no Leave, nor stay for suing out
A tedious Writ of Ease from ling'ring Heav'n;
But help themselves as timely as they could,
And teach the Fates their Duty.

Ibid.

OUR Time is set and fix'd; our Days are told;
And no Man knows the Limits of his Life;
This Minute may be mine, the next another's;
But still all Mortals ought to wait the Summons,
And not usurp on the Decrees of Fate,
By hastening their own Ends.

Smith's P. Parma.

SELF-MURDER, Nature and our Souls abhor. *lb.*

NOT stony Towers, nor Walls of beaten Brass,
Nor airless Dungeon, nor strong Links of Fate;
Can be retentive to the Strength of Spirit:
For Life, being weary of these worldly Bars,
Never lacks Power to dismiss it self:
In that, ye Gods, ye make the weak most strong!
In that, ye Gods, ye Tyrants do defeat!
In that each Bondman in his own Hand bears
The Power to cancel his Captivity!
But I do think it cowardly and vile,
For Fear of what might fall, so to prevent
The Time of Life; arming my self with Patience,
To wait the Providence of some high Powers
That govern us below.

Shak. Jul. Caf.

SHALL

SHALL Nature, erring from her first Command,
Self-Preservation, fall by her own Hand?

By her own Act the Springs of Life destroy,
The Principles and Being of her Joy?

Sensual and base!

Lansd. Br. Inch.

DEAR, Dear *Adrastus*! look with half an Eye
On my unheard-of Woes, and judge thy self,
If it be fit that such a Wretch should live!

I do conjure thee, give my Horrors way:

Talk not of Life, for that will make me rave;

As well thou may'st advise a tortur'd Wretch,

All mangl'd o'er from Head to Foot with Wounds,

And his Bones broke, to wait a better Day.

I'll have no more to do with Gods nor Men.

Lee's Oed.

IF I had longer been alone, most surely,
With the Distraction that surrounds my Heart,
My Hand would have rebell'd against his Master,
And done a Murder here.

Lee's Theod.

FEAR, Guilt, Despair, and Moon-struck Frenzy
rush

On voluntary Death: The Wise, the Brave,
When the fierce Storms of Fortune round 'em roar,
Combat the Billows with redoubl'd Force:

Then, if they perish e'er the Port is gain'd,
They sink with decent Pride; and from the Deep,
Honour retrieves 'em bright as rising Stars.

Fen. Mar.

MUSIC.

HOW sweet the Moon-light sleeps upon this Bank!
Here will we sit, and let the Sounds of Music

Creep

Creep in our Ears: Soft Stillness of the Night
 Become the Touches of sweet Harmony:
 Sit *Jessica*! Look how the Floor of Heav'n
 Is thick inlaid with Patterns of bright Gold!
 There's not the smallest Orb which thou behold'st,
 But in its Motion, like an Angel sings;
 Still Choring to the young-ey'd Cherubims:
 Such Harmony is in immortal Souls!
 But while this muddy Vesture of Decay,
 Thus grossly closes us, we can not hear it.

Shak. Merch. Ven.

THE Reason is, your Spirits are attentive;
 For do but note a wild and wanton Herd,
 Fetching mad Bounds, bellowing, and neighing loud,
 Which is the hot Condition of their Blood;
 If they but hear, perchance a Trumpet sound,
 Or any Air of Music touch their Ears,
 You shall perceive 'em make a mutual Stand;
 Their savage Eyes turn'd to a modest Gaze,
 By the sweet Power of Music: Therefore the Poet
 Did feign, that *Orpheus* drew Trees, Stones, and
 Floods,
 Since nought so stockish, hard, and full of Rage,
 But Music, for the Time, doth change his Nature:
 The Man that hath no Music in himself,
 Nor is not mov'd with Concord of sweet Sounds,
 Is fit for Treasons, Villanies, and Spoils:
 The Motions of his Spirit are dull as Night,
 And his Affections dark as *Erebus*:
 Let no such Man be trusted.

Ibid.

IF Music be the Food of Love, play on
 That Strain again; it had a dying Fall:
 Oh! it came o'er my Ear like a sweet Sound,

That

That breaths upon a Bank of Violets,
Stealing and giving Odours. *Shak. Tw. Night.*

MUSIC has Charms to ſooth a ſavage Beaſt,
To ſoften Rocks, and bend a knotted Oak:
I've read, that Things inanimate have mov'd,
And as with living Souls, have been inform'd,
By Magic Numbers, and perſwaſive Sound.]

Cong. M. Bride.

LET there be Muſic, let the Maſter touch
The ſprightly String, and ſoftly breathing Flute,
Till Harmony rouse ev'ry gentle Paſſion!
Teach the cold Maid to loſe her Fears in Love,
And the fierce Youth to languish at her Feet:
Begin! Ev'n Age it ſelf is chear'd with Muſic;
It wakes a glad Remembrance of our Youth,
Calls back paſt Joys, and warms us into Tranſports.

Rowe's F. Pen.

FOR *Orpheus'* Lute could ſoften Steel and Stone,
Make Tygers tame, and huge Leviathans
Forſake unfounded Deeps, and dance on Sands.

Shak. Two Gent. of Ver.

MUSIC ſhall wake her: That hath Power to charm
Pale Sickneſs, and avert the Stings of Pain:
But ever on the Mind the ſure Effects
Are moſt conſpicuous, where the vary'd Notes
Can raiſe or quell our Paſſions, and becalm
In ſweet Oblivion the too wakeful Senſe
Of Grief, or Love, and print a dimpl'd Smile
On the green bloodleſs Cheek of dumb Deſpair.

Pen. Mar.

MUSIC is,
Ev'n as the Flourish, when true Subjects bow
To a new-crown'd Monarch: Such it is,

As

As are thoſe dulcid Sounds in Break of Day,
That creep into the dreaming Bridegroom's Ear,
And ſummon him to Marriage. *Sh. Merch. Ven.*



N A M E.



HEN the lov'd Name of *Theſeus*
reach'd her Ear;

At that dear Name ſhe rais'd her droop-
ing Head,

Her feeble Hands and wat'ry Eyes to
Heav'n,

To bleſs the bounteous Gods: At that dear Name,
The raging Tempeſt of her Grief was calm'd;
Her Sighs were hush'd, and Tears forgot to flow.

Smith's Ph. Hip.

His very Name

Renews the Springs of Life, and chears my Soul.

Rowe's J. Shore.

N E C R O M A N C E R.

HIM have I ſeen (on *Iſther's* Bank he ſtood,
Where laſt we winter'd) bind the headlong Flood
In ſudden Ice, and where moſt ſwift it flows,
In Chryſtal Nets, the wand'ring Fiſhes cloſe;
Then with a Moment's Thaw the Stream enlarge,
And from the Meſh the twinkling Guests diſcharge:
In a deep Vale, or near ſome ruin'd Wall,
He would the Ghoſts of ſlaughter'd Soldiers call;
Who flow to wounded Bodies did repair,
And loth to enter, ſhiver in the Air:

Theſe

Theſe his dread Wand did to ſhort Life compell,
And forc'd the Fates of Battles to foretell:
In a lone Tent all hung with black I ſaw,
Where in a Square he did a Circle draw;
Four Angles, made by that Circumference,
Bore holy Words inſcrib'd of myſtic Senſe;
When firſt, a hollow Wind began to blow,
The Sky grew black, and belly'd down more low;
Around the Field did nimble Lightning play,
Which offer'd us by Fits, and ſnatch'd the Day:
Midſt this was heard the ſhrill and tender Cry
Of well-pleas'd Ghoſts, which in the Storm did fly;
Danc'd to and fro, and ſkimm'd along the Ground,
Till to the Magic Circle they were bound.

Dr. Tyr. Love.

By my rough Magic I have oft bedim'd
The Noon-tide Sun, call'd forth the mut'nous Winds;
And 'twixt the green Sea and the azur'd Vault
Set roaring War; to the dread rattling Thunder
Have I giv'n Fire; and rifted *Jove's* ſtout Oak
With his own Bolt: Graves, at my Command,
Have wak'd their Sleepers, op'd, and let 'em forth,
By my ſo potent Art.

Shak. Temp.

N I G H T.

T H' unlucky Time of Night,
When nought but loathſome Vermin are abroad;
Or Witches gath'ring poiſ'nous Herbs for Spells,
By the pale Light of the cold waining Moon.

Orw. Cai. Mar.

Tis

'TIS now the Hour which all to Reſt allow;
And Sleep ſits heavy upon ev'ry Brow.

Dr. Ind. Emp.

THE dead of Night,
When Darkneſs-broods upon our darken'd World.

Dr. D. of Guiſe.

'TIS now the very Witching Time of Night,
When Church-Yards yawn, and Hell it ſelf breaths
out,

Contagion to the World.

Shak. Ham.

AND, lo! the Night deſcends,
With her black Wings to brood o'er all the World.

Lee's Luc. Jun. Brut.

THE gawdy blabbing, and remorſeful Day
Is crept into the Boſom of the Sea;
And now loud howling Wolves arouze the Jades,
That drag the tragic melancholic Night;
And with their drowſy, flow, and flagging Wings,
Cleap dead Men's Graves, and from their miſty Jaws
Breathe foul contagious Darkneſs in the Air.

Shak. Hen. VI.

THE hard travell'd Sun
Now wantons in the Boſom of the Sea,
Whilſt am'rous Clouds ſteal nearer to the Earth,
And melt themſelves away upon the Flow'rs:
The Beaſts in Companies to Coverts run,
And all the Feather'd Kind upon the Wing,
'Pair to the Groves, and dream the Night away.

South. Diſap.

THIS Dead of Night, this ſilent Hour of Dark-
neſs

Nature for Reſt ordain'd, and ſoft Repoſe.

Rowe's F. Pen.

THE

THE drowsy Night grows on the World, and now
The busy Craftsman, and o'er-labour'd Hind,
Forget the Travail of the Day in Sleep:
Care only wakes, and moping Pensiveness:
With meagre discontented Looks they sit,
And watch the Wasting of the Midnight Taper.

Rowe's Jane Shore.

THE Day is fled, and dismal Night defends,
Casting her sable Arms around the World,
And folding all within her deadly Grasp;
Ghosts are abroad; the Monuments are empty'd;
And Hero's that have slept till now, have left
Their quiet Tombs, and once more walk the Earth.

Hopk. Pyrrh.

Now human Kind in Sleep their Cares forsake,
Ev'n Guilt it self some little Rest does take,
And none but the Revengeful are awake.

Daven. Circe.

'TIS Night; the Season when the Happy take
Repose, and only Wretches are awake:
Now discontented Ghosts begin their Rounds,
Haunt ruin'd Buildings, and unwholesome Grounds,
Or at the Curtains of the Restless wait,
To frighten them with some sad Tale of Fate.

Otw. Don Car.

Now all is hush'd as Nature were retir'd,
And the perpetual Motion standing still;
So much she from her Work appears to cease,
And every warring Element's at Peace:
All the wild Herds are in the Coverts couch'd;
The Fishes to their Banks or Ooze repair'd,
And to the Murmurs of the Water sleep:

The

The feeling Air's at Reſt, and feels no Noiſe,
Except of ſome ſhort Breathe upon the Trees,
Rocking the harmleſs Birds that reſt upon them.

Ozw. Orph.

'TIS Night, dead Night, and weary Nature lies
So faſt, as if ſhe never meant to riſe.
No Breath of Wind now whiſpers thro' the Trees,
No Noiſe at Land, nor Murmurs in the Seas:
Lean Wolves forget to howl at Night's pale Moon,
No wakeful Dogs bark at the ſilent Moon,
Nor bay the Ghoſts that glide with Horror by,
To view the Caverns where their Bodies lie:
The Ravens perch, and no Preſages give,
Nor to the Window's of the Dying cleave:
The Owls forget to ſcream, no Midnight Sound
Calls drowzy Echo from the hollow Ground.
In Vaults the waking Fires extinguiſh'd lie;
The Stars, Heav'n's Centry, wink, and ſeem to die

Lee's Theod.

ALL Things are huſh'd, as Nature's ſelf lay dead
The Mountains ſeem to nod their drowſy Head:
The little Birds in Dreams their Songs repeat,
And ſleeping Flow'rs beneath the Night-Dew ſweet,
Even Luſt and Envy ſleep.

Dr. Ind. Imp.

DARK Night, that from the Eye his Function takes
The Ear more quick of Apprehenſion makes;
Wherein it doth impair the Seeing Senſe,
It pays the Hearing double Recompence.

Shak. Midſ. Nigh. Dream

Now, the hungry Lion roars,
And the Wolf beholds the Moon:
Whilst the heavy Plowman ſnoars,
All with weary'd Task 'fore done.

Now

Now, the waſted Brands do glow,
Whilst the Screech-Owl, ſcreeching loud,
Puts the Wretch, that lies in Woe,
In Remembrance of a Shroud.
Now it is the Time of Night,
That the Graves all gaping wide,
Ev'ry one lets forth his Sprite
In the Church-Way Paths to glide,
And we Fairies that do run
By the Triple *Heccate's* Team,
From the-Preſence of the Sun,
Following Darkneſs like a Dream.

*Ibid.**NIGHTINGAL.*

THUS in ſome Pop'lar Shade, the Nightingal,
With piercing Moans does her loſt Young bewail:
Which the rough Hind obſerving as they lay
Warm in their downy Neſt, had ſtol'n away:
But ſhe in mournful Sounds does ſtill complain,
Sings all the Night, tho' all her Songs are vain,
And ſtill renews her miſerable Strain *Lee's Theod.*

So when the Spring renews their flow'ry Field,
And warns the Pregnant Nightingal to build;
She ſeeks the ſafeſt Shelter of the Wood,
Where ſhe may truſt, her little tuneful Brood:
Where no rude Swains her ſhady Cell may know;
No Serpents climb, nor blaſting Winds may blow;
Fond of the choſen Place, ſhe views it o'er,
Sits there, and wanders thro' the Grove no more;
Warbling ſhe charms it each returning Night,
And loves it with a Mother's dear Delight.

Rowe's Jane Shore.

THE

THE melancholy *Philomel*
 Thus perch'd all Night alone in ſhady Groves,
 Tunes her ſoft Voice to ſad Complaints of Love,
 Making her Life one great harmonious Woe.

South. Diſap.

N O B I L I T Y.

THY early Glories in the Chace of Fame,
 Reflect new Luſtre, and our Houſe confirm.
 'Tis Nature's moſt inviolable Law,
 To make each Species propagate its Kind:
 The generous Offspring from the generous Stock,
 Derive the Virtues, and confeſs the Sire.

Hig. Gen. Com.

WERE Honour to be ſcann'd by long Deſcent,
 From Anceſtors illuſtrious, I could vaunt
 A Lineage of the Greateſt, and recount
 Among my Fathers, Names of antient Story,
 Heroes and Godlike Patriots, who ſubdued
 The World by Arms, and Virtue:
 But that be their own Praise:
 Nor will I borrow Merit from the Dead,
 My ſelf an Undeſerver.

Rowe's Tam.

N O I S E.

THE Noiſe encreaſes as the Billows roar,
 When rolling from afar they threat the Shore.

Dr. Aurel.

I HEARD a diſtant humming Noiſe,
 Like Bees diſturb'd, and arming in their Hives.

Dr. Span. Friar

AND

AND, hark ! methinks, the Noiſe that late pur-
ſu'd me,
Sinks like the Murmurs of a falling Wind,
And ſoftens into Silence. *Rowe's Jane Shore.*

Now every Echo
Goes fainter off, and dies in diſtant Sounds.
Dr. Span. Friar.

N U N.

OH! ſhut me in a Cloyſter; there well pleaſed,
Religious Hardſhips I will learn to bear :
To faſt and freeze at Midnight Hours of Pray'r,
Nor think it hard within a lonely Cell,
With melancholy, ſpeechleſs Saints to dwell;
But bleſs the Day I to that Refuge ran,
Free from the Marriage-Chain, and from that Tyrant
Man! *Rowe's F. Pen.*

SOME ſolitary Cloyſter will I chuſe,
And there with holy Virgins live immur'd:
Coarſe my Attire, and ſhort ſhall be my Sleep,
Broke by the melancholy Midnight Bell:
There hoard up every Moment of my Life,
To lengthen out the Payment of my Tears.
Faſting and Tears, and Penitence and Prayer,
ſhall do dead *Sancho* Juſtice every Hour,
Till even fierce *Raymond*, at the laſt ſhall ſay,
Now let her die, for ſhe has griev'd enough.
Dr. Span. Friar.

KNOW of your Youth, examine well your Blood,
Whether if you yield not to your Father's Choice,
You can endure the Livery of a Nun;
Or Aye to be in ſhady Cloyſter mew'd,

To live a barren Siſter all your Life;
 Chaunting faint Hymns to the cold fruitleſs Moon;
 Thrice bleſſed they that maſter ſo their Blood,
 To undergo ſuch Maiden-Pilgrimage.
 But earlier happy is the *Roſe* diſtill'd,
 Than that which withering on the Virgin-Thorn,
 Grows, lives, and dies in ſingle Bleſſedneſs.

Shak. Mid. Nigh. Dream.



O A T H.



HIS idle Vow hangs on her Woman's
 Fears:

I'll have a Priest ſhall preach her from
 her Faith,

And make it Sin not to renounce that
 Vow,

Which I'd have broken.

Cong. M. Bride

BUT ſooner ſhall a dooming God recall
 His *Stygian* Oath, than I renounce my Vow. *Lee's Mita*

O MIGHTY *Jove*, the Giver of all Laws,
 And *Phæbus* too, who from thy Orb above,
 Art conſcious to what Mortals do or ſay:

O Seas! O Earth! and you impartial Powers
 Below, who judge and puniſh Perjury,
 Bear an eternal Record of my Oath. *Lanf. Her. Love*

Yes, he has ſworn! Be Witneſs Heav'n and Earth
 Be Witneſs Sun and Moon, and every Star!
 Be Witneſs all ye Gods, that he has ſworn!

Is there an Hour, either of Day or Night,
Free from ſome Oath of everlaſting Love?

Ibid.

O B E D I E N C E.

IAM taught by Honour's Precepts to obey;
Fear to Obedience is a ſlavish Way. *Dr. Auren.*

SEE I'm all Obedience:

Did ever Draughter yet obey like me?
Not ſhe, who in the Dungeon fed her Father
With her own Milk, and by her Piety
Sav'd him from Death, can match my rig'rous Virtue;
For I have done much more: Torn off my Breasts!
My Breasts! my very Heart! and flung it from me!
To feed the Tyrant Duty with my Blood!

Lee's Cæſ. Borg.

O L D A G E.

SOME few by Temp'rance taught, approaching
ſlow,

To diſtant Fate by eaſy Journies go:

Gently they lay them down as Ev'ning Sheep,

On their own Woolly Fleeces ſoftly ſleep.

So noiſeleſs would I live, ſuch Death to find,

Like timely Fruit not ſhaken by the Wind,

But ripely dropping from the ſapleſs Bough,

And dying, nothing to my ſelf would owe.

Thus daily changing, with a duller Taſte

Of leſſening Joys, I by Degrees would waſte:

Still quitting Ground by unperceiv'd Decay,

And ſteal my ſelf from Life, and melt away.

Dr. St. Inn.

How

How happy is the Evening-Tide of Life,
 When Phlegm has quench'd our Passions, trifling out
 The feeble Remnant of our silly Days
 In Follies, such as Dotage best is pleas'd with,
 Free from the wounding and tormenting Cares,
 That toss the thoughtful, active, busy Mind.

Otw. Cai. Mar.

WE yet may see the old Man in a Morning,
 Lusty as Health, come ruddy to the Field,
 And there pursue the Chace, as if he meant
 To o'ertake Time, and bring back Youth again.

Otw. Orph.

As in a green Old-Age, his Hair just grizzl'd.

Dr. Oed.

DECREPID Bodies, worn to Ruin,
 Just ready of themselves to fall asunder,
 And to let drop the Soul.

Dr. Mar. a-la-Mode.

THESE are the Effects of doating Age,
 Vain Doubts, and idle Cares, and over Caution;
 The Second Nonage of a Soul more Wise,
 But now decay'd, and sunk into the Socket,
 Peeping by Fits, and giving feeble Light.

Dr. D. Seb.

LET me embrace thee good old Chronicle,
 Who hast so long walk'd Hand-in-Hand with Time.

Dr. Troil. Cress.

SHAKE not his Hour-Glass, when his hasty Sand
 Is ebbing to the last:

A little longer, yet a little longer,
 And Nature drops him down without your Sin,
 Like mellow Fruit, without a Winter-Storm.

Dr. Sp. Fr.

HE, like a Lamp, would live to the last Wink,
 And crawl upon the utmost Verge of Life.

Dr. All for Love.

I'VE

I'VE glutted Nature with Satiety,
Tir'd all her various Appetites of Change;
And 'twou'd be an unmannerly Return,
For my good Cheer, and Welcome of the Feast,
When I have sat it out, to grudge to rise.

South. Fat. Cap.

CHANGES in froward Age are natural,
Who hopes for constant Weather in the Fall?

Dr. M. Queen.

BUT old Men have Prerogative of Tongue,
And Kings of Power, and Parents that of Nature.

Dr. Cleom.

O M E N S.

WHAT mean these Wing'd ill Omens of the Air
That passing brush me with their deadly Pinions,
And seem the Forlorn-Hope of Fate?

Den. Rin. & Arm.

THE Owl shriek'd at thy Birth; an evil Sight!
The Night-Crow cry'd, foreboding luckless Time:
Dogs howl'd; and hideous Tempests shook down
Trees:

The Raven rook'd her on the Chimney-Top,
And chattering Pies in dismal Discord sung.

Shak. Hen. VI.

ILL Omens may the Guilty tremble at,
Make every Accident a Prodigy,
And Monsters frame, where Nature never err'd:
May the scar'd Conscience start at falling Meteors,
And call the Scream of every hooting Owl,
Or croaking Raven, Fate's most dreadful Voice:
For me I laugh at them. Should now the Heavens

Flame with a thousand Fires, ne'er seen before,
 And Thunder beat the Winds from every Corner;
 Not for the Calm of all the Universe,
 Would I put off my Joys a Moment longer. *Lee's Mith.*

GLORY, where art thou? Fame, Revenge, Ambition,
 Where are you fled? There's Ice upon my Nerves:
 My Salt, my Mettle, and my Spirit's gone,
 Pall'd as a Slave that's Bed-rid with an Ague:
 I wish my Flesh were off. What now? Thou bleed'st,
 Three, and no more! What then? And why what then?
 But just three Drops! And why not just three Drops,
 As well as four or five, or five and twenty?
 Must I stumble too?

Away ye Dreams: What if it thunder'd now?
 Or if a Raven cross'd me in my Way?
 Or, now it comes, because last Night I dream'd,
 The Council-Hall was hung with Crimson round,
 And all the Ceiling plaister'd o'er with Black?
 No more blue Fires, and ye dull rolling Lakes,
 Fathomless Caves, ye Dungeons of the Night,
 Phantoms be gone: If I must die, I'll fall
 True Politician, and defy you all. *Dr. D. Guise.*

O P P O R T U N I T Y.

HOW strangely am I tempted
 With Opportunity, which like a sudden Gust,
 Has swell'd my calmer Thoughts into a Tempest:
 Accurs'd Opportunity!-----

The Midwife and the Bawd to all our Vices:
 That work't our Thoughts into Desires; Desires
 To Resolutions: And these being ripe and quicken'd,

Thou

Thou giv'ſt 'em Birth, and bring'ſt 'em forth to Action.
Thou, when my dire and bloody Reſolutions,
Like ſick and froward Children,
Were rock'd aſleep by Reaſon or Religion,
Thou, like a violent Noiſe com'ſt ruſhing in,
And mak'ſt them ſtart and wake to new Unquietneſs.

Denh. Soph.

THOU ſtrong Seducer, Opportunity!
Of Womankind, half are undone by thee.

Dr. Conq. Gran.

I BELIEVE her honeſt yet:
Her Body not acquainted with the Sin:
But if her Thoughts run foul, her Mind's a Whore,
And the next Opportunity compleats
My black Diſhonour.

South. Diſap.

SHE only wants an Opportunity:
Her Soul's a Whore already.

Dr. Troil. Creſſ.

TAKE heed, and mark your Opportunity;
For if the Woman lays it in your Way,
And you o'er-ſee it, ſhe is loſt for ever.

Lee's Theod.

O R A C L E.

THE God of *Delphos* did forewarn me,
With thund'ring Oracles: Behold the ſwelling Prieſt;
Methinks I have his Image now in view:
He mounts the *Tripes* in a Minute's Space,
His clouded Head knocks at the Temple-Roof,
While from his Mouth theſe diſmal Words are heard.

Lee's Oed.

VISIONS and Oracles ſtill doubtful are,
And ne'er expounded till th' Event of War:

The Gods Foreknowledge on our Swords will wait,
If we fight well, they muſt foreſhew good Fate.

Dr. Tyr. Lov.

EVEN Oracles themſelves,
Are always doubtful, and are often forg'd. *Dr. Oed.*

O R N A M E N T.

THE World is ſtill deceived with Ornament:
In Law what Plea ſo tainted and corrupt,
But being ſeaſon'd with a gracious Voice,
And covered with fair ſpecious Subtilties,
Obscures the Shew of Reaſon? In Religion
What damned Error: But ſome ſober Brow
Will bleſs it, and approve it with a Text?
There is no Vice ſo artleſs, but aſſumes
Some Mark of Virtue on its outward Parts,
Hiding the Groſſneſs with fair Ornament.
How many Cowards, with Livers white as Milk,
Have Backs of Brawn, and wear upon their Chins,
The Beard of *Hercules*, and of frowning *Mars*?
Look even on Beauty: What are thoſe criſped Locks,
That make ſuch wanton Gambols with the Wind:
What but the Dowry of a ſecond Head,
The Skull that bred them in the Sepulchre?
Thus Ornament is as a beauteous Scarf,
Veiling Deformity.

Sh. Jew Ven.



P A I N.



E's doom'd to Pain, at which the Damn'd
will tremble,

And take their own for Joys.

Den. Ap. & Virg.

LONG Pains, with Use of bearing,
are half eas'd. *Dr. St. Inn.*

Who can hold a Fire in his Hand,
By thinking on the frosty *Caucasus*?
Or cloy the hungry Edge of Appetite,
By bare Imagination of a Feast?
Or wallow naked in *December* Snow,
By thinking on fantastic Summer's Heat?
Oh! no, th' Apprehension of the Good
Gives but the greater Feeling to the Worse:
Full Sorrow's Tooth doth never wrangle more
Than when it bites, but lanceth not the Sore.

Shak. Rich. II.

P A R D O N.

GREAT Souls forgive not Injuries 'till Time
Has put their Enemies into their Power,
That they may shew Forgiveness is their own;

F 5

For

For elſe, 'tis Fear to puniſh, that forgives
The Coward; not the King.

Dr. D. Guiſe.

'Tis cheap to pardon, when you wou'd not pay.

Dr. Don Seb.

Begging P A R D O N.

THUS to the angry Gods, offending Mortals
Made ſenſible, by ſome ſevere Affliction,
How all their Crimes are register'd in Heav'n:
In that nice Court, how no raſh Word eſcapes,
But ev'n extravagant Thoughts are all ſet down.
Thus the poor Penitents with Fear approach
The reverend Shrines, and thus for Mercy bow:
'Thus melting too, they waſh the hallow'd Earth,
And groan to be forgiven.

Lee's Theod.

OH! from my Soul, I do confeſs my ſelf
The very Blot of Honour; I'm more black
Than thou, in all thy Heat of juſt Revenge,
With all thy glorious Eloquence, canſt make me. *Ibid.*

SPARE my Remembrance, 'twas a guilty Day,
And ſtill the Bluſh hangs here.

Dr. All for Love.

CAN you forgive the Sallies of my Paſſion?
For I have been to blame; oh! much to blame!
Have ſaid ſuch Words, nay, done ſuch Actions too,
Baſe as I am, that my aw'd conſcious Soul
Sinks in my Breſt; nor dare I liſt an Eye
On him I have offended.

Dr. Troil. Crefſ.

Oh! Whither ſhall I run to hide me?
Where ſhall I lower fall? How ſhall I lie
More grov'ling in your View, and ſue for Mercy?
Yet 'tis ſome Comfort to my wild Deſpair,

Some

Some Joy in Death, that I may kiſs your Feet,
Black as I am with all my Guilt upon me.

Lee's Luc. Jun. Brut.

O my *Statira*! O my angry Dear!
Turn thy Eyes on me, I would talk to them:
What ſhall I ſay to work upon thy Soul?
Where ſhall I throw me? Whither ſhall I fall?
Before thy Eyes I'll have a Grave dug up,
And periſh quick, be bury'd ſtrait alive:
Oh! give, but as the Earth grows heavy on me,
A tender Look, and a relenting Word;
Say but 'twas Pity that ſo great a Man,
Who had ten thouſand Deaths in Battle ſcap'd,
For one poor Fault, ſo early ſhould remove,
And fall a Martyr to the God of Love. *Lee's Alex.*

OH! turn thee! turn! thou barbarous Brightneſs,
turn!

Hear my laſt Words, and ſee my utmoſt Pangs! *Ibid.*

No, thou ſhalt not force me from thee;
Uſe me reproachfully, and like a Slave;
Tread on me, buffet me, heap Wrongs on Wrongs
On my poor Head; I'll bear it all with Patience;
Shall weary out thy moſt unfriendly Cruelty;
Lie at thy Feet, and kiſs them, tho' they ſpurn me;
Till wounded by my Sufferings thou relent,
And raiſe me to thy Arms with dear Forgiveneſs.

Otw. Ven. Pref.

I've wrong'd thee much, and Heaven has well
aveng'd;

I have not ſince we parted been at Peace,
Nor known one Joy ſincere: Our broken Friendſhip
Pursued me to the laſt Retreat of Love,

Stood

Stood like a glaring Ghost, and made me cold with
Horror.

Row. F. Pen.

O KILL me here, or tell me my Offence:
I'll never quit you else; but on these Knees
Thus follow you all Day, till they're worn bare;
And hang upon you like a drowning Creature.

Otw. Orph.

IS'T then so hard, *Monimia*, to forgive
A Fault, where humble Love, like mine, implores
thee?

For I must love thee, tho' it prove thy Ruin.
Which way shall I court thee?

What shall I do to be enough thy Slave,
And satisfy the lovely Pride that's in thee?
I'll kneel to thee, and weep a Flood before thee;
Yet, prithee Tyrant, break not quite my Heart;
But when my Task of Penitence is over,
Heal it again, and comfort me with Love.

Otw. Orph.

I BEG for Pity and Forgiveness;
By the kind tender Names of Child and Father
Heal my Complaints, and take me to your Love;
Remember I am your Daughter, by a Mother
Virtuous and noble, faithful to your Honour,
Obedient to your Will, kind to your Wishes,
Dear to your Arms: By all the Joys she gave you
When in her blooming Years she was your Treasure,
Look kindly on me; in my Face behold
The Lineaments of her's you've kiss'd so often,
Pleading the Cause of your poor cast-off Child.

Otw. Ven. Pres.

OH! do not call to Memory
My Disobedience, but let Pity enter

Into

Into your Heart, and quite deface th' Impreſſion;
For could you think how mine's perplexed, what
Sadneſs,

Fears, and Deſpair, diſtract the Peace within me,
Oh! you would take me in your dear, dear Arms,
Hover with ſtrong Compaſſion o'er your young One,
To ſhelter me with a protecting Wing
From the black gather'd Storm that's juſt a breaking.

Ibid.

Oh! there's but this ſhort Moment
'Twixt me and Fate! yet ſend me not with Curſes
Down to my Grave: Afford me one kind Bleſſing
Before we part: Juſt take me in your Arms,
And recommend me with a Prayer to Heaven,
That I may die in Peace.

Ibid.

Think then you ſaw what paſſ'd at our laſt parting:
Think you beheld him like a raging Lion,
Pawing the Earth, and tearing up his Steps;
Fate in his Eyes, and roaring with the Pain
Of burning Fury; think you ſaw his one Hand
Fixed on my Throat, while th' extended other
Graſp'd a keen threatning Dagger: Oh! 'twas thus
We laſt embrac'd! when trembling with Revenge
He dragg'd me to the Ground, and at my Boſom
Preſented horrid Death; cry'd out, my Friends!
Where are my Friends? ſwore, wept, rag'd, threaten'd, lov'd:

For yet he lov'd; and that dear Love preſerv'd me
To this laſt Trial of a Father's Pity.
If ever then I was your Care, now hear me;
Fly to the Senate, ſave the promis'd Lives
Of his dear Friends, e'er mine be made the Sacrifice.

Ibid.

SPARE

SPARE him! O spare him! Kings ſhould delight
in Mercy!

I'll follow thus, for ever on my Knees,
And make your Way ſo ſlippery with my Tears,
You ſhall not paſs. *Lee's Alex.*

Go not to Death, like a dumb Sacrifice:
Beg him to ſave my Life, in ſaving thine.

Dr. Don. Seb.

Look, Tyrant, what Exceſs of Love can do!
It pulls me down thus low, as to thy Feet:
Nay, to embrace thy Knees with loathing Hands,
Which bliſter when I touch thee: Yet even thus,
Thus far I can, to ſave *Sebastian's* Life.

Spare him! O ſpare him! Can you pretend to love
And have no Pity? Love and that are Twins.
Here will I grow:

Thus compaſs you with theſe ſupplanting Cords;
And pull ſo long, till the proud Fabrick falls. *Ibid.*

By all the Power that's given thee o'er my Soul:
By thy reſiſtleſs Tears, and conquering Smiles:
By the victorious-Love that ſtill waits on thee:
Fly to thy cruel Father, ſave my Friends,
Or all our future Quiet's loſt for ever.
Fall at his Feet; cling round his reverend Knees;
Speak to him with thy Eyes; and with thy Tears
Melt his cold Heart, and wake dead Nature in him:
Crush him in thy Arms; torture him with thy Soft-
neſs:

Nor till thy Prayers are granted, ſet him free;
But conquer him, as thou haſt conquer'd me.

Orw. Ven. Pref.

I BEG you by theſe Tears;
 Theſe Sighs; and by th' ambitious Love you bear me:
 By all the Wounds of your poor groaning Country,
 That bleeds to Death. Oh! ſeek the beſt of Kings;
 Kneel, ſling your ſtubborn Body at his Feet;
 Your Pardon ſhall be ſigned; your Country fav'd:
 Virgins and Matrons, all ſhall ſing your Fame;
 And every Babe ſhall bleſs the *Guiſe's* Name.

Dr. D. Guiſe.

SHALL I, who to my kneeling Slave could ſay,
 Riſe up, and be a King! Shall I fall down,
 And cry, forgive me, *Cæſar*? Shall I ſet
 A Man, my Equal, in the Place of *Jove*,
 As he could give me Being? No, that Word,
 Forgive, would choke me up, and die upon my
 Tongue.

Dr. All for Love.

THUS crawling on the Earth,
 Would I thy Pardon meet; the only Thing
 Can make me view the Face of Heaven with Hopes.

Otw. Orph.

I MUST be heard; I muſt have Leave to ſpeak:
 Oh! look upon me with an Eye of Mercy,
 With Pity, and with Charity behold me.
 Shut not thy Heart againſt a Friend's Repentance:
 But as there dwells a godlike Nature in thee,
 Liſten with Mildneſs to my Supplications.

Otw. Ven. Pref.

LET not thy Eyes then ſhun me; nor thy Heart
 Deſtroy me utterly. Oh! look upon me!
 Look back, and ſee my ſad ſincere Submiſſion!
 How my Heart ſwells, as ev'n 'twould burſt my
 Boſom:

Fond of its Gaol, and lab'ring to be at thee. *Ibid.*

WHITHER

WHITHER shall I fly?
 Where hide me and my Miseries together?
 Where's now the *Roman* Constancy I boasted?
 Sunk into trembling Fears and Desperation:
 Not daring now to look up to that Face,
 Which used to smile ev'n on my Thoughts; but down
 Bending these miserable Eyes to Earth,
 Must move in Penance, and implore much Mercy.

Ibid.

FOR, oh! I've lost what never can be counted,
 My Friend! O *Belvidera*, that dear Friend,
 Who, next to thee, was all my Heart rejoic'd in,
 Has used me like a Slave! Shamefully us'd me!
 It would break thy pitying Heart to hear the Story!
 What shall I do? Resentment, Indignation,
 Love, Pity, Fear, and Mem'ry how I've wrong'd
 him,

Distract my Quiet with the very Thought on't,
 And tear my Heart to Pieces in my Bosom. *Ibid.*

NOR worth a Word, a Look, nor one Regard!
 Is then the Nature of my Fault so heinous,
 That when I come to take my eternal Leave,
 You'll not vouchsafe to view me? This is Scorn,
 Which the fair Soul of gentle *Athenais*
 Would ne'er have harbour'd!---

Oh! for the Sake of him whom you e'er long,
 Shall hold as fast, as now your Wishes form him,
 Give me a patient Hearing. For however
 I talk of Death, and seem to loath my Life,
 I would deliberate with my Fate a while,
 With snatching Glances eye thee to the last;
 Pause o'er a Loss, like that of *Athenais*,
 And parley with my Ruin.

Lee's Theod.
 FORGIVE

FORGIVE the barb'rous Trefpaſs of my Tongue,
'Twas a hard Violence: I could have died
With Love of thee, ev'n when I us'd thee worſt:
Nay, at each Word that my Diſtraction utter'd,
My Heart recoil'd, and 'twas ev'n Death to ſpeak
them. *Otw. Orph.*

OH! ſtop this headlong Torrent of your Goodneſs!
It comes too faſt upon a feeble Soul,
Half drowned in Tears before! Spare my Confuſion!
For Pity ſpare; and ſay not firſt you err'd:
For I have yet not dar'd, thro' Guilt and Shame,
To throw my ſelf beneath your royal Feet.

Dr. Don Seb.

P A R E N T.

WHAT Right have Parents o'er Children, more
Than Birds have o'er their Young? Yet they impoſe
No rich plum'd Miſtreſs on their feather'd Sons,
But leave their Love more open yet, and free,
Than all the Fields of Air, their ſpacious Birthright.

Dr. Riv. Lad.

A FATHER! that implies preſiding Care,
Chearful to give! willing himſelf to want
Whate'er thy Needs require!

Dr. Gleom.

OH! think you are a Father! Soft Indulgence
Becomes that Name! Tho' Nature give you Power
To bind his Duty, 'tis with ſilken Cords:
Command him then, as you command your ſelf;
He is as much a Part of you, as are
Your Appetite and Will; and thoſe you force not,
But gently bend, and make them pliant to your Rea-
ſon.

Dr. Mar. a la-Mode.

CURS'D

CURS'D Rules! that thus the nobleſt Loves engage
 To wait the peeviſh Humours of Old Age!
 Think not the Lawfulneſs of Love conſiſts
 In Parents Wills, or in the Forms of Priests:
 Such are but licens'd Rapes, that Vengeance draw
 from Heaven, howe'er approv'd by human Law!
 Marriage the happieſt Bond of Love might be,
 If Hands were joined only when Hearts agree.

Lauf. Br. Ench.

I KNOW how far a Daughter owes Obedience:
 But Duty has a Bound like other Empires:
 It reaches but to Life. For all beyond it
 Is the Dominion of another World,
 Where you have no Command.

Dr. Love Tri.

BY my ſtrong Grief, my Heart even melts with-
 in me:

I could curſe Nature, and that Tyrant Honour,
 For making me thy Father and thy Judge:
 Thou art my Daughter ſtill.

Rowe's F. Pen.

SEEST thou this Dagger, and this trembling Hand?
 Thrice Juſtice urg'd, and thrice the ſlackening Sinews
 Forgot their Office, and confeſs'd the Father:
 The ſtern, the rigid Judge, has been obeyed;
 Now Nature and the Father claim their Turns!
 I have held the Ballance with an Iron Hand,
 And put off every tender human Thought,
 To doom my Child to Death! But ſpare my Eyes,
 The moſt unnat'ral Sight, leſt their Strings crack
 My old Brain ſplit, and I grow mad with Horrour.

Ibid.

PARTING.

PARTING.

Tach. SMILE upon me;

Let us deceive our Miseries a while;
Talk of the Joys of Love; and never think
Of parting: Grief will come too fast upon us.

Sem. My Heart's exceeding heavy: Falling Tears
Dazzle my Sight; and will not let me see you.

Oh! do not leave me yet. *Pow. K. Naples.*

By all our Hopes of Bliss, I charge thee live;
When I am landed in the Realms of Glory,
I'll look with Pleasure down to see my *Doria*:
I'll hover round thy precious Head to guard it,
And keep thy Life from Harm. --- Farewell my Love!
Farewell, Farewell! --- Here take me in thy Breast,
To sleep away the poor Remains of Life,
And wake no more, but to eternal Joys.

Smith's Prin. Par.

WHEN I but think this Sight may be our last,
If *Jove* could set me in the Place of *Atlas*,
And lay the Weight of Heav'n and Gods upon me,
He could not press me more.

Oh! let me go, that I may know my Grief!
Grief is but guess'd while thou art standing by!
But I too soon shall know what Absence is.

Why? 'tis to be no more: Another Name for
Death!

'Tis the Sun parting from the frozen North!
And I, methinks, stand on some Icy Cliff,
To watch the last low Circles that he makes;
Till he sink down from Heaven. O only *Cressida*!
Thou depart from me, I cannot live,

I have not Soul enough to laſt for Grief:
But thou ſhall hear what Grief has done with me.

If I could live to hear it, I were falſe:
But as a fearful Traveller, who fearing
Affaults, leaves his Wealth behind,
I truſt my Heart with thee, and carry with me
Only an empty Caſket.

Then I will live, that I may keep that Treafure;
And arm'd with this Assurance, let thee go.
Loofe, yet ſecure, as is the gentle Hawk,
When whiſted off, ſhe mounts into the Wind:
Our Loves like Mountains, hid above the Clouds,
Tho' Winds and Tempeſts beat their aged Feet,
Their peaceful Heads, nor Storms, nor Thunder
I know:

But ſcorn the threatening Rack that rolls below.

Sh. Rom. & Jul.

WILT thou begone? 'Tis not near Day:
It was the Nightingal, and not the Lark,
That pierc'd the fearful Hollow of thy Ear,
Nightly on yond' Pomegranate-Tree ſhe ſings:
Believe me, Love! 'twas the Nightingal!

Oh! 'twas the Lark, the Herald of the Morn:
No Nightingal:

I muſt be gone and live, or ſtay and die.

Let me be taken: Let me ſuffer Death:

I am content, ſo thou wilt have it ſo:

By Heav'n, yond' Grey is not the Morning's Eye;
But the Reflection of pale *Cimbia's* Brightneſs:
Nor is it the Lark we hear, whoſe Notes do beat,
So high, and echo in the Vault of Heaven.

I'm all Deſire to ſtay; no Will to go;

How is't, my Soul? Let's talk, it is not Day?

Oh

Oh! 'tis! it is! Fly hence! Away, my *Marius*:
 'tis the Lark! And out of Tune ſhe ſings,
 With grating Diſcords, and unpleaſing Strainings!
 Come ſay the Lark and loathſom Toad change Eyes:
 Now I could wiſh they had chang'd Voices too;
 Or that a Lethargy had ſeized the Morning,
 And ſhe had ſlept, and never wak'd again,
 To part me from th' Embraces of my Love.
 What ſhall become of me when you are gone?
 The Gods that heard our Vows, and knew our
 Loves,

Will ſure take care, and let no Wrongs annoy thee.
 Upon my Knees, I'll aſk them every Day,
 How my *Lavinia* does; and every Night,
 Of the ſevere Diſtreſſes of my Fate:
 I perhaps ſhall wander thro' the Deſart,
 And want a Place to reſt my weary Head on,
 I'll count the Stars, and bleſs them as they ſhine,
 And court them all, for my *Lavinia's* Safety.
 O Banishment! eternal Banishment!
 Ne'er to return! Muſt we ne'er meet again?
 My Heart will break! I cannot think that Thought,
 And live! Could I but ſee to the End of Woe,
 Where were ſome Comfort: But eternal Torment
 Ev'n inſupportable to Thought:
 Cannot be that we ſhall part for ever:

Indeed it cannot. ---

Once more I'll boldly claim *Lavinia* mine,
 Whileſt happieſt Men ſhall envy at the Bleſſing,
 And Poets write the Wonders of our Love.
 I know not what to fear, or hope, or think,
 Or ſay, or do: I cannot let thee go!

A

A thousand Things would, to this Purpose, said,
But sharpen, and add Weight to this our Sorrow.

Oh! I could find out Things
To talk to thee for ever! ---

We ought to summon all,
The Spirit of soft Passion up, to chear
Our Hearts, thus labouring with the Pangs of Parting
But dost thou think we e'er shall meet again?
I doubt it not, and all these Woes shall serve
For sweet Discourses in our Time to come.

Alas! I have an ill-designing Soul;
Methinks I see thee, now thou art from my Arms,
Like a stark Ghost, with Horror in thy Visage:
Either my Eyesight fails, or thou look'st pale.

And trust me, Love, in my Eye so doest thou:
Dry Sorrow drinks our Blood. ---- Farewel!

Ha! Is he gone? my Lord, my Husband, Friend
I must hear from thee every Hour i'th' Day.
Oh! by this Reckoning I must be most old
E'er I again behold my *Marinus*. Nay,
Gone too already! 'Twas unkindly done;
I had not yet imparted half my Soul,
Not a third Part of its fond jealous Fears;
But I'll pursue him for't, and be revenged;
Hang such a tender Tale about his Heart
Shall make it tingle as his Life were stung;
Nay too --- I'll love him, never, never leave him;
Fond as a Child, and resolute as Man.

Otw. Cai. Ma

Since I must lose thee,
For Pity's sake! for Love's! Oh! suffer me,
Thus languishing, thus dying, to approach thee,
And sigh my last Adieu upon thy Bosom!

Perm

Permit me thus to fold thee in my Arms,
To press thee to my Heart, to taste thy Sweets!
Thus pant, and thus grow giddy with Delight!
Thus for my last of Moments gaze upon thee!
Thou best, thou only Joy! --- thou lost *Semanthe!*
Row. Ulyss.

Tho' dying Misers, with far less Regret,
forsake their Lands and Bags of hoarded Gold;
Yet, Madam, even in this I will obey.
But when I'm parted from you, Think! O think
The Image of your Charms is still before me!
And when I sleep, if any Sleep can close
My weeping Eyelids, then my busy Fancy
presents to me in Dreams your lov'd Idea;
And then reflect what Pangs I must endure,
What melancholly Days, and restless Nights,
When I consider your relentless Heart,
and my own lost Condition. *Trap. Abram.*

TILL you return I shall be deaf to Joy,
As Adders are to Music; pining Grief
Will tell away the sleepless Night with Turnings:
I shall lie wishing for the Morning Light,
Yet curse its sad Arrival when it comes,
Because it cannot shew me *Athelwold.* *Hill's Elfrid.*

WHILE thou art present my sad Heart seems
lighter;
gaze, and gather Comfort from thy Beauty;
thy gentle Eyes send forth a quick'ning Spirit,
and feed the dying Lamp of Life within me.
But, oh! when thou art gone, and my fond Eyes
shall seek thee all around, but seek in vain,
What Power, what Angel, shall supply thy Place!
Shall

Shall help me to ſupport my Sorrows then,
And ſave my Soul from Death! *Row. Roy. Com.*

Now would I ſpeak the laſt Farewel, but cannot;
It would be ſtill Farewel, a thouſand times,
And multiplied in Echoes, ſtill Farewel;
I will not ſpeak, but think a thouſand Thouſand;
And be thou ſilent too, my loſt *Sebastian*!
So let us part in the dumb Pomp of Grief.

Dry. D. Sel.

I could put out an Eye, and bid it go;
And t'other ſhould not weep: But, oh!
How many Deaths are in that Word, Depart!
Like one who wanders thro' long barren Wilds,
And yet foreknows no hoſpitable Inn,
Is near to ſuccour Hunger, eats his Fill,
Before his painful March;
So would I feed a while my famiſh'd Eyes
Before we part.

Dryd. All for Love.

My Joy, my Comfort!
All that was left of Life fleets after thee!
My aching Sight hangs on thy parting Beauties!
Thy lovely Eyes all drown'd in Floods of Sorrow!
So ſets the ſinking Sun beneath the Waves,
And leaves the Traveller in Pathleſs Woods
Benighted and forlorn: Thus with ſad Eyes,
Weſtward he turns to mark the Light's Decay,
Till having loſt the laſt faint Glimpſe of Day,
Chearleſs in Darkneſs he purſues his Way.

Rowe's Tam.

PARTING's worſe than Death: 'Tis Death of Love
The Soul and Body part not with ſuch Pain,
As I from you.

Dr. Sp. Friar

ADIEU

ADIEU then, O my Soul's far better Part!
Thy Image ſticks ſo cloſe,
That the Blood follows from my rending Heart:
A laſt Farewel!
For ſince a laſt muſt come, the reſt are vain,
Like Gasps in Death, which but prolong our Pain.

Dr. Conq. Gran.

THERE'S ſuch ſweet Pain in parting,
That I could hang for ever on thy Arms,
And look away my Life into thy Eyes. *Otw. Ca. Ma.*

SINCE Fate divides then, ſince I muſt loſe thee,
For Pity's Sake, for Love's, Oh! ſuffer me,
Thus languiſhing, thus dying, to approach thee,
And ſigh my laſt Adieu upon thy Boſom!
Permit me thus to fold thee in my Arms,
To preſs thee to my Heart, to taſte thy Sweets;
Thus pant, and thus grow giddy with Delight;
Thus, for my laſt of Moments, gaze upon thee,
Thou beſt, thou only Joy; thou loſt *Semanthe*.

For ever I could liſten, but the Gods,
The cruel Gods forbid, and thus they part us.
Remember, O remember me, *Telemachus*!
Perhaps thou wilt forget me, but no Matter;
I will be true to thee, preſerve thee ever,
The ſad Companion of this faithful Breast,
While Life and Thought remain: And when at laſt
I feel the Icy Hand of Death prevail,
My Heart-Strings break, and all my Senſes fail,
I'll fix thy Image in my cloſing Eye,
I'll ſigh thy dear Name, then lay me down and die.

Rowe's Ulyſſ.

IN taking Leave

Thro' the dark Lashes of her darting Eyes,

Methought ſhe ſhot her Soul at ev'ry Glance,
 Still looking back, as if ſhe had a Mind
 That you ſhould know ſhe left her Soul behind her.

Lee's Theod.

Ev'N thus two Friends condemn'd,
 Embrace and kiſs, and take ten thouſand Leaves,
 Lother a hundred Times to part than die.

Shak. Hen. VI.

If I depart from thee I cannot live;
 And in thy Sight to die, what were it elſe,
 But like a pleaſant Slumber in thy Lap?
 To die by thee were but to die in Jeſt:
 From thee to die were Torture more than Death.

Ibid.

WHEN Lovers meet 'tis all Extaſy;
 And when they part again, they more than die.

Sed. Ant. Cleop.

I PART with thee
 As Wretches, that are doubtful of hereafter,
 Part with their Lives, unwilling, loth and fearful,
 And trembling at Futurity.

Rowe's Tam.

FOR ever gone! for ever parted from me!
 O *Theodofius*! 'till this cruel Moment,
 I never knew how tenderly I lov'd thee!
 But on this everlaſting Separation,
 Methinks my Soul has left me, and my Time
 Of Diſſolution points me to my Grave.

Lee's Theod.

'Tis Death to part with thee but for a Moment:
 That Moment only, ſure will break my Heart:
 How dolefully it beats with dying Blows,
 As if thee, my very Soul, departed.

Den. Rin. & Ar.

To die and part

Is a less Evil: But to part and live!

There, there's the Torment! *Lansd. Her. Love.*

As one who fears to diè, but is condemn'd,
Still strives to trifle Time with idle Talk;

So I, - - -

As I approach the Precipice's Brink,
So steep, so terrible appears the Depth!

My fear parting is worse than Death

To both, and will to both bring certain Death. *Ibid.*

Oh! 'tis impossible in Love to part

With what we love.

Ibid.

THERE is I know not what of sad Presage,
That tells me I shall never see thee more:

If it be so, this is our last Farewell,

And these the parting Pangs which Nature feels,

When Anguish rends the Heart-Strings!

Rowe's Fair Pen.

'TIS better thus that we together

Feed on each other's Heart, devour our Woes

With mutual Appetite, and mingling in

One Cup the common Stream of both our Eyes!

Drink bitter Draughts with never slaking Thirst;

Thus better, than for any Cause to part!

Cong. Mourn. Bride.

METHINKS, already in some barbarous Wild,

Like a benighted Traveller I walk,

Strewing with wat'ry Eyes the sinking Sun,

And Night displaying her sad Ensigns round;

No friendly Visage near me! All before

A horrid Maze of Death, without a Guide

To cheer my heavy Steps! Despair and Death,

Darkneſs, and everlaſting Horror round me!
Oh! wilt thou ne'er return to glad my Soul!

South. Loyal Br

WHERE am I? ſure I wander 'midſt Inchantment
And never more ſhall find the Way to Reſt.
But, O *Monimia*! art thou indeed reſolv'd
To puniſh me with everlaſting Abſence?
Why turn'ſt thou from me? I'm alone already!
Methinks I ſtand upon a naked Beach,
Sighing to Winds, and to the Seas complaining;
Whiſt aſar off the Veſſel ſails away,
Where all the Treſure of my Soul's embark'd!
Wilt thou not turn? Oh! could thoſe Eyes but ſpeak
I ſhould know all, for Love is pregnant in them!
They ſwell, they preſs their Beams upon me ſtill!
Wilt thou not ſpeak? If we muſt part for ever,
Give me but one kind Word to think upon,
And pleaſe my ſelf with, while my Heart is breakin

Orw. Or

MY Heart unmoy'd can Noiſe and Horror bear,
Parting from you is all the Death I fear.

Dr. Ind. En

WHY do you wave your Hand, and warn
hence?

Come back, O ſtay! my Lif flows after you!
So looks the poor Condemn'd,
When Juſtice beckons: There's no Hope of Pard
Sternly, like you, the Judge the Victim eyes,
And thus, like me, the Wretch deſpairing dies.

Dr. Duke of G

HEAV'N knows how loth I am to part from
So from the Seal is ſofter'd Wax diſjoin'd!
So from the Mother Plant, the tender Rind! *Dr. L*

T

THINK thy ſelf me:

And when thou ſpeak'ſt, but let it firſt be long,
Take off the Edge from every ſharper Sound,
And let our parting be as gently made
As other Loves begin. *Dr. All for Love.*

I've ſworn I ne'er will ſee you more ;
Go! a laſt Embrace I muſt bequeath you :
Farewell for ever! Ah! *Guiſe*, tho' now we part,
In the bright Orbs prepar'd us by our Fates,
Our Souls ſhall meet.--Farewell, and *Io's* ſing above,
Where no Ambition, no State Crime the happier Spi-
rits prove ;

But all are bleſt, and all enjoy an everlaſting Love.
Dr. Duke of Guiſe.

SINCE then the Gods and thou wilt have it ſo,
Go! (can I live once more to bid thee!) Go,
Where thy Misfortunes call thee, and thy Fate!
Go where the Gods thy Refuge have aſſign'd!
Go from my Sight, but never from my Mind!

Dr. Alb. & Alb.

WHERE e'er I go, my Soul ſhall ſtay with thee:
Tis but my Shadow that I take away. *Dr. K. Arth.*

As when the Sun is down,
His Light is clipp'd into a thouſand Stars;
So your ſweet Image, tho' you ſhine not on me,
Will gild the Horror of the Night, and make
A pleaſing Scene of ſolitary Grief. *Dr. Love Tr.*

I LOVE thee with ſo ſtrange a Purity,
That the bleſs'd Gods, angry with my Devotions,
More bright in Zeal than that I pay their Altars,
Will take thee from my Sight!

We've not an Hour allow'd for taking Leave!
Ev'n that's bereft us too! Our envious Fates

Justle betwixt, and part the dear Adieus
Of meeting Lips, clasp'd Hands, and lock'd Embraces.

Dr. Troil. & Cress.

METHINKS I part,

As Souls are sever'd from their warmer Mansions,
To wander in the bleak and desert Air. *Lee's C. Bor.*

FOR when thou art gone,
The World to me is Chaos: Yes, *Teraminta!*
So close the everlasting Sisters wove us,
That when we part, the Strings of both must crack!

Lee's L. Jun. Brutus.

SINCE we must part, Oh! snatch your self away!
Or I shall die with Ling'rings! Yet we shall meet,
In spite of Sighs we shall, at least, in Heaven!
O *Teraminta!* once more to my Heart!
Once to my Lips, and ever to my Soul! *Ibid.*

BY *Jove* 'tis ominous, our parting is!
Her Face look'd pale too as she turn'd away:
And when I rung her by the rosy Fingers,
Methought the Strings of my great Heart did crack!

Lee's Alex.

I GO, but must turn back for one last Look!
Remember, O remember, dear *Semandra!*
That on thy Virtue all my Fortune hangs!
Semandra, is the Bus'ness of the War!
Semandra, makes the Fight, draws every Sword!
Semandra, sounds the Trumpet, gives the Word!
So the Moon charms her wat'ry World below,
Wakes the still Seas, and makes them ebb and flow!

Lee's Mith.

OH! stay! there's something e'er we part for ever
That I would speak, if I could give it Way! *Ibid.*

FARE

FAREWELL ! Thus kneeling at thy Feet I pour
These parting Tears ! Allow this dying Kiss,
Which my cold Lips print on thy faithless Hand !
Oh ! all my Vows for ever here I leave you !
And since we never, never must behold
Each other more, I'll breath 'em once again,
Farewell, *Semandra* ! Oh ! thou'lt never find
In all thy Search of Love, a Heart like mine !
Once more, Farewell for ever, false *Semandra* !
What ? yet again thy Name ? Will my charm'd Tongue
Sound nothing but *Semandra* ! O *Semandra* ! *Ibid.*

FAREWELL, most lovely, and most lov'd of Men !
Why comes this dying Paleness o'er thy Face ?
Why wander thus thy Eyes ? Why dost thou bend,
As if the fatal Weight of Death were on thee ?

Lee's Theod.

Oh ! for one more ! this Pull, this Tug of Heart-
Strings !

Farewell for ever !

Lee's Luc. Jun. Br.

My Eyes wo'n't lose the Sight of thee,
But languish after thine, and ach with gazing !

Otw. Ven. Pres.

To die, is nothing but to cease from Pain !
For all the Shade and Darkness of the Grave
Is to be sever'd from *Armida*'s Eyes !

That, only that's the last convulsive Gasps ;

The Separation of the Soul and Body !

Oh ! my *Armida* ! must, must we thus divide !

No, no, like Life, I'll hold thee fast ;

Nor shall the Hand of Death unlock my Grasp.

Thus clasp'd in Folds of everlasting Love,

No Force can break the Circle of our Arms !

But 'tis our Fate, *Armida*! we muſt yield!

If I ſtay longer, I ſhall never go.

O *Rodamond*! how can I bear thoſe killing Words!

Stay 'till my Sighs and Tears make Heaven relent,

To pity and reverſe thy Fate, thy cruel Fate!

The Guilt of every Star!

Hig. Gen. Con.

THE Hand of Fate

Has torn thee from me, and I muſt forget thee!

Quick let us part! Perdition's in thy Preſence,
And Horror dwells about thee.

Destruction ſtands betwixt us, we muſt part.

Name not that Word! my frighted Thoughts run back,
And ſtartle into Madneſs at the Sound!

Oh! ſtop thoſe Sounds,

Thoſe killing Sounds! Why doſt thou frown upon me?

My Blood runs cold, my Heart forgets to heave,

And Life it ſelf goes out at thy Diſpleaſure!

To my Confuſion and eternal Grief,

I muſt approve the Sentence that deſtroys me:

The Miſt that hung about my Mind clears up;

And now a-thwart the Terrors that thy Vow
Has planted round thee: Thou appear'ſt more fair,
More amiable, and riſeſt in thy Charms!

Loveliest of Women! Heaven is in thy Soul,

Beauty and Virtue ſhine for ever round thee,

Bright'ning each other! Thou art all divine!

Portius, no more! thy Words ſhoot thro' my Heart,

Melt my Reſolves, and turn me all to Love!

Why are thoſe Tears of Fondneſs in thy Eyes?

Why heaves thy Heart? Why ſwells thy Soul with

Sorrow?

It ſoftens me too much! Farewell, my *Portius*!

Farewell, tho' Death is in the Word, for ever!

Thus

Thus o'er the dying Lamp th' unsteady Flame
Hangs quivering on a Point, leaps off by Fits,
And falls again, as loth to quit its Hold!
Thou muſt not go! my Soul ſtill hovers o'er thee,
And can't get looſe! ---

'Tis true, unruff'd and ſerene, I've met
The common Accidents of Life! But here
Such an unlook'd-for Storm of Ills falls on me,
It beats down all my Strength! I cannot bear it,
We muſt not part!

What doſt thou ſay? Not part?
Haſt thou forget the Vow that I've made?
Are there not Heavens, and Gods, and Thunder o'er us?
Farewell! and know thou wrong'ſt me, if thou think'ſt,
Ever was Love, or ever Grief like mine! *Ad. Cato.*

WHEN what we love, we ne'er muſt meet again:
To loſe the Thought is to remove the Pain. *Dr. St. Inn.*

P A S S I O N S.

WORDS may be counterfeit,
False coin'd, and current only from the Tongue,
Without the Mind: But Paſſion's in the Soul,
And always ſpeaks the Heart. *South. Fat. Mar.*

Love, Juſtice, Pity, Nature, and Revenge,
Have kindled up a Wild-Fire in my Breſt!
And I'm all a Civil War within:
And like a Veſſel ſtruggling in a Storm,
Require more Hands than one to ſteer me upright.

Dr. Sp. Friar.

PASSIONS, like Seas, will have their Ebbs and Flows.

Lee's Alex.

I STRUGGLE like the Prieſteſs with a God,
With that oppreſſing God that works her Soul. *Dr. Cleo.*

I BURN, I burn! the Storm that's in my Mind,
Kindles my Heart like Fires provok'd by Wind:
Love and Resentment, Wishes and Disdain,
Blow all at once, like Winds that plow the Main.

Lansd. Br. Inch.

I LIE as open to the Gust of Passion,
As the bare Shore to every beating Surge. *Dr. Mar. Al.*

MY Heart rebell'd
Against it self; my Thoughts were up in Arms!
All in a Roar like Seamen in a Storm!
My Reason and my Faculties were wreck'd!
The Mast, the Rudder, and the Tackling gone.
My Body, like the Hull of some lost Vessel
Beaten and tumbled with my rolling Fears!

Lee's Luc. Jun. Brut.

I'M all Fire! My Passion eats me up!
It grows incorporate with my Flesh and Blood!
My Pangs redouble! now they cleave my Heart!

Lee's Theod.

MY rising Soul strains to a higher Pitch,
Than e'er it reach'd till now! Revenge and Love,
Fury and Jealousy, and Thirst of Honour,
All rage and roll within my troubl'd Mind,
And work the Tempest high!

Hopk. Pyrrh.

CLEAR me, ye Gods! and fix my Understanding,
To this one View, lest I mistake all Measure,
And run to Madness!

Lee's Mith.

O MAN me, Reason, with thy utmost Force,
Or Passion, with the dreadful Starts it makes,
Will soon divorce my Soul from this weak Body! *Ibid.*

Oh! she has Passions which out-strip the Wind,
And tear her Virtues up, as Tempests root

The Sea.-----

Cong. Mour. Bride.

AND

AND when the Mind a violent Paſſion ſhakes,
Of that Diſturbance too, the Soul partakes:
Cold Sweats bedew the Limbs, the Face looks pale
The Tongue begins to falter, Speech to fail;
The Ears are fill'd with Noiſe, the Eyes grew dim,
And feeble Shakings ſeize on every Limb.

OUR Paſſions always fatal Counſels give,
Thro' a fallacious Glaſs our Wrongs appear,
Still greater than they are. *Hig. Gen. Conq.*

OUR reſtleſs Paſſions, like Tempeſts on the Main,
Drive Reason from the Guidance of our Lives,
And leave us ſhipwreck'd on a barb'rous Coaſt.

South. Loy. Br.

GREAT Nature, break thy Chain that links together,
The Fabric of this Globe, and make a Chaos,
Like that within my Soul! O Heaven, unkind!
That gives us Paſſions ſtrong and unconfin'd,
And leaves us Reason for a vain Defence,
Too powerful Rebels, and too weak a Prince.

Dr. Love Tri.

PARDON a weak diſtemper'd Soul, that ſwells
With ſudden Guſts, and ſinks as ſoon in Calms,
The Sport of Paſſions!

Add. Cato.

WHEN headſtrong Paſſion gets the Reins of Reason,
The Force of Nature, like too ſtrong a Gale,
For want of Ballaſt, overſets the Veſſel:
Then he's capricious, humourous as the Wind;
Deaf and inexorable as a Storm!
But ſtrait he cools, and ſinks into a Calm,
As mild and humble as a Child corrected;
Now wiſe as Man, and then as weak as Woman.

Hig. Gen. Conq.

PASSIONS,

PASSIONS, like raging Storms, grow loud and high,
When they are moſt oppos'd. *Howe's Veſt. Virg.*

THESE Starts are the Convulſions of weak Reaſon,
When Fits of Paſſion grow too ſtrong upon you:
They may be tamed, and brought from their Exceſs,
And watch'd by Reaſon with Gentleneſs. *Ibid.*

PASSIONS in Men oppreſs'd, are doubly ſtrong.

Dr. K. Arth.

GREAT Souls by mightieſt Paſſions are tormented.

Den. Rin. Ar.

VIRTUE, tho' arm'd, our Paſſions my ſurpriſe.

Hig. Gen. Conq.

WHEN with our Paſſions we make noble War,
'Tis glorious to retreat, and Victory to fly. *Ibid.*

PASSIONS without Power,
Like Seas againſt a Rock, but loſe their Fury.

Denh. Sophy.

P A T I E N C E.

PATIENCE! thou Lump of Ice! A Curſe of
Patience:

Preach Patience to the Ocean when it roars!
When Cities burn, climb to the Tops of Towers,
And thence preach Patience to the Wind-born Flames!
Bid hoſtile Armies ruſhing on to Blood,
Stand ſtill, and liſten to the Whine of Patience!
But to name Patience to a Love like mine,
Is to give taſteleſs Drops to Men in Fevers!
I'm on Fire within me, and the Streams
Of guſhing Rivers might ruſh thro' me now,
And fail to quench my Burning!

Hill's Elfrid.

PATIENCE in Cowards, is tame hopeleſs Fear:
But in brave Minds, a Scorn of what they bear.

Howard's Ind. Queen.

COME what, come may:

Patience and Time run thro' the rougheſt Day.

Shak. Macbb.

How poor are they that have not Patience?
What Wound did ever heal, but by Degrees?

Shak. Othello.

THE Night is long, that never finds the Day.

Shak. Macbb.

THERE is between my Will, and all my Actions,
A Guard of Patience.

Dr. Troil. Cress.

I SEE thou haſt paſt Sentence on my Heart;
And I'll no longer weep, or plead againſt it:
But with the humbleſt, moſt obedient Patience
Meet thy dear Hands, and kiſs them when they
wound me.

Indeed I'm willing; but I beg thee, do it
With ſome Remorſe; and when thou giv'ſt the Blow,
View me with Eyes of a relenting Love,
And ſhew me Pity: For 'twill ſweeten Juſtice.
Shew Pity to me: Oh! and when thy Hands
Charged with my Fate, come trembling to the Deed,
As thou haſt done a thouſand, thouſand Times
To this poor Breſt; when kinder Rage has brought thee;
When our ſtring'd Hearts have leap'd to meet each other,
And melting Kiſſes ſeal'd our Lips together;
When Joys have left me gasping in thy Arms;
Do let my Death come now, and I'll not ſhrink from't.

Otw. Ven. Pref.

Charged

I WILL bear it
 With all the tender Suff'rance of a Friend,
 As calmly as the wounded Patient bears,
 The Artiſt's Hand that miniſters his Cure *Otw. Orph.*

WHEN did I complain,
 Or murmur at my Fate ?
 I bore my Load of Infamy with Patience,
 As Holy Men do Punishments from Heaven ;
 Nor thought it hard, becauſe it came from thee.

Rowe's F. Pa

YET, yet endure, nor Murmur, O my Soul !
 For are not thy Tranſgreſſions great and numberleſs
 Do they not cover thee, like riſing Floods,
 And preſs thee, like a Weight of Waters, down ?
 Does not the Hand of Righteouſneſs afflict thee ?
 And who ſhall plead againſt it ? Who ſhall ſay
 To Power Almighty, thou haſt done enough ?
 Or bid his dreadful Hand of Vengeance, ſtay ?
 Wait then with Patience, till the circling Hours
 Shall bring the Time of thy appointed Reſt,
 And lay thee down in Death. The Hireling thus
 With Labour drudges out the painful Day,
 And often looks with long-expecting Eyes,
 To ſee the Shadows riſe, and be diſmiſs'd.

Rowe's J. Sh

BUT Patience is the Virtue of an Aſs,
 That trots beneath his Burden, and is quiet.

Laſd. Her. Lov

OU

P E A C E.

OUR Armour's now may rust; our idle Scimeters
Hang by our Sides for Ornament, not use:
Children shall beat our Arabals and Drums;
And all the noisy Trades of War no more
Shall wake the peaceful Morn:
Nor shall *Sebastian's* formidable Name,
Be longer used to lull the crying Babe. *Dr. D. Seb.*
THE rugged Business of the War is over.

Dr. Love Tri.

P E N A N C E.

I MET her as returning
In solemn Penance from the Publick Cross,
Before her certain Rascal Officers,
Slaves in Authority, the Knaves of Justice:
On either Side her, march'd an ill-look'd Priest,
Who with severe, with horrid haggard Eyes,
Did ever and anon, by Turns upbraid her,
And thunder in her trembling Ear Damnation:
Around her numberless the Rabble flow'd,
Should'ring each other, crowding for a View,
Gaping and gazing, taunting and reviling;
Some pitying; but those, alas! how few!
The most, such iron Hearts we are, and such
The base Barbarity of human Kind,
With Insolence and lewd Reproach pursu'd her,
Hooting and railing; and with villanous Hands,

Gath'ring

Gath'ring the Filth from out the common Ways,
 To hurl upon her Head: Inhuman Dogs!
 But ſhe ſtill bore it with the greateſt Patience!
 Submiſſive, ſad, and lowly was her Look;
 A burning Taper in her Hand ſhe bore;
 And on her Shoulders careleſſly confus'd,
 With looſe Neglect, her lovely Treſſes hung:
 Upon her Cheek a fainting Fluſh was ſpread;
 Feeble ſhe ſeem'd, and ſorely ſmit with Pain,
 While bare-foot, as ſhe trod the flinty Pavement,
 Her Footſteps all along were mark'd with Blood:
 Yet ſilent ſtill ſhe paſſ'd, and unrepining!
 Her ſtreaming Eyes bent ever on the Earth,
 Except when in ſome bitter Pang of Sorrow,
 To Heaven ſhe ſeem'd in fervent Zeal to raiſe 'em,
 And beg that Mercy, Man deny'd her here.

Rowe's Jane Shore

P I T Y.

PITY on freſh Objects only ſtays,
 But with tedious Sights of Woe decays.

Dr. Ind. Emp.

THE Brave and Wiſe we pity in Miſfortunes:
 But when Ingratitude and Folly ſuffer,
 'Tis Weakneſs to be touch'd.

Rowe's F. Pa

PITY is the Virtue of the Law,
 And none but Tyrants uſe it cruelly.

Shak. Tim. Alb

O DO not, do not ſpeak!
 There is an Eloquence in ſilent Pity,
 Beyond Expreſſion.

Hopk. Pyrrh

Succ

*Wi
Sca*

SUCH Sanctity! ſuch Tenderneſs! ſo mix'd
With Grief! as would draw Tears from Inhumanity!

Cong. M. Bride.

NONE are ſo hateful to the Gods as thoſe,
Who, with hard Hearts, delight in other's Grief.

Laufd. Her. Love.

INTO her gentle Breſts I'll pour my Sighs,
The only Balm to my afflicted Mind!
Her generous Pity ſoftens every Grief!
For all the Wretched love to be condol'd.
Such is the Uſe and noble End of Friendſhip,
To bear a Part in every Storm of Fate;
And by dividing, make the lighter Weight.

Hig. Gen. Cong.

I FIND a Pity hangs upon his Breſts,
Like gentle Dew, that cools all cruel Paſſions.

How. D. Lerma.

HAVE you put off
All Senſe of human Nature? Keep a little,
A little Pity, to diſtinguiſh Manhood!
Leſt other Men, tho' cruel, ſhould diſclaim you,
And judge you to be number'd with the Beaſts!

Rowe's F. Pen.

OBJECTS of Pity, when the Cauſe is new,
Still work too fiercely on the buſy Crowd:
Had Cæſar's Body never been expos'd,
Brutus had gain'd his Cauſe.

Dr. Sp. Friar.

P L A G U E.

THE raw Damps
With ſlaggy Wings, fly heavily about,
Scattering their Peſtilential Colds and Rheums,
Thro'

Thro' all the lazy Air, hence Murraings follow
 On bleating Flocks, and on the lowing Herds.
 At laſt the Malady grew more domeſtic,
 And the faithful Dog
 Died at his Maſter's Feet; and next his Maſter:
 For all thoſe Plagues which Earth and Air had
 brooded,

Fiſt on inferior Creatures try'd their Force,
 And laſt they ſeiz'd on Man:
 And then a thouſand Deaths at once advanc'd,
 And every Dart took Place. All was ſo ſudden,
 That ſcarce a fiſt Man fell. One but began
 To wonder, and ſtrait fell a Wonder too;
 A third who ſtoop'd to raiſe his dying Friend,
 Dropp'd in the pious Act. Heard you that Groan?
 A Troop of Ghoſts took flight together there!
 Now Death's grown riotous, and will play no
 more

For ſingle Stakes, but Families and Tribes.
 With dead and dying Men our Streets are cover'd,
 And Earth expoſes Bodies on the Pavements,
 More than ſhe hides in Graves.
 Between the Bride and Bridegroom have I ſeen
 The Nuptial Torch do common Offices,
 Of Marriage, and of Death! Caſt round your Eyes,
 Where late the Streets were ſo thick ſown with
 Men,

Like *Cadmus'* Brood, they jolted for their Paſſage;
 Now look for thoſe erected Heads, and ſee them,
 Like Pebbles, paving all our Public Ways. *Dr. Oed.*

PLAYER.

P L A Y E R.

I CAN counterfeit the deep Tragedian;
Speak, and look big, and pry on every Side;
Tremble and start at wagging of a Straw,
Intending deep Suspicion. Ghastly Looks
Are at my Service, like enforced Smiles;
And both are ready in their Offices,
At any Time to grace my Stratagems. *Shak. Rich. III.*

Is it not monstrous that this Player here,
But in a Fiction, in a Dream of Passion,
Could force his Soul so to his whole Conceit,
That from her Working, all his Visage warm'd;
Tears in his Eyes, Distraction in his Aspect,
A broken Voice, and his whole Function suiting
With Forms to his Conceit! And all for nothing!
For *Hecuba*! What's *Hecuba* to him? or he to *Hecuba*?
That he should weep for her? What would he do,
Had he the Motive, and the Cue for Passion
That I have? He would drown the Stage with Tears,
And cleave the general Ear with horrid Speech:
Make mad 'the Guilty, and a-pale the Free;
Confound the Ignorant, and amaze indeed
The very Faculty of Eyes and Ears. *Shak. Haml.*

LIKE a Player,
Bellowing his Passion, till he break the Spring,
And his wrack'd Voice jar to the Audience.
Shak. Troil. Cress.

WHEN on the Stage to the admiring Court,
We strove to represent *Alcides*' Fury,
In all that raging Heat and Pomp of Madness,

With

With which the stately *Seneca* adorn'd him,
 So lively drawn, and painted with such Horror;
 Soon we were forc'd to give it o'er! So loud
 The Virgins shriek'd! so fast they died away!

Lee's Theod.

LIKE a dull Actor, now I have forgot
 My Part, and even stop to a full Disgrace. *Sh. Coriol.*

GOOD my Lord, see the Players well used: For
 they are the abstract and brief Chronicle of the Time.
 After your Death, you were better have a bad Epi-
 taph, than their ill Report while you live. *Shak. Hamlet.*

Instructions to a PLAYER.

SPEAK the Speech as I pronounce'd it; smoothly from the Tongue: But if you mouth it, as many of our Players do, I had as lief the Town-Cryer spoke my Lines. Nor do not saw the Air too much with your Hand thus, but use all gently: For in the very Torrent, and, as I may say, Whirlwind of your Passion, you must acquire, and beget a Temperance that may give it Smoothness. Oh! it offends me to the Soul, to hear a robustious Perriwig-pated Fellow tear a Passion to very Rags, to split the Ears of the Groundlings, who, for the most part, are capable of nothing but inexplicable dumb Shews and Noise. I would have such a Fellow whipp'd for an o'er-doing Termagant. It out-Herods Herod! pray you avoid it. Be not too tame neither, but let your own Discretion be your Tutor: Suit the Action to the Word, the Word to the Action, with this special Observance, that you o'er-step not the Modesty of Nature; for any Thing so o'erdone, is from the Purpose of playing.

ing, whoſe End, both at firſt and now was and is to hold, as 'twere, the Mirror up to Nature, to ſhew Virtue her Feature: Scorn her own Image; and the Age and Body of Time his Form and Preſſure. Now this overdone, or come tardy off: Though it makes the Unſkilful laugh, cannot but make the Judicious grieve, the Censure of which one muſt, in your Allowance, o'er-weigh a whole Theatre of others. Oh! there be Players, that I have ſeen play, and others praiſe, and that highly, not to ſpeak it profanely, that neither have the Accent of Chriſtians, nor the Gate of Chriſtian, Pagan, nor Man; have ſo strutted and bel- lowed, that I have thought ſome of Nature's Jour- ney-Men had made Men, and not made them well, they imitated Humanity ſo abominably. Oh! reform it altogether, and let thoſe that play your Clowns, ſpeak no more than is ſet down for them; for there be ſome of them that will themſelves laugh, to ſet on ſome Quantity of barren Spectators to laugh too, though, in the mean time, ſome neceſſary Queſtion of the Play be then to be conſidered: That's villanous; and ſhews a moſt pitiful Ambition in the Fool that uſes it!

*Ibid.**P L E A S U R E.*

AFTER the Fierceneſs of a common Pleaſure,
A ſudden Heavineſs is natural. *Lee's Mitb.*

As Dangers in our Love make Joys more dear,
So Pleaſure's ſweeteſt when 'tis mix'd with Fear.

Dr. Aſſig.

THE Pleaſures of old Age brook no Delay,
Seldom they come, and ſwiftly fly away. *Ibid.*

THAT

THAT Part of Blifs is leaſt which we receive,
The nobler Pleaſure ſprings from what we give.

Hig. Gen. Comp.

PLEASURE never comes ſincere to Man;
But lent by Heaven upon hard Uſury:
And while *Jove* holds us out the Bowl of Joy,
E'er it can reach our Lips, 'tis daſh'd with Gall
By ſome Left-handed God.

Dr. Oed.

P L O T.

OH! think what anxious Moments paſs between
The Birth of Plots, and their laſt fatal Periods!
Oh! 'tis a dreadful Interval of Time,
Filled up with Horror all, and big with Death!
Deſtruction hangs on every Word we ſpeak,
On every Thought, till the concluding Stroke
Determines all, and cloſes our Deſign.

Add. Cato.

CONSPIRACIES no ſooner ſhould be formed
Then executed.

Ibid.

How like Conſpirators, at their firſt Meeting,
With Caution we gaze ſilent on each other,
Expecting who ſhall ſtart the Buſineſs firſt.

Tate's Loy. Gen.

P O I S O N.

'TIS here, the deadly Drug prepared in Powder,
Hot as Hell-Fire:

Not the *Nonacriſion* Fount, nor *Lethe's* Lake,
Could ſooner numb thy nimble Faculties,
Than this to ſleep eternal.

Dr. Don Seb.

A DOSE

A DOSE leſs hot had burſt thro' Ribs of Iron.

I DRENCH'D him with a Draught ſo deadly cold,
ſoon congeal'd

The Channel of his Blood, and froze him dry. *Ibid.*

EV'N now a fatal Draught works out my Soul,

Ev'n now it curdles in my ſhrinking Veins

The lazy Blood, and freezes at my Heart.

Smith's Phed. Hipp.

TOUCH not the poiſon'd Gifts,

infected by the Sender! touch them not!

Myriads of blueſt Plagues lie underneath him,

And more than *Aconite* has dipp'd the Silk!

Dr. All for Love.

IN vain is Art! The *Aconite* works ſure!

It's mortal Cold congeals the Blood,

And freezes all the Springs of Life! *Hig. Gen. Conq.*

HE drank the Draught! when ſtraight a Fainting
ſeized him;

His Eyes wept Blood! his Ears, his Noſe, his Mouth
Pour'd forth whole Streams, and all his Sweat was
Blood!

His Hairs and Nails dropp'd off, as Autumn Leaves,
When Tempeſts riſe, fall from the wither'd Trees.

The Poiſon paſs'd unſeen,

Like a cloſe Murderer thro' the Lanes of Life!

Lee's Maſſ. Paris.

How has this Poiſon loſt its wonted Way?

It ſhould have burnt his Paſſage, not have linger'd

In the blind Labarynths and crooked Turnings

Of human Compoſitions: Now it moves

Like a ſlow Fire, that works againſt the Wind.

Dr. Don Seb.

OBSERVE in this ſmall Vial certain Death;
 It holds a Poiſon of ſuch deadly Force,
 Should *Æſculapius* drink it, in five Hours,
 (For then it works) the God himſelf were mortal.
 I drew it from *Monacris* horrid Spring.

It ſcatters Pains,
 All Sorts, and thro' all Nerves, Veins, Arteries,
 Ev'n with Extremity of Froſt it burns;
 Drives the diſtracted Soul about her Houſe,
 Who runs to all the Pores, the Doors of Life,
 Till ſhe is forc'd for Air to leave her Dwelling.

Lee's Alex

Alex. SEARCH there; nay, probe me, ſearch my
 wounded Reins;

Pull, draw it out.

Oh! I'm ſhot, a forked burning Arrow
 Sticks croſs my Shoulders! the ſad Venom flies
 Like Light'ning thro' my Fleſh, my Blood, my Mar-
 row!

Ha! what a Change of Torments I endure?
 A Bolt of Ice runs hiſſing thro' my Bowels!
 'Tis ſure the Arm of Death!

Cover me, for I freeze; my Teeth chatter,
 And my Knees knock together!

Perd. Heaven bleſs the King.

Alex. Who talks of Heaven?

I'm all Hell: I burn, I burn again!
 My vital Spirits are quite parch'd, burnt up,
 And all my ſinoaky Entrails turn'd to Aſhes!

Quick Shootings thro' my Limbs, and prickling
 Pains;

Qualms at my Heart, Convulſions in my Nerves;
 Shiverings of Cold, and burning of my Entrails:

With

Within my little World make medley War,
Lose and regain, beat and are beaten back,
As momentary Victors quit their Ground;
Some deadly Draught, some Enemy to Life
Boils in my Bowels, and works out my Soul.

Dryd. Don Seb.

SUDDEN his Eyes grew livid, and discharg'd
A purple Foam; his lab'ring Bosom swell'd,
His Eye-balls, like malignant Meteors, glar'd
Unmov'd and ghastly! As the Venom spread
Frightful Convulsions writh'd his tortur'd Limbs;
Then, mad with Anguish, rushing to the Floor,
He groan'd his Soul away!

Fent. Mar.

P O P U L A C E.

THE Vulgar, a scarce animated Clod,
Ne'er pleas'd with ought above them, Prince or
God.

Dryd. Auren.

BASE mongrel Souls! flesh 'em but once with
Fortune,

and they will worry Royalty to Death!

But if some crabbed Virtue turn and pinch them,

They'll run, and yelp, and clap their Tails

Like Curs, betwixt their Legs, and howl for Mercy.

Lee's D. Guise.

Diffentious Rogues,

That rubbing the poor Itch of your Opinions,

Take your selves Scabs.

That like not Peace nor War: The one affrights you,

The other makes you proud.

Who deserves Greatness,

Deserves your Hate. Your Affections are

H

A sick

A ſick Man's Appetite, who deſires moſt that
Which would encreaſe his Evil. He that depends
Upon your Favours, ſwims with Fins of Lead.

Sh. Coriol.

THE Scum

That riſes upmoſt, when the Nation boils.

Dryd. Don Seb.

THE Rabble gather round the Man of News,
And liſten with their Mouths.

Some tell, ſome hear, ſome judge of News, ſome
make it,

And he that lyes moſt loud, is moſt believ'd.

Dr. Sp. Friar.

THE Streets are thicker in this Noon of Night
Than at the mid-day Sun: A drowzy Horror
Sits on their Eyes, like Fear not well awake:
All crowd in Heaps, as at a Night's Alarm
The Bees drive out upon each other's Backs,
T'imboſs their Hives in Cluſters: All ask News;
Their buſy Captain runs the weary Round,
To whiſper Orders; and commanding Silence,
Makes not Noiſe ceaſe, but deafens it to Murmurs.

Dr. Don Seb.

THE Commonwealth is ſick of her own Choice;
Her over-greedy Love has ſurſeited:
A Habitation giddy and unſure
Has he that builds upon the vulgar Hearts.
O thou fond Many! with what loud Applauſe,
Didſt thou beat Heav'n with bleſſing *Ballingbroke*,
Before he was what thou wouldeſt have him be?
But being trim'd up in thy own Deſires,
Thou beaſtly Feeder art ſo full of him,
That thou provok'eſt thy ſelf to caſt him up!

So, ſo, thou common Dog, didſt thou diſgorge
Thy glutton Boſom, of the Royal *Richard*,
And now thou wouldſt eat thy dead Vomit up,
And howl'ſt to find it. What Truſt is in theſe
Times?

They, that when *Richard* liv'd, would have him die,
Are now become enamour'd of his Grave.

Thou, that threw Duſt upon his ſacred Head,
When thro' proud *London* he came ſighing on,
After th' admired Heels of *Bullingbroke*,
Cry'ſt now, O Earth! yield us that King again,
And take thou this!

Shak. Hen. IV.

THE Genius of your *Moors* is Mutiny:

They ſcarcely want a Guide to move their Madneſs:
Prompt to rebel on e'ery weak Pretence;

Luſt'ring when courted, crouching when oppreſs'd;
Wiſe to themſelves, and Fools to all the World:
Reſtleſs in Change, and perjur'd to a Proverb!

They love Religion ſweeten'd to the Senſe;
A good, luxurious, palatable Faith!

Thus Vice and Godlineſs, prepoſt'rous Pair,
Side Cheek by Jowl: But Churchmen hold the
Reins:

And, whene'er Kings would lower Clergy Greatneſs,
They'll learn too late what Pow'r the Preachers
have,

and whoſe the Subjects are.

Dr. Don Sebaſt.

By Heav'n! 'twas never well, ſince ſawcy Priests
drew to be Maſters of the liſt'ning Herd,
And into Mitres cleſt the Regal Crown!

Sh. Tro. Crefs.

EMPIRE! thou poor and deſpicable Thing,
When ſuch as theſe unmake or make a King!

Dr. Conq. Gran

OBSERVE the mountain Billows of the Main
Blown by the Winds into a raging Storm:
Bruſh off thoſe Winds, and the high Waves return
Into their quiet, firſt-created Calm:
Such is the Rage of buſy bluſt'ring Crowds,
Tormented by th' Ambition of the Great:
Cut off the Cauſes, and th' Effects will ceaſe,
And all the moving Madneſs fall to Peace.

Dr. Cleom

I have no Taſte
Of Popular Applauſe: The noiſy Praise
Of giddy Crowds as changeable as Winds;
Still vehement, and ſtill without a Cauſe:
Servants to Chance, and blowing in the Tide
Of ſwolln Succeſs; but veering with the Ebb
It leaves the Channel dry.

Dr. Sp. Friar

THE People like a headlong Torrent go,
And every Dam they break or overflow:
But unoppos'd, they either loſe their Force,
Or wind in Volumes to their former Courſe.

Their Fright to no Perſwaſions will give ear,
There's a deaf Madneſs in a People's Fear.

Dr. Conq. Gran

THE People in all gen'ral Ills are prone
To ſudden Change: Gull them but with Freedom,
And you ſhall ſee them toſs their Tails, and gad,
As if ſome Breeze had ſtung 'em.

Dr. Oa

I WEP

I WEPT; and then the Rabble howl'd,
And roar'd; and with a thouſand antic Mouths
Gabb'd Revenge; Revenge was all their Cry. *Ib.*

THE Public is the Lees of Vulgar Slaves:
Slaves, with the Minds of Slaves: So born, ſo bred:
Yet ſuch as theſe, united in a Herd,
Are call'd the Public! Millions of ſuch Cyphers
Make up the public Sum: An Eagle's Life
Is worth a World of Crows. Are Princes made
For ſuch as theſe? who, were one Soul extracted
From all their Beings, could not raiſe a Man?

Sh. Tro. Creſſ.

YET what are Princes, but for ſuch as theſe?
Tis Adoration, ſome ſay, makes a God:
And who ſhould pay it? Where would be their Altars,
Were no inferior Creatures here on Earth?
Ev'n thoſe who ſerve, have their Expectances
Degrees of Happineſs, which they muſt ſhare
Or they'll reſuſe to ſerve. *Ibid.*

THE Crowd to reſtleſs Motion ſtill inclin'd,
Are Clouds, that rack according to the Wind;
Driv'n by their Chiefs, they Storms of Hailſtones pour,
Then mourn and ſoften to a ſilent Show'r.

Dr. Maſſ. Par.

THESE Slaves,
Theſe wide-mouth'd Brutes, that bellow thus for
Freedom!

Oh! how they run before the Hand of Pow'r,
Lying for Shelter into every Brake!
Like cowardly fearful Sheep, they break their Herd
When the Wolf's out, and raging for his Prey.

Otw. C. Mar.

P O P U L A R.

THE People rend the Skies with loud Applause
 And Heav'n can hear no other Name but yours!
 The thronging Crowds press on you as you pass,
 And with their eager Joy make Triumph flow!

Dr. Sp. Friar

ALL Tongues speak of him, and the bleared
 Sights

Are spectacl'd to see him. Your prattling Nurse
 Into a Rapture lets her Baby cry,
 While she chats him. The Kitchen-Malkin pins
 Her richest Lockram 'bout her reeky Neck,
 Clamb'ring the Walls to see him:
 Stalls, Bulks, Windows are smother'd up,
 Leads fill'd, and Ridges hors'd.
 I've seen the Dumb throng to see him,
 And the Blind to hear him speak. The Nobles bended
 As to *Jove's* Statue; and the Commons made
 A Thunder and Show'r with their Caps and Shouts.

Shak. Coriol.

I SEE you court the Crowd,
 When with the Shouts of the rebellious Rabble
 I see you born on Shoulders to Cabals;
 Where you all plot the royal *Henry's* Death;
 Cloud the majestic Name with Fumes of Wine;
 Infamous Scrowls, and treasonable Verse!
 While, on the other side, the Name of *Guise*,
 By the whole Kennel of the Slaves is rung:
 Pamphleteers, Ballad-mongers, sing your Ruin,
 While all the Vermin of the vile *Parisians*
 Toss up their greasy Caps, where'er you pass,

And

And hurl your dirty Glories in your Face.
By Heav'n! I'd earth my self,
Rather than live to act such black Ambition!
But, Oh! you seek it with your Smiles and Bows,
This side, and that side, cringing to the Crowd!
You have your Writers too that chaunt your Battles;
That stile you the new *David!* second *Moses!*
Prop of the Church! Deliv'rer of the People!
Thus, from the City as from the Heart, they spread
Thro' all the Provinces, alarm the Countries,
Where they run forth in Heaps bellowing your Won-
ders!

Dr. D. Guise.

ALL Nations bow their Heads with Homage down,
And kiss the Feet of this exalted Man:

The Name, the Shout, the Blast from e'ery Mouth,
Alexander! Alexander bursts

our Cheeks, and with a Crack so loud
drowns the Voice of Heav'n! Like Dogs you
fawn,

the Earth's Commanders fawn, and follow him:

Mankind starts up to hear his Blasphemy;

and if this Hunter of the barb'rous World

put wind himself a God, you echo him

With universal Cry.

Lee's Alex.

TRIUMPHANT *Brutus,*

like *Jove*, when follow'd by a Train of Gods,

to mingle with the Fates, and doom the World,

ascends the brazen Steps o'th' Capitol,

With all the humming Senate at his Heels:

While you are but the Ape, the mimic God

of this new Thund'rer, who appropriates

those Bolts of Pow'r which ought to be divided:

Now, by the Gods! I hate his upstart Pride,

His abject Soul, that ſloops to court the Vulgar,
His Scorn of Princes, and his Luſt to th' People!
O *Collatine*! have you not Eyes to find him?

Why are you rais'd, but to ſet off his Honours?

A Taper by the Sun, whoſe ſickly Beams
Are ſwallow'd in the Blaze of his full Glory:

He, like a Meteor, wades th' Abyſs of Light,

While your faint Luſtre adds but to the Beard,

That awes the World. When late through *Rome*

he paſs'd,

Fix'd on his Courſer, mark'd you how he bow'd

On this, on that ſide, to the gazing Heads,

That pav'd the Streets, and all imboſs'd the Windows;
That gap'd with Eagerneſs to ſpeak, but could not,

So faſt their Spirits flow'd to Admiration,
And that to Joy, which thus at laſt broke forth:

Brutus! God *Brutus*! Father of thy Country!

Hail, Genius, Hail! Deliv'rer of loſt *Rome*!

Shield of the Commonwealth, and Sword of Juſtice!

Hail, Scourge of Tyrants! Lash of lawleſs Kings!

All Hail! they cry'd; while the long Peal of Praises,

Tormented with a thouſand echoing Cries,

Ran like the Volley of the Gods along.

But when you follow'd, how did their bellying Bo-

dies,

That ventur'd from the Caſements more than Half

To look at *Brutus*? nay, that ſtuck like Snails

Upon the Walls, and from the Houſes Tops

Hung down, like cluſt'ring Bees upon each other?

How did they all draw back at Sight of you,

To laze, and loll, and yawn, and reſt from Raptures

Lee's L. J. Brut.

P O.

P O V E R T Y.

WANT whets the Wit, 'tis true; but Wit not bleſt
With Fortune's Aid makes Beggars at the beſt :
Wit is hot fed, but ſharpen'd with Applauſe;
For Wealth is ſolid Food, but Wit is hungry Sawce.

Dr. Love Tri.

THRO' tatter'd Cloaths great Vices ſtrait appear ;
Robes, and furr'd Gowns hide all : Place Sins with
Gold,

And the ſtrong Law of Juſtice hurtleſs breaks ;
Arm it in Rags, and Pigmy Straws do pierce it.

Shak. K. Lear.

WEALTHY Men, that have Eſtates to loſe,
Whoſe conſcious Thoughts
Are full of inward Guilt, may ſhake with Horror,
To have their Actions ſifted, or appear
Before their Judge: But the Poor that know them-
ſelves

As innocent as poor, that have no Fleece
On which the Talons of the griping Law
Can take ſure Hold, may ſmile with Scorn on all
That can be urg'd againſt them.

Bean. Sp. Cur.

ARE all my Services forgot? ---- This Morn,
This ſplendid Morn beheld me firſt of Men,
Bleſt and applauded as my Chariot drove,
And by my Glories *Cæſar* was obſcur'd!
And now, the Day not yet obſcur'd, behold
Me laſt of Men, abandon'd and deſpis'd!
Why is Man compos'd of ſuch vile Stuff!
Reduc'd at once to Beggary! ---- Hard Fate!
Who now will ope their hospitable Doors,

H 5

And

And shelter *Belisarius* from the cold?
 Who slake his Thirst, who spread the friendly Board
 To give the famish'd *Belisarius* Food!
 Or with an *Obolus* relieve his Wants! *Phil. Belif.*

P R A Y E R.

HIS pure Thoughts were born
 Like Fumes of sacred Incense o'er the Clouds,
 And wafted thence on Angels Wings, thro' Ways
 Of Light, to the bright Source of all. *Con. M. Br.*

PRAYERS are the Alms of Churchmen to the
 Poor;

They send to Heav'n, but drive us from their Door.

Shak. Ham.

My Words fly up, my Thoughts remain below,
 Words without Thoughts never to Heaven go. *ib.*

Self-P R E S E R V A T I O N.

SELF-PRESERVATION is the first of Laws;
 And if, when Subjects are oppress'd by Kings,
 They justify Rebellion by that Law,
 As well may Monarchs turn the Edge of Right
 To cut for them, when Self-defence requires it.

Dr. Sp. Friar.

WHEN Force invades the Gift of Nature Life,
 The eldest Law of Nature bids defend:
 And if, in that Defence, a Tyrant fall,
 His Death's his Crime, not ours. *Dryd. Don Seb.*

WHAT Courage tamely could to Death consent,
 And not, by striking first, the Blow prevent?

Dr. Auren.

P R I E S T.

P R I E S T.

THE awful Guides of Heav'nly Concernment!
That teach us Penance, Faſt, and Abſtinenſe,
To puniſh Bodies for the Soul's Offence.

Dryd. Ind. Emp.

ILL does he repreſent the Pow'rs above,
Who nourishes Debate, not preaches Love. *Ibid.*

KINGS went too far
To truſt the preaching Pow'r on State-Affairs,
To Heavenly Demagogues:
'Tis a Limb lopp'd from their Prerogative,
And ſo much of Heav'n's Image blotted from 'em.

Dr. Don Seb.

YOU ſawcily teach Monarchs to obey,
And the wide World in narrow Cloiſters ſway:
Set up by Kings as humble Aids of Pow'r,
You that which bred you, Viper like, devour:
You Enemies of Crowns!

Dr. Ind. Emp.

ILL beſal
Such meddling Priests, who kindle up Confuſion,
And vex the quiet World with their vain Scruples.

Rowe's J. Shore.

WERE all thy Tribe like thee, it well might
startle

Our lay unlearn'd Faith; when thro' ſuch Hands
The Knowledge of the Gods is reach'd to Man:
But thus thoſe Gods inſtruct us, that not all,
Who, like Intruders, thruſt into their Service,
And turn the holy Office to a Trade,
Participate their ſacred Influence. *Rowe's Amb. Step.*

Do

Do not, as some ungracious Pastors do,
 Shew me the steep and thorny Way to Heav'n,
 While, like a puffed and reckless Libertine,
 Himself the primrose Path of Dalliance treads,
 And reaks not his own Read. *Shak. Ham.*

PRIESTHOOD, that makes a Merchandize of
 Heav'n!

Priesthood, that sell, ev'n to their Pray'rs and Blessings,

And force us to pay for our own Cos'nage!

Nay, cheat Heav'n too with Entrails and with Offals!

Give it the Garbage of a Sacrifice,
 And keep the best for private Luxury!

Dryd. Troil. Cress.

THE Gods are theirs, not ours; and when we pray

For happy Omens, we their Price must pay:

In vain at Shrines th' ungiving Suppliant stands,

In vain we make our Vows with empty Hands;

Fat Off'rings are the Priesthood's only Care,

They take the Money, and Heav'n hears the Pray'r:

Without a Bribe their Oracles are mute,

And their instructed Gods refuse the Suit.

Dryd. Cleom.

I TELL thee, Musti, if the World were wise,
 They would not wag one Finger in thy Quarrels:
 Your Heav'n you promise, but our Earth you covet,
 The *Phaetons* of Mankind, who fire that World
 Which you were sent by preaching, but to warm.

Dr. Don Seb.

FOR whether King or People seek Extreame,
 Still Conscience and Religion are their Themes.

And

And whatsoever Change the State invades,
The Pulpit either forces or perswades.
Others may give the Fuel or the Fire,
But Priests the Breath that makes the Flame in-
spire. *Den. Soph.*

WE know their Thoughts of us ; that Laymen
are

rag Souls, and Rubbish of remaining Clay,
Which Heav'n, grown weary of more perfect Work,
set upward with a little Puff of Breath,
And bid us pass for Men. *Dr. Don Seb.*

WE know their holy Jugglings,
Things that would startle Faith, and make us deem,
Nor this, nor that, but all Religions false. *Ibid.*

YOU want to lead
My Reason blindfold like a hamper'd Lion,
check'd of its noble Vigour: Then, when baited
down to obedient Tameness, make it couch,
and shew strange Tricks, which you call Signs of
Faith:

so silly Souls are gull'd, and you get Money!
Otw. Ven. Pr.

IF we must pray,
near in the Streets bright Altars to the Gods,
let Virgins Hands adorn the Sacrifice;
and not a grey-beard forging Priest come there,
to pry into the Bowels of the Victim,
and with their Dotage mad the gaping World.

Lee's Oed.

WHY seek we Truth from Priests?
the Smiles of Courtiers, and the Harlot's Tears,
the Tradesmans Oath, and Mourning of an Heir,
the Truths to what Priests tell!

Oh!

Oh! why has Priesthood Privilege to lye,
And yet to be believ'd?

Ibid.

Is not the Care of Souls a Load sufficient?
Are not your holy Stipends paid for this?
Were you not bred apart from worldly Noife,
To study Souls, their Cures, and their Diseases?
The Province of the Soul is large enough
To fill up every Cranny of your Time,
And leave you much to answer, if one Wretch
Be damn'd by your Neglect.

Why then these foreign Thoughts of State Em-
ployments,

Abhorrent to your Function and your Breeding?
Poor droning Truants of unpractis'd Cells,
Bred in the Fellowship of bearded Boys;
What Wonder is it, if you know not Man?
Yet there you live demure with down-cast Eyes,
And humble as your Discipline requires:
But when let loose from thence to live at large,
Your little Tincture of Devotion dies:
Then Luxury succeeds; and set agog
With a new Scene of yet untasted Joys,
You fall with greedy Hunger to the Feast;
Of all your College Virtues nothing now,
But your original Ignorance remains. *Dr. D. Sch.*

TRIUMPHANT Plenty with a chearful Grace
Basks in their Eyes, and revels in their Face:
How sleek their Looks, how goodly is their Mien,
When big they strut behind a double Chin?
Each Faculty in Blandishments they lull,
Aspiring to be venerably dull.
No learn'd Debates molest their downy Trance,
Or discompose the pompous Ignorance;

But

But undisturb'd they loiter Life away,
So wither green, and blossom in Decay.
Deep sunk in Down, they by Sloth's gentle Care,
Avoid th' Inclemencies of morning Air;
And leave to tatter'd Crape the Drudgery of Pray'r.
But bloated with Ambition, Pride, and Avarice,
You swell to counsel Kings, and govern Kingdoms.
Content you with monopolizing Heav'n,
And let this little hanging Ball alone:

For give you but a Foot of Conscience there,
And you, like *Archimedes*, tofs the Globe. *Ibid.*

YET Churchmen, tho' they itch to govern all,
Are silly, woeful, aukward, Politicians:
They make lame Mischief, tho' they meant it well:
Their Int'rest is not finely drawn and hid,
But Seams are coarsly bungl'd up and seen. *Ibid.*

I MET a rev'rend, fat, old gouty Friar
With a Paunch swell'n so high, his double Chin
Bright rest upon't: A true Son of the Church!
Fresh-colour'd, and well thriving on his Trade,
Some puffing with his greasy bald-pate Choir,
And fumbling o'er his Beads, with such an Agony,
He told 'em false for Fear: About his Neck
There hung a Wench, the Label of his Function,
Whom he shook off, i'faith, methought, unkindly.
He seems the holy Stallion durst not score
Another Sin before he left the World.

Dryd. Sp. Fr.

P R I S O N.

A DREADFUL Din was wont
To grate the Sense, when entred here, from Groans
And

And Howls of Slaves condemn'd, from Clink of
Chains,

And Craſh of ruſty Bars, and creaking Hinges!

And ever and anon the Light was daſh'd

With frightful Faces, and the meagre Looks

Of grim and ghafly Executioners!

Cong. Mourn. Bride.

P R O D I G I E S.

PORTENTS and Prodigies are grown ſo frequent,
That they have loſt their Name. *Dr. All for Love.*

OUR Enſigns, as they ſtood

Display'd before our Troops, took fire untouch'd,
And burnt to Tinder!

Three Ravens brought their young ones in the Street,
Devouring them before the People's Eyes!

Then bore the Garbage back into their Neſts!

A Noiſe of Trumpets rattling in the Air

Was heard; and dreadful Cries of dying Men!

Orw. Cai. M.

SCARCE had we ſtepp'd on the forbidden Ground,
When the Woods ſhook, the Trees ſtood briffling up:

A living trembling nodded thro' the Leaves;

And ſtrait a Rumbling Sound, like bellowing Winds

Roſe, and grew loud, confus'd with Howls of Wolves,

And Grunts of Bears, and dreadful Hiſs of Snakes,

Shrieks more than human! Globes of Hail pour'd
down

An armed Winter, and inverted Day! *Dr. K. Arth.*

THE Spirit of King *Philip*, in thoſe Arms

We ſaw him wear, paſs'd groaning thro' the Court!

His dreadful Eye-Balls rowled their Horror upwards;

He

He wavy'd his Arm, and shook his wondring Head!
I've heard that at the crowing of the Cock,
Lions will roar, and Goblins steal away;
But this majestic Air Stalks steadfast on,
Spight of the Morn that calls him from the East,
Nor minds the opening of the Ivory-Door. *Lee's Alex.*

SCARCE had the Night, upon her Carr ascending,
Thrown her black Influence round the mournful
Heav'ns;

When a mad Whirl-Wind, subterreanean Blast,
Made the Dome tremble from its deep Foundation,
And shook the dreadful glories of its Spires.

The yawning Vault disclosed its gloomy Entrails,
And lab'ring from its inmost Caverns groan'd:
And then a Troop of Ghosts, bloody and baleful,
And wonderfully pale, sprung glaring up:

Then vanishing, so ruefully they shriek'd,
That all the ghastly Hollow of the Dome,
Multiplying Horror, dismally resounded.

Then on a sudden, of their own Accord,
The massy Gates, with jarring Sound flew open,
Grating harsh Thunder on their brazen Hinges.

Den. Iphig.

IN a lone Isle o'th' Temple while I walk'd
A Whirlwind rose, that with a violent Blast
Shook all the Dome: The Doors around me clapp'd;
The Iron Wicket that defends the Vault
Where the long Race of *Ptolemy's* are laid,
Hurst open and disclos'd the mighty Dead:
From out each Monument, in Order plac'd,
An arm'd Ghost starts up: The Boy-King last
Bear'd his inglorious Head. A Peal of Groans
Then follow'd, and a lamentable Voice

Cry'd

Cry'd, *Egypt* is no more! My Blood ran back,
 My ſhaking Knees againſt each other knock'd!
 On the cold Pavement down I fell intranc'd,
 And ſo unfinish'd left the horrid Scene!

Dr. All for Love.

P R O P H E T.

PROPHETIC Fury rolls within my Breaſt,
 And as at *Delphos*, when the foaming Prieſt,
 Full of the God, proclaims the diſtant Doom
 Of Kings unborn, and Nations yet to come;
 My lab'ring Mind ſo ſtruggles to unfold,
 On *British* Ground, a future Age of Gold.

Laſſd. Br. Incb.

O THOU, whoſe moſt aspiring Mind
 Knows all the Buſineſs of the Courts above,
 Opens the Cloſet of the Gods, and dares
 To mix with *Jove* himſelf and Fate at Council.
 O Prophet, answer me!

Lee's Oed.

Have we not ſearch'd
 The Womb of Heaven, examined all the Intrails
 Of Birds and Beaſts, and tired the Prophet's Art. *Ibid.*

OH! tell it in Groans, tho' thou bend with the Load,
 Tho' thou burſt with the Weight of the terrible God!

Ibid.

P R O V I D E N C E.

THE Ways of Heaven are dark and intricate,
 Puzzl'd in Mazes, and perplex'd with Errors;
 Our Underſtanding traces them in vain,
 Loſt and bewilder'd in the fruitleſs Search;

Not

Nor ſees with how much Art the Windings run,
Nor where the regular Confuſion ends. *Add. Cato.*

WHAT have I done,
To kindle ſuch relentleſs Wrath againſt me?
If in the Days of all my paſt Offences,
When moſt my Heart was lifted with Delight;
If I with held my Morſel from the Hungry,
Forgot the Widows Want, and Orphans Cry;
If I have known a Good, I have not ſhar'd,
Nor call'd the Poor to take his Portion with me;
Let my worſt Enemies ſtand forth, and now
Deny the Succour which I gave not then.

Rowe's J. Shore.

MARK, Mark, *Ulyſſes*! how the God's preſerve
The Men they love, even in their own Deſpight!
They guide us, and we travel in the Dark!
But when we moſt deſpair to hit the Way,
And leaſt expect, we find our ſelves arrived!

Landſd. Her. Love.

SUBMIT thy Fate to Heaven's indulgent Care,
Tho' all ſeems loſt, 'tis impious to deſpair:
The Tracks of Providence like Rivers wind,
Here run before us, there retreat behind:
And tho' immerg'd in Earth from human Eyes,
Again break forth, and more conspicuous riſe.

Hig. Gen. Conq.

How juſt is Providence in all its Works?
How ſwift to overtake us in our Crimes?

Landſd. Her. Love.

THE holy Power that clothes the ſenſleſs Earth
With Woods, with Fruits, with Flowers, and verdant
Grasſ,

Whoſe

Whoſe bounteous Hand feeds the whole brute Crea-
tion,

Knows all our Wants, and has enough to give us.

Rowe's F. Pen.

O MURMUR not, my Love, at Providence!
Heaven is too wiſe and good to puniſh us
Without a Cauſe; nor let us raſhly dare
To cenſure what we cannot comprehend.

Hey. F. Captive.

Complaints of PROVIDENCE.

AFFLICTIONS ſent from Heaven without a Cauſe,
Make bold Mankind enquire into its Laws.

Dr. M. Queen.

YET ſure the Gods are good: I would think ſo,
If they would give me Leave!
But Virtue in Diſtreſs, and Vice in Triumph
Make Atheiſts of Mankind.

Dr. Cleom.

IF Piety be thus debarr'd Acceſs
On high; and of good Men, the very beſt,
Be ſingled out to bleed, and bear the Scourge,
What is Reward? and what is Punishment?
But who ſhall dare to tax eternal Juſtice!

Cong. M. Bride.

Is this then my Reward? Unneceſſary Virtue,
Why do we wear thee thus to our undoing?

Lee's Mith.

WHERE ſhall the Brave and Good for Refuge run
When to be virtuous, is to be undone?
Sure *Jupiter's* depos'd, ſome Giant rules
An impious World, contriv'd for Knaves and Fools.

Landſ. Br. Inch.

Is

Is there no God,

Who can controul the Malice of our Fate?

Are they all deaf? Or have the Giants Heaven?

Dr. Oed.

O VIRTUE, blind and impotent as Fortune!

Who would be good or pious, if this Queen,

Thy great Example, suffers?

Dr. M. Queen.

OH! where was then

The Pow'r that guards the sacred Lives of Kings?

Why slept the Lightning, and the Thunderbolt,

Or bent their idle Rage on Fields and Trees,

When Vengeance call'd them here? *Dr. Sp. Friar.*

BUT is there Heaven? for I begin to doubt.

The Skies are hush'd, no grumbling Thunders roul:

Now take your Swing, ye Impious, Sin unpunish'd:

Eternal Providence seems over-watch'd,

And with a slumbering Nod assents to Murder.

Dr. D. Seb.

O Pow'rs! if King's be your peculiar Care,

Why plays this Wretch with your Prerogative?

Now flash him dead; now crumble him into Ashes;

Or henceforth live confin'd to your own Palace,

And look not idly out upon a World,

That is no longer yours.

Dr. D. Sebast.

HERE I'm lost again!

Here all my Courage, which has born the Blow,

Of sternest War, shrinks like a beaten Coward!

Here I confess my Piety gives Way!

could fall out with the forgetful Gods,

And curse the cruel Authors of my Being! *Lee's Mith.*

CURS'D Fate! malicious Stars! you now have
drain'd,

Your

Your selves of all your poisonous Influence ;
 Ev'n the last baleful Drop is shed upon me! *Ibid.*

RELENTLESS Fates ! malicious cruel Powers !
 Oh ! for what Crimes do you thus rack your Creature ?
Lee's Theod.

OYE eternal Powers !
 That Guide the World ! why do you shock our Reason
 With Acts like these, that lay our Thoughts in Dust ?
Ibid.

OH ! When shall I have rest ?
 Why are all these Things thus ? Is it of Force,
 Is there Necessity I must be miserable ?
 Is it of Moment to the Peace of Heaven,
 That I should be afflicted thus ? If not :
 Why is it thus contriv'd ? Why are Things laid,
 By some unseen Hand, so as of Consequence
 They must to me bring Curses, Grief of Heart,
 The last Distress of Life, and sure Despair ?

Cong. M. Bride.
 I'M at a loss of Thought, and must acknowledge
 The Counsels of the Gods are fathomless :
 Nay, 'tis the hardest Task, perhaps, of Life,
 To be assur'd of what is Vice or Virtue :
 Whether when we raise up Temples to the God,
 We do not then blaspheme them : Oh ! behold me !
 Behold the Game that laughing Fortune plays !
 Fate or the Will of Heaven ! call't what you please,
 That mars the best Designs, that Prudence lays !
 That brings Events about, perhaps to mock
 At human Reach, and sport with Expectation.

Lee's L. J. Bru.
 YE Gods ! we are taught that all your Works are
 Justice :

You are painted Merciful, and Friends to Innocence;
If so, then why these Plagues upon my Head?

Orw. Orph.

HERCULES! why should a Man like this,
Who dares not trust his Fate for one great Action,
Be all the care of Heaven? *Dr. All for Love.*

FOOL that I was, upon my Eagle's Wings,
I bore this Wren, till I was tired with soaring,
And now he mounts above me:
Good Heavens! is this, is this the Man who braves me,
Who bids my Age make Way, drives me before him,
To the World's Ridge, and sweeps me off like Rub-
bish? *Ibid.*

PUNISHMENT.

SEE they suffer Death:

but in their Deaths remember they are Men:
strain not the Laws, to make their Tortures grievous.
Lucius, the base degenerate Age requires
severity and Justice in its Rigour.

This awes an impious, bold, offending World,
Commands Obedience, and gives Force to Laws:
Then by just Vengeance guilty Mortals Perish,
The Gods behold their Punishment with Pleasure,
and lay th'uplifted Thunder-Bolt aside. *Add. Cato.*

HEAVEN may forgive a Crime to Penitence,
or Heaven can Judge if Penitence be true;
but Man, who knows not Hearts, should make Ex-
amples,

Which like a Warning-Piece, must be Shot off,
to fright the rest from Crimes. *Dr. Sp. Friar.*

You

YOU have forgot Reward!
The Part of Heaven in Kings, for Punishment
Is Hangman's Work, and Drudgery for Devils.

Dr. D. Seb.



RACK.



MOST cruel Racks, and Torments are
preparing,

To force Confessions from their dying
Pangs. *Otw. Ven. Pref.*

THOU shalt behold him stretch'd in
all the Agonies

Of a tormenting and a shameful Death!
His bleeding Bowels, and his broken Limbs,
Insulted o'er by a vile butchering Villain!

BRING forth the Rack:

Fetch hither Cords, and Knives, and sulphurous
Flames,

He shall be bound and gash'd, his Skin flead off, and
burnt alive:

He shall be Hours, Days, Years a dying. *Dr. Oed.*

WIRE-DRAW his Skin, Spin all his Nerves like Hair
And Work his tortured Flesh as thin as Flame.

Lee's Conf.

I SAW him rack'd! a Sight so dismal sad,
My Eyes did ne'er behold! It is unutterable!
Behold the Rack set forth!

Philotas, like an Angel, seiz'd by Fiends,

Is ſtrait diſrob'd; a Napkin ties his Head:
 His warlike Arms, with ſhamefull Cords are bound,
 And every Slave can now the Valiant wound.
 Did not your Eyes rain Blood, your Spirits burſt,
 To ſee your noble fellow Soldier burn?
 Yet without Trembling or a Tear, endure
 The Torments of the Damn'd? O ye Barbarians!
 Could ye ſtand by, and yet reſuſe to ſuffer?
 You ſaw him bruiſ'd, torn, to the Bones made bare,
 His Veins wide lanc'd, and the poor quivering Fleſh,
 With Pincers from his manly Boſom ripp'd,
 'Till you diſcover'd the great Heart lie panting!
 Why ſtood you then like Statues? There's the Caſe,
 The Horror of the Sight had turn'd you Marble!
 So the pale *Trojans* from their weeping Walls,
 Saw the dear Body of the Godlike *Hector*,
 Bloody and ſoil'd, dragg'd on the famous Ground!
 Yet ſenſleſs ſtood, nor with drawn Weapons ran,
 To ſave the great Remains of that prodigious Man!
Lee's Alex.

R A G E.

I COULD tell a Story
 Would rouse thy Lion Heart out of its Den,
 And make it rage with terrifying Fury.
Otw. Ven. Pref.

THE burning Fever rages in my Veins:
 But hold my Heart, reſtrain the Fury in,
 Which heaves me like the frighted Winds for Vent!
Sonth. Loy. Bro.

Now let hot *Ætna* cool in *Sicily*,
 And be my Heart an ever-burning Hell.

THESE Miseries are more than may be born!
To weep with them that weep, doth ſome Eaſe deal;
But Sorrow flouted at, is double Death.

Shak. Tit. And.

RAGE is the ſhortest Paſſion of our Souls:
Like narrow Brooks that riſe with ſudden Show'rs,
It ſwells in haſte, and falls again as ſoon;
Still as it ebbs, the ſofter Thoughts flow in,
And the Deceiver, Love, ſupplies its Place.

His Fury wildly champs upon the Curb,
Anon it foams, and ſtarting with a Bound,
Hurries him headlong far from Reaſon's Road.

Den. Iphig.

OH! SHOULD her raging Paſſion reach his Ears,
His tender Love by Anger fir'd would turn
To burning Rage; as ſoft *Cydonian* Oil,
Whoſe balmy Juice glides o'er the untasting Tongue,
Yet touch'd with Fire, with hotteſt Flames will
blaze.

Smith Ph. Hipp.

OH! didſt thou mark her when her Fury lighten'd;
She ſeem'd all Goddeſs: Nay, her Frowns became
her:

There was a Beauty in her very Wildneſs.

Lee's Theod.

THERE are a thouſand Furies in his Looks;
And in his deadly Silence more loud Horror,
Than when in Hell the Tortur'd and Tormenters
Contend whoſe Shrieks are greateſt.

Beaum. Doub. Marr.

O, MAN me, Reaſon!
Reſtrain the Sallies of my ſtarting Paſſion,
Which elſe will plunge me in the Gulph of Madneſs!

The

Theſaurus Dramaticus. 171

The Thunder rages in my Breſt for Vent!
Here, here it rous to makes its violent Way!
And now it burſts! The flaming Bolts are hurled!

South. L. Br.

THE Pain is in my Head; 'tis in my Heart;
'Tis every where! It rages like a Madneſs,
And I moſt wonder how my Reaſon holds!

Orw. Orph.

WILD with my Rage, more wild with my Deſire,
Like meeting Tides, but mine are Tides of Fire!

Dr. Tyr. Love.

OH! I could ſhake the World,
With thundering forth my Wrongs! hallow his Name
To the reſounding Hills! *Borgia!* Traytor *Borgia!*
Methinks that Word, that Spell, that horrid Sound,
That Groan of Air, would cleave the neighbouring
Rocks,

And ſcare the babbling Echoes from their Dens!

Lee's Caſ. Bor.

OH! my Heart breaks! I'm dying! O ſtand off!
I'll not indulge this Woman's Weakneſs! Still
Chaf'd and fomented, let my Heart ſwell on,
'Till with its Injuries it burſts, and ſhakes
With the dire Blow this Priſon to the Earth!

Orw. Orph.

Now *Minos*, I defy thee;
Even all thy dreadful Magazines of Pains,
Stones, Furies, Wheels, are flight to what I feel,
And Hell it ſelf's Relief!

Smith Phœd. Hipp.

HERE thou haſt rons'd the Lion in my Heart:
Italian Spite, Revenge, and blaſting Fury

Devour my Soul! All Mildness sleeps like Death!
 I boil like Drunkards Veins! Death, Hell, and Ven-
 geance! *Lee's Cæs. Bor.*

PATIENCE, the Refuge of poor stupid Cowards!
 Go bid some massy pond'rous falling Weight,
 Fly from its Center, and remount the Air;
 Then, then I will be patient! *Hig. Gen. Cong.*

BID the Sea listen, when the greedy Merchant,
 To gorge its ravenous Jaws hurls all his Wealth,
 And stands himself upon the splitting Deck,
 For the last Plunge. *Lee's Cæs. Borg.*

LEAVE me to wild Despair!
 Deluding Flatteries of impatient Grief,
 Who think to calm a Tempest with a Song;
 Preach Patience to the Sea, when jarring Winds,
 Throw up her swelling Billows to the Sky!
 And if your Reasons mitigate her Fury,
 My Soul will be as calm! *Smith's P. of Parma.*

IF there were Reasons for these Miseries,
 Then into Limits could I bind my Woes:
 Whene'er Heaven weeps, does not the Earth o'er-
 flow?

If the Winds rage, does not the Sea wax mad,
 Threatening the Welkin with his big swollen Face!
 And wilt thou have a Reason for this Coil?

Sh. Tit. Andr.

O dismal! 'tis not to be born, ye Moralists!
 Ye Talkers! what are all your Precepts now?
 Patience! Distraction! Blast the Tyrant, blast him
 Avenging Lightnings! snatch him hence, ye Fiends!
 Nature can bear no more!

Ruin is on her, and she sinks at once!

Rowe's Tamerl.

SINK

SINK me to death! plunge me in ſtreaming Fire!
Heep Mountains on my Head, and bury my Diſgrace!
I to this Earth will grow!

Outrave the Winter Sea! outrage the Northern Winds!
And with my loud Complaints alarm the Gods,
Till they reſent the Wrongs

Of flattered Virgins, and confound Mankind!

Tate's Loy. Gen.

OH! THINK you ſee me on the naked Shores!
Think how I ſcream, and tear my ſcatter'd Hair!
Break from th' Embraces of my ſhreiking Maids,
And harrow on the Sand my bleeding Boſom!
Then catch with wide ſpread-Arms, the empty Billows,
And Head-long plung into the gaping Deep!

Smith's Phed. Hip.

HAD I been ſinged with Lightning, I had ſtood,
With all my Wrongs, huſh'd as unwindy Night:

But to be ſcorch'd thus by a Candle Snuff,
And which muſt die in its own Noiſomeness,
Makes my Impatience ſwell above all Banks

Of common Temper!

How. D. Lerma.

'TIS all in vain; This Rage that tears thy Boſom,
Like a Bird that Flutters in his Cage,

Thou beats thy ſelf to death!

Rowe's J. Shore.

A LITTLE longer yet, be ſtrong my Heart!

A little longer let the buſy Spirits

Keep on their chearful round! It will not be:

Love, Sorrow, and the Sting of vile Reproach,

Succeeding one another in their Courſe,

Like Drops of eating Water on the Marble,

At length have worn my boaſted Courage down!

I will indulge the Woman in my Soul,

And give a Loofe to Fears, and to Impatience !

Rowe's Tam.

TEMPESTS and Whirlwinds thro' his Boſom move,
Heave up, and madly mount the Soul above
The Reach of Pity, or the Bounds of Love. }

Dr. Cleom.

AT firſt her Rage was dumb, and wanted Words;
But when the Storm found Way, 'twas wild and
loud:

Mad as the Priſteſſs of the *Delphic* God,
Enthuſiaſtic Paſſions ſwell'd her Breſt :
Enlarg'd her Voice, and ruffled all her Form.

Rowe's F. Pen.

THINK you beheld him like a raging Lion,
Pacing the Earth, and tearing up his Steps ;
Fate in his Eyes, and roaring with the Pain
Of burning Fury !

Otw. Orph.

MY Mind, and its Intents are ſavage, wild,
More fierce, and more inexorable far,
Than empty Tygers, or the roaring Sea !

Otw. Cai. Mar.

OH ! give me Daggers, Fire or Water !
How I could bleed ! how burn ! how drown ! the
Waves

Hizzing, and booming round my ſinking Head,
'Till I deſcended to the peaceful Bottom !
O there's all Quiet ! here all Rage and Fury !
The Air's too thin, and pierces my weak Brain !
I long for thick ſubſtantial Sleep. Hell ! Hell !
Burſt from the Centre, rage and roar aloud,
If thou art half ſo mad, ſo hot as I am !

Otw. Ven. Pref.

PA-

PATIENCE! O! I've none!

Go bid the moving Plains of Sand lie ſtill,
And ſtir not when the ſtormy South blows high!
From Top to Bottom thou haſt toſt my Soul,
And now 'tis in the Madneſs of the Whirl,
Requir'ſt a ſudden Stop! *Dr. D. Seb.*

PATIENCE! preach it to the Winds,
To roaring Seas, or raging Fires! The Knaves
That teach it, laugh at you when you believe 'em.
Otw. Orph.

MADNESS! Confuſion! let the Storm come on;
Let the tumultuous Roar drive all upon me!
Daſh my devoted Bark, ye Surges break it:
'Tis for my Ruin that the Tempeſt riſes!

Rowe's Fair Pen.

AWAY, be gone! and give a Whirlwind room!
Or I will blow you up like Duſt! Avaunt!
Madneſs but meanly represents my Toil!
Eternal Diſcord,
Fury, Revenge, Diſdain, and Indignation,
Tear my ſwollen Breſt, make way for Fire and Tem-
peſt!

My Brain is burſt, Debate and Reaſon quench'd!
The Storm is up, and my hot bleeding Heart
Splits with the Rack; while Paſſions, like the Winds,
Riſe up to Heaven, and put out all the Stars!

Lee's Alex.

Oppoſe not Rage, while Rage is in its Force;
But give it way a while, and let it waſte:
The riſing Deluge is not ſtopp'd with Dams;
Thoſe it o'er-bears, and drowns the Hope of Harveſt!
But wiſely manag'd, its divided Strength
Is ſluiced in Channels, and ſecurely drained!

And, while its Force is ſpent, and unſupply'd,
The Reſidue with Mounds may be reſtrain'd,
And dry-ſhod we may paſs the naked Ford!

Shak. Tro. Creſſ.

MAKE thy Demands to thoſe that own thy Pow'r!
Know I am ſtill beyond thee; and tho' Fortune
(Curſe of that changeling Deity of Fools!)
Has ſtrip'd me of this Train, this Pomp of Great-
neſs,

This Outſide of a King! yet ſtill my Soul
Fix'd high, and of her ſelf alone dependent,
Is ever free and Royal! and ev'n now

As at the Head of Battle, does defy thee!
I know what Pow'r the Chance of War has giv'n
thee,

And dare thee to the Uſe on't! This vile Speeching,
This After-Game of Words, is what moſt irks me!
Spare that, and for the reſt, 'tis equal all,
Be it as it may!

Rowe's Tamer.

R A P E.

FORCE is the laſt Relief which Lovers find,
And 'tis the beſt Excuse of Womankind:
It is Reſiſtance that inflames Deſire,
'Sharpens the Dart of Love, and blows the Fire:
Love is diſarm'd that meets with too much Eaſe,
He languiſhes, and does not care to pleaſe:
And therefore 'tis your golden Fruit you guard
With ſo much Care to make Poſſeſſion hard.

Dr. Auren.

WHO'D

WHO'D be that sordid, foolish Thing, call'd Man,
To cringe thus, fawn, and flatter for a Pleasure
Which Beasts enjoy so very much above him?
The lusty Bull ranges thro' all the Field,
And from the Herd singling his Female out,
Enjoys her, and abandons her at will.
It shall be so! I'll yet possess my Love,
Wait on, and watch her loose unguarded Hours;
Then, when her roving Thoughts have been abroad,
And brought in wanton Wishes to her Heart,
I'th' very Minute when her Virtue nods,
I'll rush upon her in a Storm of Love,
Beat down her Guard of Honour all before me.
And surfeit upon Joys till ev'n Desire grows sick.
Otw. Orph.

'Tis nobler, like a Lion, to invade
Where Appetite directs, and seize my Prey,
Than to wait tamely, like a begging Dog,
Till dull Consent throws out the Scraps of Love.
I'll plunge into a Sea of my Desires;
I'll tear up Pleasure by the Roots,
And quench my Fever, tho' I drown my Fame,
Roch. Val.

FORCE never yet a gen'rous Heart did gain :
We yield on Parley, but are storm'd in vain.
Constraint in all Things makes the Pleasure less,
Sweet is the Love which comes with Willingness.
Dryd. Auren.

I LONG to clasp that haughty Maid,
And bend her stubborn Beauty to my Passion.
How will my Bosom swell with anxious Joy,
When I behold her struggling in my Arms,
With glowing Beauty and disorder'd Charms;
I 5 While

While Fear and Anger with alternate Grace
Pant in her Breast, and vary in her Face. *Add. Cat.*

PROCEED, be bold; and scorning to entreat
Think all her Strugglings feign'd, her Cries Deceit.
Not creeping like a Cur that fawns to please,
Nor whine, nor beg, but like a Lion seize.

Lanf. Br. Inch.

AND Women pardon Force, because they find
The Violence of Love is still most kind:
Just like the Plots of well-built Comedies,
Which then please most, when most they do surprize.
But yet Inconstancy Love's noblest End destroys,
Whose highest Joy is in another's Joys.

Dr. Riv. Lad.

WHY should you pluck the green distasteful Fruit
From th' unwilling Bough;
When it may ripen of it self, and fall?

Dryd. Don Seb.

SINCE Love is Choice,
You should have made a Conquest of her Mind,
And not have forc'd her Person by a Rape.

Whether by Force or Stratagem we gain,
Still Gaining is our End in War and Love.

Dryd. K. Arth.

I BLUSH that I have been so calm and tame:
Conquests in Love and War are but the same;
Both reach'd by boldest Hands: And Fools alone
Thank Fate or you, for that which is their own.

How. Vest. Vng.

I'LL fawn no more, but force her to the Bliss;
And glut at once my Vengeance and Desire.

How it would fire my Soul,
To clasp this lovely Fury in my Arms;

Whilist

Whilst ſcorning to be pleas'd, ſhe'd curſe the Pleaſure:

Till with a ſudden Rapture ſeiz'd ſhe'd melt away,
And ſpringing, give a Loofe to luſty Joy.

I'TH' midſt of Groans and Cries and guſhing Tears
You ſhould have raviſh'd her; your royal Hand,
Lock'd in her Amber Hair, ſhould then have forc'd
her:

Who knows but Oppoſition mounts the Joy?
Like that *Athenian* Tyrant, who ne'er took
His Barge for Pleaſure, but in higheſt Storms:
Then would he ſtand, like *Neptune*, on his Deck,
And laugh to ſee the Dolphins back the Billows.

Lee's Mith.

AFTER the dreadful Extaſy was over,
The raviſh'd Maid, half dead with ſhrieking Pray'rs,
Burſt, at the laſt, from my relenting Arms,
Ran to my Sword; of which when I diſarm'd her,
She fled the Room, with Cries, like one diſtracted!
Preſs'd with Remorſe I reſted on my Couch,
And ſlept: But, Oh! a Dream ſo full of Horror,
The pale, the trembling, midnight Ravisher
Ne'er ſaw, when cold *Lucretia's* mourning Shadow
His Curtains drew, and laſh'd him in the Eyes
With her bright Treſſes, dabbl'd in her Blood. *Ibid.*

NOR did I enjoy expected Pleaſure,
Tho' theſe Hands did hold
All Night her panting Beauties to my Breſt:
But, Oh! what Joy, what Pleaſure, what Content
Could my griev'd Heart receive in raviſh'd Kindneſs?
Her Lips, which, if *Ziphares* had been there,
Would ſure have ſhot their gleamy Warmth at diſ-
tance,

Were

Were cold to me, as Odours are in Frost :
 Her Face, like weeping Marble, damp'd my Flames;
 And as I drew her trembling to my Arms
 She fainted ſtill, and wo'd me with ſuch Wailings,
 Such Languifhings, and broken Sighs, to leave her;
 That had not more than monſtrous Appetite
 Transported me, the Roſe had been unblaſted. *Ibid.*

WHAT is her Love, her Virtue, or her Truth?
 The Ravisher has caught her! ſhe muſt yield!
 O how that Image ſtings! Now, now he drags her!
 His luſtful Arm ſtrong twiſted in her Hair,
 In his right Hand with a drawn Sword he threatens:
 See! ſhe reſiſts; and with her tender Nails,
 She tears his Cheeks, and ſtruggles out of Breath:
 On Heaven ſhe calls, on her *Achilles* calls!
 Help! Help! ſhe cries; I can reſiſt no longer,
 The Ravisher's too ſtrong, and Innocence
 Too weak for Luſt! *Laſſ. Her. Love.*

R A V I N G.

MY Reason bears no Rule upon my Tongue,
 But lets my Thoughts break all at random out.

Dr. All for Love.

MY Breath can ſtill the Winds,
 Uncloud the Sun, charm down the ſwelling Sea,
 And ſtop the Floods of Heaven! *Beau. Phil.*

RUN, ſally out, and ſet the World on Fire;
 Alarum Nature; let looſe all the Winds;
 Set free thoſe Spirits, whom ſtrong Magic binds;
 Let the Earth open all her ſulph'rous Veins;
 The Fiends ſtart from their Hell, and ſhake their
 Chains;

Till

Till all Things from their Harmony decline,
And the Confusion be as great as mine.

Orw. D. Carlos.

WHIRL, stop the Sun, arrest his Charioteer;
I'll ride in that away! Pull, pull him down!
Oh! how I hurl the Wildfire as I run!
Now, now I mount!

Ibid.

HARK! Hark! A hallow Voice calls out aloud,
Jocasta! Yes I'll to the Royal Bed,
Where first the Mysteries of our Love were acted,
And double dye it with imperial Crimson!
Tear off this curling Hair!
Begorg'd with Fire, stab every vital Part!
And when at last I'm Slain, to crown the Horror,
My poor tormented Ghost shall cleave the Ground,
To try if Hell can yet more deeply Wound!

Lee's Oed.

'Tis well! I thank you Gods! 'tis wond'rous well!
Daggers and Poison! Oh! there's no need
For my Dispatch! And you, ye merciless Powers!
Hoard up your Thunder-Stones! Keep, keep your Bolts.
For Crimes of little Note!

O barbarous Men! and, oh! the hated Light!
Why did you Force me back to curse the Day!
To curse my Friends, to blast with this dark Breath
The yet untainted Earth, and circling Air!
To raise new Plagues, and call new Vengeance down!
Why did you tempt the Gods, and dare to touch me?
Methinks there's not a Hand that grasps this Hell,
But should run up like Flax, all blazing Fire.

My Wings are on:

I'll mount, I'll fly! and with a Port divine,
Glide all along the gawdy milky Soil,

To

To find my *Laius* out, ask every God
 In his bright Palace, if he knows *Laius*!
 My murdered *Laius*! Shall I not find him out?
 Will you not ſhew him? are my Tears deſpiſed?
 Why then I'll Thunder: Yes I will be mad,
 And fright you with my Cries! Yes cruel Gods!
 Tho' Vultures, Eagles, Dragons, tear my Heart;
 I'll ſnatch celeftial Flames, fire all your Dwellings,
 Melt down your golden Roofs, and make your Doors
 Of Chriſtal fly from off their Diamond Hinges!
 Drive you all out from your ambroſial Hives,
 To ſwarm like Bees about the Field of Heaven!

What Ho! my *Oedipus*! See where he ſtands!
 His groping Gholt is lodged upon a Tow'r!
 Nor can it find the Road! Mount, mount my Soul!
 I'll wrap thy ſhivering Spirit in lambent Flames,
 And ſo we'll fail.

But ſee! We're landed on the happy Coaſt,
 And all the golden Strands are covered o'er,
 With glorious Gods that come to try our Cauſe!
Jove! *Jove*! whoſe Majeſty now ſinks me down!
 He, who himſelf burns in unlawful Fires,
 Shall Judge, and ſhall acquit us. Oh! 'tis done!
 Tis fix'd by Fate, upon Record divine;
 And *Oedipus* ſhall now be ever mine.

SURE it is Doomſday:--- Ha! by Hell it is!
 And ſee the Heavens, and Earth, and Air, all
 On Fire! The very Seas like molten Glaſs,
 Roul their bright Waves, and from the ſmoaky Deep
 Caſt up the glaring Dead! The Trumpet ſounds,
 And the ſwift Angels skim about the Globe,
 To ſummon all Mankind!

Lee's Caſ. Borg

STRIKE, strike your Torches! Bid the Stars descend!

We wander in the Dark!

Hark! *Boreas* musters up his roaring Crew:

My Wings, and I'll among them; Wreath my Head
With flaming Meteors, load my Arms with Thunder;
Which as I nimbly cut my cloudy Way,

I'll hurl on this ungrateful Earth, and laugh
To hear the Mortals yelling.

Ay! There's the *Hesperian* Dragon! I must pass him,
Before I reach the golden Bough: There *Cerberus*,
Gorge thy curs'd Maw with that, and cease thy
barking,

'Tis a delicious Morfel!

Ha! What a merry World is this *Elizium*!

See how the youthful Shepherds trip to th' Pipe,
And fat *Silennus* waddles in the Round!

Beware thy Horns! *Pan*, *Cupid*, with their Bow-
Strings,

Have tied 'em fast to th' Tree!

What's that a Summons to me, from the Gods?

Back *Mercury*, and tell 'em I'll appear.

How! *Juno* dead! The Tunderer then is mine;

And I'll have more than *Juno*'s Privilege!

See how the *Æther* smoaks! The Chrystaline

Fall clattering down! This giddy *Phaeton*

Will set the World on Fire. Down with him *Jove*!

Wilt thou not bolt him? Then I'll act thy Part;

Force from thy flaming Hand the slothful Dart,

And thus I strike my Thunder thro' his Heart.

Tate's Cor.

R E A S O N.

R E A S O N.

DELUDED Man! who fondly proud of Reason,
 Think'st that, thy crazy Nature's Privilege,
 Which is thy great Tormentor! Senseless Fools,
 In stupid Dulness blest'd, are only happy:
 They feel no threatening Evils at a Distance;
 Never reflect on their past Miseries:
 Their solid Comfort is their Want of Sense.
 But Reason is the Tyrant of the Mind;
 Awakes our Thoughts to all our Cares and Griefs;
 Distracts our Hopes, and in a thousand Shapes
 Presents our Fears to multiply our Woes.

Sm. P. of Parma.

REASON! the Pow'r to guess at Right and Wrong!
 The twinkling Lamp
 Of wand'ring Life, that wakes and winks by Turns;
 Fooling the Follower between Shade and Shining!

Cong. M. Br.

REASON was given to curb our headstrong Will,
 And yet but shews a weak Physician's Skill;
 Gives nothing while the raging Fit does last,
 But stays to cure it when the worst is past:
 Reason's a Staff for Age, when Nature's gone;
 But Youth is strong enough to walk alone.

Dr. Cong. Gran.

OH! why did Heaven leave Man so weak Defence,
 To trust frail Reason with the Rule of Sense?
 'Tis over-pois'd, and kick'd up in the Air,
 While Sense weighs down the Scale, and keeps it there—
 Or, like a captive King, 'tis born away,
 And forc'd to countenance its own Rebel's Sway.

O no!

O no! our Reason was not vainly lent,
Nor is a Slave, but by its own Consent!
If Reason on his Subject's triumph wait,
An easy King deserves no better Fate.

Ibid.

WHAT art thou, but the very Source
And Spring, from whence flow all our Miseries?
Thou art that glimmering Light by which alone
We can discern those Crimes, which otherwise
We ne'er had understood, at least as such,
And so had known no Guilt. *Phil. Unn. Bro.*

R E B E L L I O N.

IF that Rebellion

Came like it self, in base and abject Routs,
Led on by bloody Youth, guarded with Rage,
And countenanc'd by Boys and Beggary;
I say, if damn'd Commotion so appear
In his true, native, and most proper Shape;
You, reverend Father, and these noble Lords,
Had not been here to dress the ugly Forms,
Of base and bloody Infurrection
With your fair Honours. You, Lord Archbishop,
Whose See is by a civil Peace maintain'd,
Whose Beard the silver Hand of Peace hath touch'd,
Whose Learning and good Letters, Peace hath tutor'd,
Whose white Investments figure Innocence,
The Dove, and very Blessed Spirit of Peace:
Wherefore do ye so very ill translate your self
Out of the Speech of Peace, that bears such Grace
Into the harsh and boisterous Tongue of War?
Turning your Books to Graves, your Ink to Blood,

Your

Your Pens to Launces, and your Tongue divine,
To a loud Trumpet, and a Point of War.

Sh. Hen, IV.

R E C O N C I L E M E N T.

BEHOLD his Anger melts ! He longs to love you !
To call you Friend ! Then preſs you hard with all
The tender ſpeechleſs Joys of Reconcilement !

Rowe's F. Pen.

WHY doſt thou turn away ? why tremble thus ?
Why thus indulge thy Fears ? and in Deſpair
Abandon thy diſtracted Soul to Horror ?
Caſt every black and guilty Thought behind thee,
And let them never vex thy Quiet more :
My Arms, my Heart, are open to receive thee,
With tender Joy, with fond forgiving Love,
And all the Longings of my firſt Deſires.

Rowe's J. Shore.

CANST thou forgive me ? canſt thou, my *Cleantes* ?
Can I deſerve thus to grow here once more ?
Let me embrace my ſelf quite into thee !

Come, come as fiercely as thou wilt ; I meet thee
I cloſe within thee, and am thou again.

Dryd. Cleantes.

R E G I C I D E.

SHED in a curſed Hour, and by a curſed Hand
Blood Royal, unreveng'd has the curs'd the Land :
Dreadful, indeed ! Blood, and a King's Blood too !
And ſuch a King ! and by his Subjects ſhed !
No wonder then,
If Monſters, Wars, and Plagues, revenge ſuch Crimes

If Heaven be juſt, its whole Artillery,
All muſt be emptied on us: Not one Bolt
Shall err from *Thebes*; but more be call'd for, more
New moulded Thunder of a larger Size,
Driven by whole *Jove*. What! touch anointed Power!
Then Gods beware! *Jove* would himſelf be next,
Could you but reach him too. *Dr. Oedip.*

FINE Work above, that their appointed Care
Should die ſuch Death! *Dr. D. Seb.*

How ſacred ought Kings Lives be held,
When but the Death of one
Demands an Empire's Blood for Expiation!
Lee's Oedip.

IF I could find Example
Of thouſands that had ſtruck anointed Kings,
And flouriſh'd after, I'd not do't: But ſince
Nor Braſs, nor Stone, nor Parchment, bears even one,
Let Villany it ſelf forſwear it. *Shak. Wint. Tale.*

R E J O I C I N G S.

Rowſe up, ye *Thebans*, tune your *Io* *Pæans*;
Your King returns triumphant! Haſte, all haſte,
And meet with Bleſſings our victorious King:
Decree Proceſſions; bid new Holidays;
Crown all the Statues of our Gods with Garlands:
And, as you uſed to ſupplicate your Gods,
So meet your King with Bays and Olive Branches;
Kneel down, and touch his Knees! *Dr. Oedip.*
SUMMONS the Priests to ſpeedy Sacrifice;
Crown every Altar; heap the ſpicy Piles,
Till the vaſt Fanes be hid in ſinoaky Gums:
No penſive Look prophane the general Joy;

Nor

Nor orphan'd Matrons be allow'd to mourn;
Nor Virgins widow'd on their bridal Day.

Tate's Loy. Gen.

LET ſpacious *Crete* throughout her hundred Cities!
Reſound her *Phædra's* Joy. Let Altars ſmoak,
And richeſt Gums, and Spice, and Incenſe roul
The fragrant Wreaths to Heaven, to pitying Heaven!
Set all at large, and bid the loathſome Dungeons,
Give up the meagre Slaves that pine in Darkneſs,
And waſte in Grief! ---

Let them be chear'd ! let the ſtarv'd Priſoners riot,
And glow with generous Wine! Let Sorrow ceaſe;
Let none be wretched, none, ſince *Phædra's* happy!

Smith's Phæd. Hippol.

A LOVE which knows no Bounds to *Antony*,
Would mark the Day with Honours, when all Heaven
Labour'd for him! when each propitious Star
Stood wakeful in his Orb, to watch that Hour,
And ſhed his better Influence! *Dryd. All for Love*

R E L I G I O N.

To prove Religion true,
If either Wit or Sufferings could ſuffice,
All Faiths afford the Conſtant and the Wiſe,
And yet even they, by Education ſway'd,
In Age defend what Infancy obey'd. *Dr. Ind. Empt*

ALL Faiths are to their own Believers juſt;
For none believe becauſe they will, but muſt.

Dr. Tyr. Love

Look round, how Providence beſtows alike
Sun-ſhine and Rain to bleſs the fruitful Year,
On different Nations, all of different Faiths:

And (tho' by ſeveral Names and Titles worſhipp'd,
Heaven takes the various Tribute of their Praise,
ſince all agree to own, at leaſt to mean,
One beſt, one greateſt, only Lord of all.

Rowe's Tamer.

ALL under various Names adore and love,
One Power immenſe, which ever rules above.

Dr. Ind. Emp.

IF You've Religion, keep it to your ſelf;
Atheiſts will elſe make uſe of Toleration,
and laugh you out on't. Never ſhew Religion,
Unleſs you mean to paſs for Knaves of Conſcience,
and cheat believing Fools that think you honeſt.

Otw. Orph.

RELIGIOUS Luſtre is, by native Innocence,
divinely pure and Simple from all Arts :
You daub and dreſs her like a common Miſtreſs,
The Harlot of your Fancies ; and by adding
faſe Beauties, which ſhe wants not, make the World
reſpect her Angel's Face is foul beneath,
and will not bear all Lights.

Rowe's Tamerl.

By Reaſon Man a Godhead can diſcern,
but how he would be worſhipp'd, cannot learn.

Dr. Conq. Gran.

THE ways of Heaven, judged by a private Breſt,
often what's our private Intereſt :
and therefore thoſe who would that Will obey,
Without their Intereſt, muſt their Duty weigh.

Dr. Tyr. Love.

No Power is ſafe, nor no Religion good,
Thoſe Principles of Growth are writ in Blood.

Lee's Caſ. Bor.

Jew,

Jew, Turk, and Chriſtian differ but in Creed;
 In Ways of Wickedneſs they're all agreed :
 None upwards clears the Road; they part, and Cavi-
 But all jog on, unerring, to the Devil.

Laſſ. Jew Ven.

R E P E N T A N C E.

THE Hours of Folly, and of fond Delight
 Are waſted all, and fled: Thoſe that remain
 Are doom'd to weeping Anguiſh and Repentance.

Rowe's F. Pen.

I've inward turn'd my Eyes upon my ſelf.
 Where foul Offence and Shame have laid all waſte:
 Therefore my Soul abhors this wretched Dwelling,
 And longs to find ſome better Place of Reſt. *Ibid.*

KIND Heaven, who knows our weak imperfect
 Nature,

How blind with Paſſion, and how prone to Evil,
 Makes not too ſtrict Enquiry for Offences;
 But is aton'd by Penitence and Prayer:
 Cheap Recompence! here 'twould not be receiv'd;
 Nothing but Blood can make the Expiation,
 And cleanſe the Soul from inbred deep Pollution.

O Diſhonour!

Earth open quick, and take me to the Center;
 Ye Cedars, fall and cruſh me, to conceal me:
 But what Retreat can hide me from my Thoughts?
 For I have ſeen my Shame, and that's to me
 As much as if the aſſembl'd World beheld it!

Den. Rin. & Arm.

WHERE

WHERE shall I find a Refuge?

To barb'rous Nation will receive a Guilt
Too much transcending their's; but drive me out:
The wildest Beasts will hunt me from their Dens,
And Birds of Prey molest me in the Grave.

Lee's Alex.

You should have drawn your Swords,
And barr'd my Rage with their advancing Points;
Made Reason glitter in my dazzl'd Eyes,
Till I had seen what Ruin did attend me:
This had been noble, this had shew'd a Friend!
That you have let me stain my rising Virtue,
Which else had ended brighter than the Sun!
Death, Hell and Furies! you have sunk my Glories!
I'm all a Blot! which Seas of Tears,
And my Heart's Blood, can never wash away! *Ibid.*

O YE Powers! that search
The Heart of Man, and weigh his inmost Thoughts!
I've done amiss, impute it not:
The best may err, but you are good! *Add. Cat.*

THESE Books teach holy Sorrow and Contrition,
And Penitence. Is it become an Art then?
Trick that lazy, dull, luxurious Gownmen
Can teach us to do over? I'll no more on't.
The more real Anguish in my Heart,
Than all their Pedant Discipline e'er knew.

Rowe's F. Pen.

THOUGHTS cannot form themselves in Words so
horrid
Can express my Guilt. *Dr. All for Love.*

LET

LET that Night,
 That guilty Night, be blotted from the Year!
 Let not the Voice of Mirth or Muſic know it!
 Lett it be dark and deſolate; no Stars
 To glitter o'er it: Let it wiſh for Light,
 Yet want it Still, and vainly wait the Dawn!
 For 'twas the Night that gave me up to ſhame!

Rowe's F. Po.

THIS fatal Form, that drew on my Undoing,
 Faſting and Tears, and Hardſhips ſhall deſtroy:
 Nor Light, nor Food, nor Comfort will I know,
 Nor ought that may continue hated Life.
 Then, when you ſee me meagre, wan, and changed,
 Stretch'd at my Length, and dying in my Cave,
 On that cold Earth I mean ſhall be my Grave,
 Perhaps you may relent, and ſighing ſay,
 At length her Tears have waſh'd her Stains away;
 At length 'tis Time, her Punishment ſhould ceaſe:
 Die then poor ſuffering Wretch, and be at Peace.

LET Wretches loaded hard with Guilt, as I am,
 Bow with the Weight, and groan beneath the Burden
 Creep with the Remnant of the Strength they've leſt
 Before the Foot-ſtool of the Heaven they've injur'd

Otw. Ven. Po.

OH! my Offence is rank! It ſmells to Heaven!
 It has the primal eldeſt Curſe upon it,
 A Brother's Murder! Pray I cannot;
 Tho' Inclination be as ſharp as will,
 My ſtronger Guilt, defeats my ſtrong Intent;
 And like a Man to double Buſineſs bound,
 I ſtand in pauſe, where I ſhall firſt begin,
 And both neglect. What if this curſed Hand.

We

Were thicker than it self with Brother's Blood,
Is there not Rain enough in the sweet Heav'n's
To wash it white as Snow? Whereto serves Mercy,
But to confront the Visage of Offence?
And what's in Prayer, but this two-fold Force,
To be forestall'd e'er we come to fall,
Or pardon'd, being down? Then I'll look up;
My Fault is past: But, oh! what Form of Pray'r
Can serve my Turn? Forgive me my foul Murder!
That cannot be, since I am still possess'd
Of those Effects for which I did the Murder!
My Crown, my own Ambition, and my Queen!
May one be pardon'd and retain th' Offence?

Shak. Ham.

IN the corrupted Currents of this World,
Offence's gilded Hand may shove by Justice;
And oft 'tis seen, the wicked Prize it self
Buys out the Law: But 'tis not so above;
There is no shuffling: There the Action lies
In its true Nature; and we our selves compell'd,
Ev'n to the Teeth and Foreheads of our Faults,
To give in Evidence. What then? what rests?
Try what Repentance can! what can it not?
Yet what can it, when one cannot repent?
O wretched State! O Bosom, black as Death!
O limed Soul, that struggling to be free,
Art more engag'd. Help Angels! make Essay!
How stubborn Knees; and Heart with Strings of
Steel,
As soft as Sinews of the new-born Babe:
All may be well.

Shak. Ham.

FOR true Repentance never comes too late;
As soon as born, she makes her self a Shroud,

The weeping Mantle of a fleecy Cloud:
 And ſwift as Thought her airy Journey takes,
 Her Hand Heav'n's Azure Gate with trembling ſtrikes;
 The Stars do with Amazement on her look;
 She tells her Story in ſo ſad a Tone,
 That Angels ſtart from Blifs, and give a Groan.

Lee's Maſſ. Par.

So cheers ſome pious Saint a dying Sinner,
 Who trembled at the Thought of Pains to come
 With Heav'n's Forgiveness, and the Hopes of Mercy.

At length the Tumult of his Soul's appeas'd,
 And e'ery Doubt and anxious Scruple eas'd,
 Boldly he proves the dark, uncertain Road,
 The Peace his holy Comforter beſtow'd,
 Guides, and protects him like a guardian God.

Rowe's Tam.

R E P U T A T I O N.

GOOD Name in Man or Woman
 Is the immediate Jewel of our Souls.
 Who ſteals my Purſe, ſteals Traſh; 'tis Something,
 Nothing:

'Twas mine, 'tis his, and has been Slave to Thouſands:
 But he that filches from me my good Name,
 Robs me of that which not enriches him,
 And makes me poor indeed.

Shak. Oth.

THE talking World may perſecute her Name,
 Her Honour bleeds not, when they wound her Fame:
 Honour's the Soul, which nought but Guilt can
 wound,

Fame is the Trumpet which the People ſound.

Daven. S. Rhod.

THE pureſt Treafure mortal Times afford,
Is ſpotleſs Reputation: That away,
Men are but gilded Loam, or painted Clay.
A Jewel in a ten times barr'd up Cheſt,
Is a bold Spirit in a loyal Breſt. *Shak. Rich. II.*

O Reputation! dearer far than Life,
Thou precious Baſam, lovely ſweet of Smell,
Whoſe cordial Drops once ſpilt by ſome raſh Hand,
Not all the Owner's Care, nor the repenting Toil
Of the rude Spiller, ever can collect
To its firſt Purity and native Sweetneſs.

Sewel's Sir W. Ral.

RETIREMENT.

AH Prince! haſt thou but known the Joys which
dwell

With humble Fortunes, thou wouldſt curſe thy
Royalty!

Had Fate allotted us ſome obſcure Village,
Where only bleſt with Life's Neceſſaries
We might have paſſ'd in Peace our happy Days,
Free from the Cares which Crowns and Empires
bring!

There no Step-mother, no ambitious Mother,
No wicked Statesman, would with impious Arts
Have ſtrove to wreſt from us our ſmall Inheritance,
Or ſtir the ſimple Hinds to noiſy Faction!
Our Nights had been all bleſt with balmy Slumbers,
And all our waking Hours been crown'd with Love!

Rowe's Amb. Step.

HAS not old Cuſtom made this Life more ſweet
Than that of painted Pomp? Are not theſe Woods
More

More free from Peril than the anxious Court?
 And this our Life, exempt from public Haunt,
 Finds Tongues in Trees, Books in the running
 Brooks,
 Sermons in Stones, and Good in every Thing!

Shak. As you like it.

LET me advise thee to retreat betimes
 To thy paternal Seat, the *Sabine* Field,
 Where the great Cenfor toil'd with his own Hand,
 And all our frugal Ancestors were blest
 In humble Virtues, and a rural Life!
 There live retir'd; pray for the Peace of *Rome*;
 Content thy self to be obscurely good!
 When Vice prevails, and impious Men bear Sway,
 The Post of Honour is a private Station! *Add. Cat.*

R E T R E A T.

PROUD in his Loss, and rising in his Fall,
 He, at the last, retreated like a Lion,
 Whom a bold Band of Huntsmen having found,
 And dar'd to raise, he rolls his Eyes around,
 Lashing his Sides, and tearing up the Ground:
 With Trouble from th' unequal Skirmish goes,
 Majestic stalks along, and turns upon his Foes.

R E V E N G E.

NOW might I do it now he's praying:
 And now I'll do't; and so he goes to Heav'n!
 And so am I reveng'd! That would be scann'd.
 A Villain kills my Father; and for that
 I, his foul Son, do this same Villain send

To

To Heav'n! Oh! this is Hire and Salary, not Revenge!
He took my Father groſſly, full of Bread,
With all his Crimes broad-blown, and freſh as *May*;
And how his Audit ſtands, who knows, ſave Heav'n!
But in our Circumſtance, and Courſe of Thought,
'Tis heavy with him! Am I then reveng'd,
To take him in the Purging of the Soul,
When he is fit and ſeaſon'd for his Paſſage?
No! up Sword, and know thou a more horrid Bent:
When he is drunk, aſleep, or in his Rage,
Or in th' inceſtuous Pleaſure of his Bed!
At gaming, ſwearing, or about ſome Act
That has no Reliſh of Salvation in it!
Then trip him, that his Heels may kick at Heav'n,
And that his Soul may be as damn'd, and black
As Hell whereto it goes. Then I with Wings as
ſwift

As Meditation, or the Thoughts of Love,
Will ſweep to my Revenge. *Shak. Ham.*

A BASE Revenge is Vengeance on my ſelf.

'Dr. Don Sebaſt.

REVENGE, th' Attribute of Gods! They ſtamp'd
it

With their great Image on our Natures!

Otw. Ven. Pref.

REVENGE, the darling Attribute of Heav'n!

But Man, unlike his Maker, bears too long,
Still more expos'd, the more he pardons Wrong:
Great in forgiving, and in ſuff'ring brave;
To be a Saint, he makes himſelf a Slave.

Dr. Sp. Friar.

REVENGE and Pleasure

Have Ears more deaf than Adders, to the Voice
Of true Decision. *Shak. Tro. Cress.*

OH! what a Conflict do I feel! How am I
Toss'd like a Ship, 'twixt two encount'ring Tides!
Love that was banish'd hence, would feign return,
And force an Entrance: But Revenge!
Revenge! the Porter of my Soul is deaf,
Deaf, as the Adder, and as full of Poison!
Mighty Revenge! that singly canst o'erthrow
All those joint Pow'rs which Nature, Virtue, Ho-
nour

Can raise against thee! *Den. Soph.*

My Vengeance, ripen'd in the Womb of Time,
Presses for Birth, and longs to be disclos'd.

Dryd. D. Gnise.

WILL I revenge her? Yes, at such a Rate,
That even the World's last Age shall hear and tremble.
Oh! I will take the Villain in his Height!
Yes, in the Height of his presumptuous Pride,
And in the Foam of all his blust'ring Rage;
And when he's most secure, and highest soars;
Then dash him from his Mountain heap'd on Moun-
tains,

And from his Affectation of Divinity,
Down, down to the Abyss! But dash him so,
That he may feel the Blow, and die blaspheming!
Humble his Pride, extinguish his mad Rage,
And kill the Tyrant first, and then the Man!

Den. App. Virg.

LET not *Medea's* dreadful Vengeance stand
A Pattern more, but draw your own so fierce,

It may for ever be th' Original!

Touch not, but dash with Strokes ſo bravely bold,
Till you have form'd a Face of ſo much Horror,
That gaping Furies may run frighted back!
That Fury may devour her ſelf for Madneſs,
And ſad *Meduſa's* Head be turn'd to Stone.

Lee's Alex.

YES, *Alexander*, now thou pay'ſt me well:
Blood for a Blow is Intereſt indeed!
Methinks I am grown taller with the Murder;
And ſtanding ſtrait on this majestic Pile,
I hit the Clouds, and ſee the World below me. *Ibid.*

PEACE then, full Heart! move like a Cloud about!
And when Time ripens thee to break, O ſhed
The Stock of all thy Poiſon on his Head! *Ibid.*

Tho' the Earth yawn'd ſo wide
That all the Labours of the Deep were ſeen,
And *Alexander* ſtood on th' other ſide,
I'd leap the burning Ditch to give him Death,
Or ſink my ſelf for ever! *Ibid.*

REMEMBER he's a Man: His Fleſh is ſoft,
And penetrable as a Girl's: We've ſeen him wounded;
A Stone has ſtruck him, yet no Thunder-bolt;
A Pebble fell'd this *Jupiter* along:
A Sword has cut him, and a Javelin pierc'd him;
A Surfeit, nay, a Fit of common Sickneſs,
Brings this Immortal to the Gate of Death. *Ibid.*

DOWN ſtruggling Nature,
Be ſtrangl'd in me all Remorſe, all Thoughts
Of Pity: Yet I will be calmly cruel,
Nor ſhall he find the Depth of my Revenge.

VENGEANCE is in my Heart, Death in my Hand!
Blood and Revenge are brooding in my Skull!

Shak. Tit. And.

THAT sweet Revenge comes smiling to my
Thoughts;

Adorns my Fall, and cheers my Heart in dying!

Rowe's F. Pen.

MY Brain runs this and that Way; 'twill not fix
On ought but Vengeance!

Dryd. D. Gnise.

JEALOUSY of LOVE

Greater than Fame! Thou eldest of all Passions!

Or rather all in one! I here invoke thee,

Where'er thou'rt thron'd, in Air, or Earth, or Hell,
Wing me to my Revenge, to Blood and Ruin! *Ibid.*

SHALL I trust Heav'n

With my Revenge? Then where's my Satisfaction?
No, it must be my own; I scorn a Proxy!

Dryd. Don Seb.

HAD all his Hairs been Lives, my great Revenge
Had Stomach for them all.

Shak. Oth.

'Tis brave and noble when the falling Weight
Of my own Ruin crushes those I hate.

Den. Soph.

I'd have thee be a Man, if possible,
And keep thy Temper; for a brave Revenge
Ne'er comes too late.

Otw. Ven. Pres.

WHAT servile Rascal, what most abject Slave,
That lick'd the Dust where'er his Master trod,
Bounded not from the Earth upon his Feet,
And shook his Chains, that heard of *Brutus'* Ven-
geance?

Who, that e'er heard the Cause, applauded not

That *Roman* Spirit for his great Revenge? *Rock. Val.*

ALL

ALL Stratagems are lawful in Revenge:
Promise, deceive, betray, or break your Trust,
Who rights his Honour, cannot be unjust.

Ravens. Ital. Husb.

R I V A L

WHEN Fame's the Mistress, more than one may
prove
Happy at once: But 'tis not so in Love!

How. Vest. Virg.

LOVE cannot, like the Wind, it self convey
To fill two Sails, tho' both are spread one Way.

How. Ind. Queen.

EV'N Love's an Empire too! the noble Soul,
Like Kings, is covetous of single Sway! *Dr. K. Arth.*

AND shall the Daughter of *Darius* hold him?

That puny Girl, that Ape of my Ambition!

Who cry'd for Milk, when I was nurs'd in Blood!

Shall she, made up of wat'ry Element,

A Cloud; shall she embrace my proper God,

While I am cast like Lightning from his Hand?

No, I must scorn to prey on common Things:

Tho' hurl'd to Death by this disdainful *Jove*,

I will rebound to my own Orb of Fire,

And with the Rack of all the Heav'ns expire!

Lee's Alex.

MY Fancy is too exquisite,
And tortures me with their imagin'd Bliss:
Some Earthquake should have ris'n, and rent the
Ground,

Have swallow'd him, and left the longing Bride
In Agony of unaccomplish'd Love! *Dr. Don Seb.*

K 5

WHAT!

WHAT! shall *Semanthe* triumph in my Spoils?
 Shall she enjoy him all, while I stand wishing,
 And like a Spirit damn'd, am robb'd of Hope?
 O Hell! it mads my Reason but to think on't!
 I shall become their May-game :

At their loose Intervals of calmer Love
 She'll hang upon his Lips, and beg him tell
 The Story of my Passion o'er again!
 Which he relates; and with a scornful Smile
 Adds to my Shame, to make the Girl more vain.

South. Loy. Br.

LOVE, and a Crown, no Rivalship can bear;
 All precious Things are still possess'd with Fear.

Dryd. Auren.

LOVERS, like Misers, cannot bear the Stealth
 Of the least Trifle from their endless Wealth.

Sed. Ant. Cleop.

ROXANA then enjoys my perjur'd Love!

Roxana clasps my Monarch in her Arms!
 Doats on my Conqu'ror, my dear Lord, my King!
 Devours his Lips, eats him with hungry Kisses!
 She grasps him all! She, the cursed happy she!
 By Heav'n, I cannot bear it! 'tis too much!
 I'll die, or rid me of this burning Torture!
 It will have Remedy; I will, I will,
 Or grow distracted! Madness may throw off
 This mighty Load, and drown the flaming Passion!

Lee's Alex.

OH! I shall find *Roxana* in his Arms,
 And taste her Kisses left-upon his Lips:
 Her curs'd Embraces have defil'd his Body,
 Nor shall I meet the wonted Sweetness there,
 But artificial Smells, and aking Odours.

Ibid!
 MY

My Life! My Soul! My all! *Octavia* has him!
O fatal Name to *Cleopatra's* Love!
My Kisses, my Embraces now are her's!

Dr. All for Love.

METHINKS I see her yonder! O the Torment!
Busy for Bliss, and full of Expectation,
She adorns her Head, and gives her Eyes new Lustre!!
Languishes in her Glass, tries all her Looks;
Steps to the Door, and listens for his coming;
Runs to the Bed, and Kneels, and Weeps and Wishes!!
Then lays the Pillow easy for his Head,
Warms it with Sighs, and Moulds it with her Kisses!!
O I am lost! Torn with Imagination!
Kill me *Cassandra*, kill me instantly,
That I may haunt her with a thousand Devils!!

Lee's Alex.

SAILING.



WHEN Barks glide slowly thro' the
lazy Main,
The baff'd Pilots turn the Helm in
vain;
When driven by Winds, they cut the
foamy Way,
The Rudders govern, and the Ships obey.

Smith's Phad. Hipp.

THE

THE threaden Sails
 Born with the inviſible and creeping Wind,
 Draw the huge Bottom thro' the furrow'd Seas,
 Breasting the lofty Surge. *Shak. Hen. V.*

S C O R N.

I FEEL your Scorn cold as the Hand of Death.
Dr. Tyr. Love.

OH! what a deal of Scorn looks beautiful
 In the Contempt and Anger of her Lip!
Shak. Twelfth Night.

OH! what a thing, ye Gods, is Scorn or Pity!
 Heap on me, Heaven, the Hate of all Mankind;
 Load me with Malice, Envy, Detestation;
 Let me be horrid to all Apprehension;
 Let the World shun me, so I 'scape but Scorn!
Lee's Theod.

LOVE will not always last,
 When urged with long Unkindness and Disdain!
Dr. All for Love.
 'Tis sweet to love; but when with Scorn we
 meet,
 Revenge Supplies the Loss with Joys as great.
Lansd. Br. Inch.

S C U L L.

Ham. ALAS, poor *Torick*, I knew him well,
Horatio; a Fellow of infinite Jest, of most excellent
 Fancy: He hath born me on his Back a thousand
 Times; and how abhorr'd my Imagination is? my
 Gorge rises at it! Here hung those Lips that I have
 kiss'd

kiss'd I know not how oft. Where be your Jibes now? Your Gambols? Your Songs? Your Flaſhes of Merriment that were wont to ſet the Table in an Uproar? No one now to mark your own Jeering! Quite Chapfallen! Now get you to my Lady's Chamber, and tell her, let her paint an Inch thick: To this Favour ſhe muſt come: Make her laugh at that. Prethee, *Horatio*, tell me one Thing.

Hor. WHAT'S that my Lord?

Ham. Doeſt thou think *Alexander* look'd o'this Fashion in the Earth.

Hor. EVEN ſo, my Lord.

Ham. To what baſe Uſe we may return, *Horatio*! Why may not Imagination trace the noble Duſt of *Alexander*, till he find it ſtopping a Bung-Hole?

Hor. 'T WERE to conſider too curiouſly, to conſider ſo.

Ham. No Faith, not a Jot: But to follow him thither with Modeſty enough, and Likelihood to lead it; as thus: *Alexander* died; *Alexander* was buried; *Alexander* return'd into Duſt: The Duſt is Earth; of Earth we make Loam: And why of that Loam, where-to he was converted, might not they ſtop a Barrel?

IMPERIAL *Cæſar* dead and turn'd to Clay,
Might ſtop a Hole to keep the Wind away.
O that the Earth, which kept the World in Awe,
Should patch a Wall, t'expell the Winter's Flaw!

Shak. Ham.

SECRETS.

SECRETS are edged Tools,
And muſt be kept from Children and from Fools.

Dr. Mar. A-la-mode.

BE

BE ſecret all: Be huſh'd,
As Urns and Monuments, that never blab.

Lee's Maſſ. of Paris.

BE ſecret and diſcreet: Love's fairy Favours
Are loſt, when not conceal'd.

Dr. Sp. Friar.

OH! I will keep this Secret!

No Racks, no Shame, ſhall ever force it from me!

Smith's Phæd. Hip.

Y O U R Thoughts are ſtill as much your own,
As when you kept the Key of your own Breſt.

Dr. D. of Guiſe.

I never ſpeak,

Not when alone, for fear ſome Fiend ſhould hear,
And blab my Secret out.

Dr. D. of Guiſe.

A MIGHTY Secret labours in my Soul;
And like a ruſhing Stream, breaks down the Dams,
To find a Vent!

Dr. Love Tri.

L O N G has this Secret ſtruggl'd in my Breſt;
Long has it rack'd and rent my tortur'd Boſom!

Smith's Phæd. Hip.

'T I S Heaven alone can tell,
How fatally the Secret ſtruggles here!
With what impetuous Force it beats my Breſt,
And tears away my Quiet in its Way.

South. Diſap.

W E ' L L unlock
Our ſaſteſt Secrets; ſhed upon each other,
Our tenderſt Cares; and quite unbar thoſe Doors
Which ſhall be ſhut to all Mankind beſides!

Lee's Theod.

H E who truſts a Secret to his Servant,
Makes his own Man his Maſter.

Dryd. Amphr.

SHAME

S H A M E.

I KNOW not how to tell thee!

Shame rises in my Face, and interrupts

The Story of my Tongue!

Otw. Orph.

MOON step behind some Cloud! Some Tempest
rise

And blow out all the Stars, that light the Skies,

To shroud my Shame!

Dr. Ind. Emp.

OH! thou hast known but little of *Calista*!

If thou hadst never heard my Shame; if only

The Midnight Moon, and silent Stars had seen it,

I would not bear to be reproach'd by them;

But dig down deep, to find a Grave beneath,

And hide me from their Beams:

Rowe's F. Pen.

S H I P.

Guion. As far as I could cast my Eyes

Upon the Sea, something methought did rise

Like blewish Mists, which still appearing more,

Took dreadful Shapes, and thus mov'd towards the
Shore:

The Object I could first distinctly view,

Was tall strait Trees, which on the Water flew:

Wings on their Sides, instead of Leaves did grow,

Which gathered all the Breath the Winds could blow;

And at their Roots grew floating Palaces,

Whose out-blow'd Bellies cut the yielding Seas!

Montezuma. WHAT divine Monsters, O ye Gods!
are these,

That float in Air, and fly upon the Seas?

Came they alive, or dead, upon the Shore?

Guion.

Guyom. A L A S ! they live too sure : I heard
Roar :

All turn'd their Sides, and to each other spoke ;
I saw their Words break out in Fire and Smoke.
Sure 'tis their Voice that Thunders from on high,
And these the younger Brothers of the Sky :
Deaf with the Noise, I took my hasty Flight,
No mortal Courage can support the Fright.

Dr. Ind. Emp.

THIS floating Ram did bear his Horns above,
All tied with Ribbands, ruffling in the Winds ;
Sometimes he nodded down his Head awhile,
And then the Waves did heave him to the Moon ;
He clamb'ring to the Top of all the Billows !
And then again he curtesy'd down so low,
I could not see him ; 'till at last all side-long,
With a great crack, his Belly burst in Pieces.

Shak. Temp.

S I C K N E S S

THE Disease

First on our Cattle seiz'd : The generous Horse,
That bore his Rider safe thro' armed Ranks,
Snapping in sunder Darts and Spears, then fell
Unhurt, untouch'd ! From Beasts it spread to Men !
The merry *Greeks*, as at their Cups they sit,
Drop in the midst of Laughter ; as some huge Tower,
At which Men gaze astonish'd at its Strength ;
If Waters undermine, and Springs unseen,
Sap its Foundation, unawares comes down,
And covers with its Ruins all the Place !

So look our ſtrong Battalions, and ſo fall
Whole Ranks at once, and the Dead lye on Heaps!

Lanſd. Her. Love.

O *Chryſes*! *Chryſes*! look on yonder Camp!
Behold whole Heaps of Dead, without one Wound!
Behold, how like the Dead the Living look!
So near their End, that they who wait their Friends
To the laſt Rites, are burnt on the ſame Pile!
The ſturdy *Greeks*, unfinew'd by Diſeaſes,
That firmly went, impreſſing deep the Ground,
On which they trod, with their large luſty Strides,
Now ſcarcely crawl, ſupported on their Spears. *Ibid.*

PHYSICIANS had forſaken his Cure:
All ſcorch'd without, and all parch'd up within;
The Moiſture that maintain'd conſuming Nature,
Lick'd up, and in a Fever fry'd away! *Dr. Riv. Ladies.*

He had a Fever when he was in *Spain*,
And when the Fit was on him, I did mark
How he did ſhake! 'Tis true, this God did Shake!
His Coward Lips did from their Colour fly;
And that ſame Eye, whoſe Bend does awe the World,
Did loſe his Luſtre! I did hear him Groan!
And that Tongue of his, that bad the *Romans*
Mark him, and write his Speeches in their Books,
Alas! it cried, give me ſome Drink, *Titinius*,
As a ſick Girl. *Shak. Jul. Ceſar.*

AND thus the Wretch, whoſe Fever-weaken'd
Joints,
Like ſtrengthleſs Hinges buckle under Life,
Impatient of his Fit, breaks like a Fire,
Out of his Keeper's Arms. *Shak. Hen. IV.*

As

As he who in a Fever burning lies,
 First of his Friends does for a Drop implore,
 Which tasted once unable to give o'er,
 Knows 'tis his Bane, yet still he thirsts after more!

Otw. D. Carl

S I G H.

HE raised a Sigh so hideous and profound,
 That it did seem to shatter all his Bulk,
 And end his Being.

Shak. Ham

THEN such deep Sighs, heav'd from his woful
 Heart,

As if his sorrowful Soul,
 Had crack'd the Strings of Life, and burst away!

Lee's Oed

HE knock'd his aged Breast, and inward groan'd,
 Like some sad Prophet, who foresaw the Doom,
 Of those whom best he loved, yet could not save.

Dr. Don Seb

KEEP down ye rising Sighs,
 And murmur in the Hollow of my Breast;
 Run to my Heart, and gather more sad Wind:
 That when the Voice of Fate shall call you forth,
 You may at once rush from the Seat of Life,
 Blow the Blood out, and burst me like a Bladder!

Lee's Alex

HE fetches Sighs:
 Which, while he vainly Struggles to repress,
 With terrible Convulsions shake his Soul.

Den. Rin. Arm

HIS Sighs flew from him with so strong a Gale,
 As if his Soul would thro' his Lips exhale.

Lee's Sophon
A Sigh

A SIGH heaves in my Breast,
And stops the struggling Accents on my Tongue!

Rowe's Tam.

Go, my Heart's Envoy, tender Sighs, make haste,
And with your Breath swell the soft *Zephyrus* Blast!
Then near that fair one, if you chance to fly,
Tell her in Whispers, 'tis for her I die!

Steele's Tender Husband.

I WILL be calm, press down the rising Sighs,
And stifle all the Swellings in my Heart!

Lee's Cas. Bor.

WHEN my Heart was ready with a Sigh to cleave
in two,

I have with mighty Anguish of my Soul,
Just at the Birth, stiff'd this still-born Sigh,
And forced my Heart into a painful smile!

Shak. Troil. Cress.

THE murmuring Gale revives the drooping Flame,
That at thy Coldness languish'd in my Breast:

So breathe the gentle *Zephyrus* on the Spring,
And waken every Plant and od'rous Flower,
Which Winter Frost had blasted, to new Life.

Rowe's Tam.

S I G H T.

I'LL feed my famish'd Eyes
With looking on her: 'Tis a Sight indeed
For the high mounted Sun, in all his Pride,
To stop and wonder at! Let me fix here;
Stretch wide the Gates of Sight, to take her in,
In the full Triumph of her conquering Charms!

My

My eager Eyes devour her Beauties up,
 Infatiable, and longing still for more!

South. Fate Capua

YET, I behold her! yet! and no more!
 Turn your Lights inward, Eyes, and view my
 Thoughts,
 So shall you still behold her! ---- 'Twill not be!
 O Impotence of Sight, mechanic Sense!
 Which to exterior Objects ow'st thy Faculty,
 Not seeing of Election, but Necessity!
 Thus do our Eyes, as do all common Mirrors,
 Successively reflect succeeding Images:
 Not what they would, but must! A Star, a Toad;
 Just as the Hand of Chance administers!
 Not to the Mind, whose undetermin'd View
 Resolves, and to the present brings the past,
 Effaying farther to Futurity!
 But that in vain I have *Almeria* here,
 At once as I before have seen her often.

Cong. M. Bride

YOU see thro' Love, and that deludes your Sight
 As what is strait, seems crooked thro' the Water.

Dr. All for Love

S I L E N C E.

SILENCE, more dreadful than severest Sounds
 Would she but speak, tho' Death, eternal Exile,
 Hung at her Lips, yet while her Tongue pronounced
 There would be Music, even in my Undoing.

Lee's Alex

FAR from my Lips, within my Breast I'll keep it,
 Nor breathe it softly to my self alone,

Lo

lest some officious murmuring Wind should tell it,
and babbling Echoes catch the feeble Sound.

Rowe's Ulyss.

SILENT as the extatic Bliss
of Souls, that by Intelligence converse. *Otw. Orph.*
STILL as the Bosom of the desert Night,
as fatal Planets, or deep plotting Friends. *Lee's Alex.*
STILL as the peaceful Walks of antient Night,
as are the Lamps that burn in Tombs.

Shak. King Lear.

When Wit and Reason both have fail'd to move }
and Looks and Actions from Success do prove, }
in Silence may be eloquent in Love.

Cong. Old Batch.

S I N.

THERE is a Method in Man's Wickedness;
it grows up by Degrees. *Beaum. King and no King.*
HELL gives us Art to reach the Depth of Sin,
it leaves us wretched Fools, when we are in.

Beaum. Q. Corinth.

IN strict Virtue, listening to a Crime
and not rejecting, is it self a Crime. *Dr. Love Trium.*
BUT when a Monarch Sins, it should be secret,
to keep exterior shew of Sanctity,
to maintain Respect, and cover bad Example:
for Kings and Priests are in a Manner bound,
for Rev'rence sake, to be close Hypocrites.
to be Secret, makes not Sin the less;
it is only hidden from the vulgar View;

Main-

Maintains indeed the Reverence due to Princes,
But not absolves the Conscience from the Crime.

Dr. Amp.

OH! you have perpetrated such a Crime,
As frighten'd Nature; made the Saints above,
Shake Heaven's eternal Pavement with their Trembling,
To view that Act!

Dr. Don Seb.

HEAVENS should be ingenious
In punishing such Crimes: The rolling Stone,
And gnawing Vulture, were slight Pains invented,
When *Jove* was young, and no Examples known
Of mighty Ills; but you have ripen'd Sin,
To such a monstrous Growth, 'twill pose the Gods,
To find an equal Torture!

Dr. All for Love.

S I R E N.

THUS as a Mariner, that sails along,
With Pleasure hears th' enticing *Siren's* Song:
Unable quite his strong Desires to bound,
Boldly leaps in, tho' certain to be drown'd.

Otw. Don Carl.

THE false *Siren*,
No longer hiding her uncomely Parts,
Struts on the Waves, and shews the Brute below.

Dr. Cleom.

SH'A S charm'd thee like a *Siren* to her Bed,
With looks of Love, and with enchanting Sounds:
Too late the Rocks and Quicksands will appear,
When thou art wreck'd upon the faithless Shore,
By following her Delusion!

Rowe's F. Pen.

SLANDER.

S L A N D E R.

IT is a busy talking World,
That with licentious Breath blows like the Wind
Freely on the Palace, as the Cottage.

Rowe's F. Pen.

O WHERE is Honour safe? Not with the Living!
They feed upon Opinions, Errors, Dreams,
And make them Truths: They draw a Nourishment
Out of Defamings; grow upon Disgraces:
And when they see a Virtue fortify'd
Strongly, above the Batt'ry of their Tongues,
Oh! how they cast to sink it! And defeated,
Half-sick with Poison, strike the Monuments
Where noble Names lie sleeping, till they sweat,
And the cold Marble melt.

Beaum. Phil.

WHEN it concerns himself,
Who is angry at a Slander, makes it true. *Job. Catal.*
Oh! that the busy World, at least in this,
Should take Example from a Wretch like me!
One would then waste their Hours in foreign
Thoughts,

Forget themselves, and what concerns their Peace,
Tread the Mazes of fantastic Falshood;
Haunt her idle Sounds and flying Tales
To all the noisy giddy Courts of Rumour!
Licentious Slander never would have Leisure
To search, with prying Eyes, for Faults abroad,
But, like me, consider'd their own Hearts,
And wept the Sorrows which they found at Home!

Rowe's J. Shore.

'Tis

'Tis Slander,
 Whoſe Edge is ſharper than the Sword, whoſe
 Tongue
 Out-venoms all the Worms of Nile; whoſe Breath
 Rides on the poſting Winds, and doth belye
 All Corners of the World! Kings, Queens, and
 States,
 Maids, Matrons, nay, the Secrets of the Grave,
 This vip'rous Slander enters! *Shak. Cymb.*

S L E E P.

O HAPPY, happy Thou!
 Who thus canſt ſleep: I never ſhall ſleep more!
 If then to ſleep be to be happy, he
 Who ſleeps the longeſt, is the happieſt:
 Death is the longeſt Sleep! *South. Fat. Mar.*

How many thouſand of my pooreſt Subjects
 Are at this Hour aſleep. O Sleep! O gentle Sleep!
 Nature's ſoft Nurſe! how have I frighted thee,
 That thou no more wilt weigh my Eyelids down,
 And ſleep my Senſes in Forgetfulneſs!
 Why rather, Sleep, lieſt thou in ſmoky Cribs,
 Upon uneaſy Pallats ſtretching thee,
 And huſh'd with buſy Night-Flies to thy Slumber,
 Than in the perfum'd Chambers of the Great?
 Under the Canopies of coſtly State,
 And lull'd with Sounds of ſweeteſt Melody?
 O thou dull God! why lieſt thou with the Vile
 In loathſome Beds, and leav'ſt the Kingly Couch,
 A Watch Caſe, or a common Larum Bell?
 Wilt thou upon the high and giddy Maſt,
 Seal up the Ship Boy's Eyes, and rock his Brains

In Cradle of the rude imperious Surge,
And in the Visitation of the Winds,
Who take the Russian Billows by the Top,
Curling their monstrous Heads, and hanging them
With deaf'ning Clamours in the slipp'ry Clouds,
That with its Hurley Death it self awakes?
Canst thou (O partial Sleep!) give thy Repose
To the wet Sea-Boy, in an Hour so rude;
And in the calmest and most stillest Night,
With all Appliances and Means to boot,
Deny it to a King? Then haply low lie down,
Uneasy lies the Head that wears a Crown.

Shak. Hen. IV.

How happy is that Balm to Wretches, Sleep?
No Cares perplex them for their future State,
And Fear of Death thus dies in senseless Sleep:
Unruly Love is this way lull'd to Rest;
And injur'd Honour, when Redress is lost,
Is no way salv'd but this.
Your drinking Bravoës, when their Brains boil hot,
Are cool'd, and quietly refresh'd with Sleep.
The hectic Madman, when his Fever roars,
And all his Doctors fail to give him Ease,
His Malady grows weary at the last,
And Sleep, when nothing else, can give him Rest:
Tis the best Physic for unquiet Minds.

Beaum. Q. of Cor.

O SLEEP! thou sweetest Gift of Heav'n to Man,
Still in thy downy Arms embrace my Friend,
Nor loose him from his inexistant Frame
To Sense of Yesterday, and Pain of Being.
In thee Oppressors sooth their angry Brow;
In thee th' Oppress'd forget tyrannic Pow'r;

In thee

The Wretch condemn'd is equal to his Judge;
And the ſad Lover to his cruel Fair;
Nay, all the ſhining Glories Men purſue,
When thou art wanted, are but empty Noiſe;
Who then would court the Pomp of guilty Pow'r
When the Mind ſickens at the weary Shew,
And flies to temporary Death for Eaſe:
When half our Life's Ceſſation of our Being.

Steele's Ly. Lov

'T WAS in the Dead of Night, juſt when ſoft Sleep
Had ſeal'd my Eyes, and quite becalm'd my Soul.

Lee's L. J. Brut

WHAT means this Heavineſs that hangs upon me?
This Lethargy that creeps thro' all my Senſes?
Nature oppreſs'd, and harraſs'd out with Care,
Sinks down to Reſt. This once I'll favour her,
That my awaked Soul may take her Flight,
Renew'd in all her Strength, and freſh with Life,
An Offering fit for Heav'n. Let Guilt, or Fear,
Diſturb Man's Reſt, *Cato* knows neither of them;
Indifferent in his Choice to ſleep, or die. *Add. Cato*

My Soul is quite weigh'd down with Care, and aſks
The ſoft Refreshment of a Moment's Sleep. *Idem*

QUITE tir'd I ſeem like a hard hunted Beaſt,
That does not ſeem to go, but ſinks to Reſt:
Spent Nature's Weight hangs heavy on my Eyes:
Sleep can cure Fevers, why not Miſeries?
A Soul's Diſeaſe can few Phyſicians find:
For Empirics only praſtiſe on the Mind.

How. Veſt. V

COME gentle Slumbers, in your flatt'ring Arms
I'll bury the Diſquiets of my Mind. *Roch. V*

Or

OLD Archelaus,

With Grief and Watching spent, in spite of all
Those Tides of Care, that swell'd e'erwhile so high,
Lies like a Child that brawl'd himself to Sleep:

Ismenes too, that wept to see me mourn,
Falls on his Breast, and nods his Fears away:
So sleeps the Sea-Boy on the cloudy Mast,
Safe as a drowzy *Triton*, rock'd with Storms,
While tossing Princes wake on Beds of Down.

Lee's Mith.

SWEET are the Slumbers of the virtuous Man:
A kind refreshing Sleep is fall'n upon him.
I saw him stretch'd at Ease; his Fancy lost
In pleasing Dreams.

Add. Cat.

O YE immortal Pow'rs, that guard the Just,
Watch round his Couch, and soften his Repose,
Banish his Sorrows, and becalm his Soul
With easy Dreams! Remember all his Virtues,
And shew Mankind that Goodness is your Care! *Ibid.*

SLEEP seal those Eyes,
And tie thy Senses in as soft a Bond,
As Infants void of Thought.

Dr. Tro. Cress.

OH! may the softest Down of sweet Repose
Receive thee gently on the Bed of Peace,
And fold thee gently in the kind Arms of Rest!

South. Fat. Mar.

OH! may the softest Arm
Of downy Slumber rock thee to Repose,
Lull all thy Senses fast, and may no Thought,
To interrupt the Quiet of thy Bed,
In the loose Revel of a Dream, present
These Images that keep me waking here!

South. Disap.

I CAN-

I CANNOT reſt to Night: Illboding Thoughts
Have chas'd ſoft Sleep from my unſettled Brain.

Otw. Cai. Mar.

METHOUGHT I heard a Voice, cry, Sleep no more;
Macbeth doth murder Sleep, the innocent Sleep;
Sleep that knits up the ravell'd Sleeve of Care;
The Death of each Day's Life; ſore Labours Birth;
Balm of hurt Minds; great Nature's ſecond Courſe;
Chief Nouriſher in Life's Feaſt!

Shak. Mac.

KIND Sleep, renewer of our daily Life,
Till Death cloſing our Eyes for ever from the World,
We wake to one eternal Day of Blifs.

Pb. Duke of Gloceſter

S M I L E.

AS Gleams of Sunshine ſoften Storms to Showers
So if you Smile, the Loudneſs of my Rage
In gentle Whiſpers ſhall return.

Dr. Don Seb

Now let thine Eyes ſhine forth in their full Luſtre
Invest them with thy lovelieſt Smiles.

Denham's Soph

SMILES, not allow'd to Beaſts, from Reaſon move
And are the Privilege of human Love.

Dr. St. Jun

A GLOOMY Smile aroſe
From his bent Brows, and ſtill the more he heard,
A more ſevere and ſullen Joy appear'd.

Dr. Cong. Gra

A GLOOMY Smile
That ſhew'd a ſullen Lothneſs to be kind.

Dr. Cleom

WHAT Charms has Sorrow in that Face!
Sorrow ſeems pleaſed to dwell with ſo much Sweet-
neſs;

Yet now and then, a melancholly Smile
Breaks out like Lightning in a Winter Night,
And ſhews a Moment's Day. *Dr. All for Love.*

S O L D I E R.

CAN'ST thou love a Soldier?

One born to Honour, and to Honour bred;
One that has learnt to treat even Foes with Kindneſs;
To wrong no good Man's Fame, nor praiſe himſelf.

Otw. Orph.

Now *Polidore*, methinks we might ruſh on,
In War together: Thou ſhould'ſt be my Guard,
And I be thine: What iſ't could hurt us then?
Now half the Youth of *Europe* are in Arms,
How fulſome muſt it be to ſtay behind,
And die of rank Diſeaſes here at home?
No! Let me purchaſe in my youth Renown,
To make me loved and valued when I am old!
I would be buſy in the World and learn,
Not like a coarſe and uſeleſs Dunghil Weed,
Fix'd to the Spot, and rot juſt as I grow. *Otw. Orph.*

O H! let Hours be ſhort,

Fill Fields, and Blows, and Groans applaud our
Sport.

Shak. Hen. IV.

To me the Cries of fighting Fields are Charms:

Green be my Sabre, and of Proof my Arms;

Aſk no other Bleſſing of my Stars:

No Prize but Fame, no Miſtreſs but the Wars.

Dr. Auren.

I'LL wade thro' Seas of Blood, and walk o'er
Mountains
Of ſlaughter'd Bodies, to immortal Honour!

Lee's Theod.

METHINKS the warring Spirit that inſpires
This Frame, the very Genius of old *Rome*,
That makes me talk without the Fear of Death,
And drives my daring Soul to Acts of Honour,
Flames in your Eyes: Our Arms too are a-kin,
Ambitious, fierce, and burn alike for Glory. *Ibid.*

THUS when the Warrior his lov'd Trumpet hears,
His Martial Blood begins to warm apace,
And boils and flushes in his kindling Face,
And much he longs to ſtrive in Glory's Race.

Lee's Soph.

WAR was my Miſtreſs, and I lov'd her long;
She lov'd my Muſic; Shoutings were my Song;
And clashing Arms, that echo'd thro' the Plain;
Neighings of Horſes, Groans of dying Men;
Notes which the Trump, and hoarſer Drum affords,
And dying Sounds riſing from Fall of Swords.

Lee's Glor.

WHAT means that Shout, big with the Sounds
of War?

What new Alarm! A ſecond, larger yet,
Swells in the Wind, and comes more full upon us!
Oh! For ſome glorious Cauſe to fall in Battle!

O *Marcus*! I am warm'd; my Heart
Leaps at the Trumpet's Voice, and burns for Glory

Add. Cato

To live and conquer, is the nobleſt Fate,
But the next Glory is a gallant Death:
Success, O *Jove*! and Victory are thine:

Fortune

Fortune is thine; my Honour is my own ! -
Facing my Doom, with my drawn Sword I'll stand,
Nor turn my Back upon the wrathful Bolt !

Lansd. Her. Love.

O my *Antonio* ! I'm all on Fire !

My Soul is up in Arms, ready to charge
And bear amidst the Foe with conquering Troops !
I hear 'em call to lead 'em on to Liberty !
To Victory ! their Shouts and Clamours rend
My Ears, and reach the Heavens ! *Cong. M. Bride.*

A Joy shoots thro'

My drooping Breast ! As often, when the Trumpet
Has call'd my youthful Ardor forth to Battle,
High in my Hopes, and ravish'd with the Sound,
I have rush'd eager on, amidst the foremost,
To purchase Victory, or glorious Death.

Rowe's Tamer.

LET'S join our Battle, with a Force may glut
The Front of Death, and choke him with himself;
As fiercely as destroying Whirlwinds rise,
Or as Clouds dash, when Thunder shakes the Skies !

Otw. Cai. Mar.

THIS down-right fighting Fool; this thick-skull'd
Hero:

This blunt unthinking Instrument of Death,
With plain dull Virtue has out-gone my Wit.

Dr. All for Love.

IN Battle brave;

But still serene in all the stormy War,
Like Heaven above the Clouds ! And after Fight,
As merciful and kind to vanquish'd Foes,
As a forgiving God !

Dr. K. Arthur.

OH! when I ſee him arming for his Honour,
 His Country, and his Gods, that martial Fire,
 That mounts his Courage, kindles even to me!
 And when the *Trojan* Matrons wait him out
 With Prayers, and meet with Bleſſings his Return,
 The Pride of Virtue beats within my Breſt,
 To wipe away the Sweat and Duſt of War,
 And dreſs my Hero, glorious in his Wounds!
 Has he not met a thouſand liſted Swords?
 There's not a Day but he encounters Armies;
 And yet as ſafe as if the broad-brim'd Shield,
 That *Pallas* wears, were held 'twixt him and Death.

Dr. Troil. Creſſ.

THOU can'ſt fight well and bravely; thou can'ſt
 Endure all Dangers, Heats, Colds, Hungers:
 Heaven's angry Flames are not ſuddener,
 Than I have ſeen thee execute; nor more mortal!
 The winged Feet of flying Enemies,
 I've ſtood and ſeen thee mow away like Ruſhes,
 And ſtill kill the Killer! Oh! were thy Mind
 But half ſo ſweet in Peace, as rough in Dangers!

Roch. Valent.

OMIGHTY Warrior! in the Heat of Broils,
 How terribly did'ſt thou become a Field!

Lee's Maſſ. Par.

ALAS! thou knows not *Cæſar's* active Soul!
 With what a dreadful Courſe he ruſhes on
 From War to War! In vain has Nature form'd
 Mountains and Oceans to oppoſe his Paſſage!
 He bounds o'er all Victorious in his March!
 The *Alps* and *Pyreneans* ſink before him!

Thro'

Thro' Winds and Waves, and Storms, he works
his Way,

Impatient for the Battle!

Add. Cato.

OH! for a Muſe of Fire!

Then ſhould the warlike *Harry*, like himſelf,
Aſſume the Port of *Mars*; and at his Heals,
Leaſh'd in like Hounds, ſhould Famine, Sword, and
Fire,

Crouch for Employments!

Shak. Hen. V.

O HAD'ST thou ſeen him, like the God of War,
Whoſe griſley Terror perch'd upon his Plume,
Severely ſhining in his dreadful Helmet,
And thund'ring thro' the Tempeſt of the Field.

Den. Rin. Arm.

THIS brave Man, with long Reſiſtance,
Held the Combat doubtful;
His Party, preſs'd with Numbers, ſoon grew faint,
And would have left their Charge an eaſy Prey:
Whiſt he alone, undaunted at the Odds,
Tho' hopeleſs to eſcape, fought well and firmly,
Nor yielded till o'ermatch'd by many Hands,
He ſeem'd to ſhame our Conqueſt, while he own'd it.

Rowe's Tam.

THEY daily thruſt their Loves and Lives thro'
Hazards,
And fearleſs for their Country's Peace, March hourly
Thro' all the Doors of Death, and know the darkeſt?
What Labour would theſe Men neglect with Danger:
Where Honour ſits, tho' ſeated on a Billow,
Riſing as high as heaven, would not theſe Sol-
diers,

Like to ſo many Sea Gods, charge up to it?

Behold their Swords! *Time's* Sythe was ne'er ſo ſharpe,

L 5

Nor

Nor ever at one Harveſt mow'd ſuch Handfuls;
 Thought's ne'er ſo ſudden, nor Belief ſo ſure,
 When they are drawn: And were it not ſometimes,
 I ſwim upon their Angers to allay them,
 And, like a Calm, depreſs their foul Intentions,
 They are ſo deadly ſure, Nature would ſuffer.

Beaum. Loy. Subj.

THE Soldiers grieve

To ſee the Nations, whom our antient Virtue,
 With many a weary March, and Hunger, conquer'd,
 With Loſs of many daring Life ſubdued,
 Fall from their fair Obedience, and even murmur
 To ſee the warlike Eagles mew their Honours
 In obſcure Towns, that uſed to prey on Princes:
 They cry for Enemies, and tell the Captain,
 The Fruits of *Italy* are luſcious. Give us *Egypt*,
 Or ſandy *Africa*, to diſplay our Valours;
 There where our Swords may get us Meat and Dan-
 gers,

Digeſt our well-got Food; for here our Weapons,
 And Bodies that were made for ſhining Braſs,
 Are both unedg'd and old with Eaſe and Women.
 And then they cry again, Where are the *Germans*,
 Lined with hot *Spain*, or *Gallia*? Bring them near,
 And let the Son of War, Steel'd *Mithridates*,
 Pour on us wing'd Legions like a Storm,
 Hiding the Face of Heaven with Showers of Arrows;
 Yet we dare fight as *Romans*. Then, as Soldiers
 Tired with a weary March, they tell their Wounds,
 E'en weeping ripe, they are no more nor deeper;
 And glory in thoſe Scars that make them lovely;
 And ſitting where a Camp was, like ſad Pilgrims,
 They reckon up the Times, and loading Labours

Of

Of *Julius*, or *Germanicus*; and wonder
That *Rome*, whose Turrets once were topp'd with
Honour,

Can now forget the Customs of her Conquests.
Thus they repine; and then cry out, Who leads us?
Shall we stand here like Statues? Were our Fathers
The Sons of lazy *Moors*? Our Princes *Persians*?
Nothing but Silk and Softness? *Roch. Valent.*

THE Brave abroad, fight for the Wise at home:
You are but Camp Camelions, fed with Air;
Thin Fame is all the bravest Hero's Share.

Dr. K. Arth.

DO'ST thou not know the Fate of Soldiers?
They're but Ambition's Fools to cut away,
To her unlawful Ends; and when they're worn,
Hack'd, hewn with constant Service, thrown aside,
To rust in Peace, or rot in Hospitals.

South. Loy. Br.

FULL fifty Years, harnass'd in rugged Steel,
I have endured the biting Winter's Blast,
And the severer Heats of parching Summer;
While they who loll'd at home on lazy Couches,
Were at my Cost secure in Luxury.

Rowe's Am. Step.

THE tyrant Custom,
Has made the Flinty and Steel Couch of War,
My thrice driven Bed of Down! *Shak. Othello.*

LET Honour call for my Blood,
And fluce it into Streams;
Turn Fortune loose again to my Pursuit,
And let me hunt her thro' embattl'd Foes,
In dusty Plains, amidst the Cannons roar;
There I will be the first.

Dr. Sp. Fri.

RUDE

R U D E am I in Speech,
 And little bleſt with the ſoft Phraſe of Peace:
 For theſe Arms of mine had ſeven Years Pith,
 Till now, ſome nine Months waſted, they have uſed
 Their deareſt Action in the tented Field:
 And little of this great World, can I ſpeak
 More than pertains to feats of Broils and Battle.

Shak. Otbel.

R O U G H in Battle,
 As the firſt *Romans* when they went to War;
 Yet after Victory more pityful,
 Than all their praying Virgins left at home.

Dr. All for Love.

W H E N the young Hero, yet unſledg'd in Arms,
 Made the tough Age of old *Ramirez* bend,
 He fought like *Mars* deſcending from the Skies,
 And look'd like *Venus* riſing from the Waves.

Dr. Love Tri.

H O W nobly he becomes the great Battalion!
 See how he ſhines in Arms, and ſuns the Field!
 Moves ſpeaks, and fights, and is himſelf a War!

Lee's D. Guiſe.

T H R O U G H all the the Mazes of the bloody Field,
 I hunted his ſacred Life! I fought him
 Where Ranks fell thickeſt: 'Twas indeed the Place
 To ſeek *Sebastian*! Thro' a Track of Death
 I follow'd him by Groans of dying Men:
 But ſtill I came to late; for he was flown
 Like Lightning, ſwift before me, to new Slaughter!
 I mov'd a-croſs, and made irregular Harveſt;
 Defac'd the Pomp of Battle, but in vain;
 For he was ſtill ſupplying Death elſewhere. *Dr. D. Seb.*

As

As for *Sebastian*! we muſt ſearch the Field,
And when we ſee a Mountain of the Slain,
Send one to climb, and looking down below;
There ſhall he find him 'at his manly Length,
With his Face up to Heaven, in the red Monument,
Which his true Sword has digg'd! *Ibid.*

HE in the Battle, had a thirſty Sword,
And well 'twas glutted there! *Ibid.*

TWELVE Legions wait upon you,
And long to call you Chief: By painful Journeys,
I led them patient of both Heat and Hunger!
'Twill do you good to ſee their Sun burnt Faces,
Their ſcarr'd Cheeks, and chop'd Hands: There's Vir-
tue in them!

They'd ſell thoſe mangl'd Limbs, at dearer Rates
Than yon' trim Band can buy. *Dr. All for Love.*

IMPATIENT of the tedious Nights, in Arms
Watchful they ſtood, expecting opening Day;
And now are hardly by their Leaders held
From darting on their Foes: Like a hot Coarſer,
That bounding paws the moulding Soil, diſdaining
The Rein that checks him, eager for the Race.

Rowe's Tam.

OH! Thou haſt fired me! My Soul is up in Arms,
And man's each Part about me! Once again
That noble Eagerneſs of Fight has ſeiz'd me!
That Eagerneſs, with which I darted upward
To *Caffius* Camp. In vain the ſteepy Hill
Oppoſed my Way, in vain a War of Spears
Sung round my Head, and planted all my Shield:
I won the Trenches, whiſt my foremoſt Men
Lagg'd on the Plain below. Come on, my Soldier,
One

Our Hearts and Arms are ſtill the ſame: I long
 Once more to meet our Foes, that thou and I
 Like Time and Death, marching before our Troops,
 May taſte Fate to them, mow 'em out a Paſſage,
 And entring where the foremoſt Squadrons yield,
 Begin the nobleſt Harveſt of the Field.

Dr. All for Love.

S O L I T U D E.

NOW my Comates and Brothers in Exile,
 Hath not old Cuſtom made this Life more ſweet,
 Than that of painted Pomp? Are not theſe Woods
 More free from Peril, than the envious Court?
 Here feel we not the Penalty of *Adam*,
 The Seasons Difference, as the Icy Fang,
 And churliſh Chiding of the Winter's Wind;
 Which when it bites and blows upon my Body,
 E'en till I ſhrink with Cold, I ſmile and ſay,
 This is no Flattery! Theſe are Counſellors
 That feelingly perſwade me what I am.
 Sweet are the Uſes of Adverſity,
 Which, like the Toad, ugly and venomous,
 Wears yet a precious Jewel in his Head:
 And this our Life, exempt from publick Haunt,
 Finds Tongues in Trees, Books in the running Brooks,
 Sermons in Stones, and good in every Thing.

Shak. As you like it.

SOUL.

S O U L.

I T must be so: *Plato*, thou reason'st well:
Else whence this pleasing Hope, this fond Desire,
This longing after Immortality?
Or whence this secret Dread, and inward Horror,
Of falling into Nought? Why shrinks the Soul
Back on her self, and startles at Destruction?
'Tis the Divinity that stirs within us;
'Tis Heav'n it self that points out an Hereafter,
And intimates Eternity to Man.
Eternity, thou pleasing dreadful Thought!
Thro' what Variety of untry'd Beings,
Thro' what new Scenes and Changes must we pass?
The wide, th' unbounded Prospect lies before me;
But Shadows, Clouds, and Darknes rest upon it.
Here will I hold: If there's a Pow'r above us,
And that there is, all Nature cries aloud
Thro' all her Works, he must delight in Virtue;
And that which he delights in must be happy.
But when? or where?
I'm weary of Conjectures!—
The Soul secur'd in her Existence smiles
At the drawn Dagger, and defies its Point:
The Stars shall fade away, the Sun himself
Grow dim with Age; and Nature sink in Years;
But thou shalt flourish in immortal Youth,
Unhurt amidst the War of Elements,
The Wrecks of Matter, and the Crush of Worlds.

Add. Cato.

SOR-

S O R R O W.

SOME ſecret Anguiſh rolls within his Breſt,
That ſhakes him like an Earthquake, which he preſſes
And will not give it Vent!
He bluſhes, and would ſpeak, and wants a Voice;
And ſtares, and gapes like a forbidden Gholt!

Dryd. Cleom.

DARKNESS, and Solitude, and Sighs, and Tears,
And all th' inſeparable Train of Grief,
Attend my Steps for ever!

Dr. Amphit.

MISFORTUNES on Misfortunes preſs upon me,
Swell o'er my Head like Waves, and daſh me down!
Sorrow, Remorſe, and Shame have torn my Soul,
And blaſt the Spring and Promise of my Year!
They hang like Winter on my youthful Hopes!
So Flow'rs are gather'd to adorn a Grave,
To loſe their Freſhneſs among Bones and Rottenneſs,
And have their Odours ſtified in the Duſt.

Rowe's F. Pen.

S P E A K I N G.

SAY any thing, that I may hear thee talk;
For Charms are in thy Words, and Transport ſprings
From the bewitching Accents.

Wiſeman. Ant.

THO' like a Sword each ſharpen'd Syllable
Strikes thro' and thro' my Heart, I'll hear thee
calmly:

Yes, calm as Death, or ſleeping Innocence!

Johnſ. Force Friend.

ALAS!

ALAS! I do not know,
Something there is which Nature will not ſhow!
When'e'r you ſpeak, as at melodious Strains,
There's ſomething purls and trickles thro' my Veins;
Like Quickſilver it moves, ſo cold and faſt;
Then my Eyes twinkle as they'd look their laſt.

Lee's Soph.

OH! go on,
Speak yet a little more, a little longer!
For, by the Gods, that liſten to our Talk,
'Tis Heav'n to me to hear you! Not the Tongues
Of Deities plead ſo well! My Heart leaps up,
And pants at all you utter! Each pointed Syllable
From thoſe dear lovely Lips runs to my Heart,
And circles in my Blood!

Hopk. Pyr.

O ſtop not here! my liſt'ning Soul is charm'd
Into my Ears, and dies upon the Sound
Of e'ery Word, ſoft as a Lover's Wiſh,
And I could hear you ever!

South. Spar. Dame.

SPEECH is the Morning to the Soul;
It ſpreads the beauteous Images abroad,
Which elſe lie furl'd, and clouded in the Soul.

Dr. Duke of Guiſe.

WHY are thy doubtful Speeches dark, and troubled,
As Cretan Seas, when vex'd by warring Winds?

South. Phæd. Hip.

FEAR not to ſpeak it: Thy harmonious Voice
Will make the ſaddeſt Tale of Sorrow pleaſing,
And charm the Grief it brings! Thus let me hear it;
Thus in thy Sight, thus gazing on thoſe Eyes,
I can ſupport the utmoſt Spight of Fate,
And ſtand the Rage of Heaven.

Ibid.

THOU

THOU speak'st

As if there were some Monster in thy Thoughts,
Too hideous to be seen. *Shak. Othello.*

OH! while you speak, methinks a sudden Calm,
In spite of all the Horror that surrounds me,
Falls upon every frighted Faculty,
And puts my Soul in Tune! *Lee's L. J. Brut.*

PROPHETIC Truth dwells in thee:
For every Word thou speak'st strikes thro' my Heart,
Lets in new Light, and shews it how it has wander'd!
Otw. Ven. Pres.

OH! thou hast utter'd Sounds of such a Strain
As Nature cannot bear! Like inmost Music,
Which, while it charms the Sense, makes chill the
Blood. *Lee's Cas. Borg.*

BLAST me not with such Sounds:
There's not one fatal Sentence, one dread Word,
But runs like Iron thro' my freezing Blood. *Ibid.*

WHAT mystic Riddle lurks beneath thy Words
Which thou wouldst seem unwilling to express?
Away with this ambiguous shuffling Phrase,
And let thy Oracle be understood. *Rowe's F. Pen.*

SPEAK this again:
But speak it to the Winds when they are loudest,
Or to the raging Seas; they'll hear as soon,
And sooner will believe. *Dr. Oed.*

O HEART! O bleeding Love! but speak, Se-
mandra,

For there is wond'rous Reason, mighty Sense,
In all you say; and I could hear you ever. *Lee's Mith.*

OH! thy charming Tongue
Is but too well acquainted with my Weakness;
Knows let it name but Love, my melting Heart
Dis.

Diſſolves within my Breſt; till with clos'd Eyes
I reel into thy Arms, and all's forgotten!

Otw. Ven. Pref.

THY pleaſing Accent thrills into my Breſt:
Not the parch'd Earth, when the hot Dog-Star reigns,
Sucks up refreshing Show'rs with half the Eagerneſs,
As I thy well-tuned Speech.

OH! ſpeak that again!

Sweet as the *Syren's* Tongue thoſe Accents fall,
And charm me to my Ruin. *South. Loy. Bro.*

OH! I know

Thou haſt a Tongue to charm the wildeſt Tempers;
Herds would forget to graze; and ſavage Beaſts
Stand ſtill, and loſe their Fierceneſs, but to hear thee,
As if they had Reflection; and by Reaſon,
Forſook a leſs Enjoyment for a greater! *Rowe's Tam.*

AND when ſhe ſpeaks, O *Angelo!* then Muſic,
Such as old *Orpheus* made, that gave a Soul
To aged Mountains; and made rugged Beaſts
Lay by their Rages; and tall Trees, that knew
No Sounds but Tempeſts, to bow down their Branches,
And hear, and wonder! and the Sea, whoſe Surges
Shook their white Heads in Heav'n, to be as Mid-
night;

Still and attentive! ſteals into our Souls
So ſuddenly and ſtrangely, that we are
From that Time no more ours, but what ſhe pleaſes!

Beaum. Capt.

HE was the very Joy of all that ſaw him;
Form'd to delight, to love, and to perſuade:
Impaſſive Spirits, and Angelic Natures,

Might

236 *The saurus Dramaticus.*

Might have been charm'd, like yielding human Weak-
ness,

Stoop'd from their Heav'n, and listen'd to his Talk-
ing. *Rowe's J. Shore.*

OH! I have heard him talk
Like the first Child of Love, when every Word
Spoke in his Eyes, and wept to be believ'd.

South. Disap.

S P H I N X.

THEN *Sphynx* began to rage;
The Monster *Sphynx* laid your rich Country waste,
Your Vineyards spoil'd, your lab'ring Oxen slew;
Your selves for Fear, mew'd up within your Walls:
She, taller than your Gates, o'erlook'd your Town:
But when she rais'd her Bulk to sail above you,
She drove the Air around her like a Whirlwind,
And shaded all beneath; till stooping down,
She clap'd her leathern Wings against your Tow'rs,
And thrust out her long Neck ev'n to your Doors.
You durst not meet in Temples,
T'invoke the Gods for Aid, the stoutest He
Who leads you now, crouch'd then like a dar'd Lark:
This *Creon* shook for Fear:
The Blood of *Lain's* curdled in his Veins. *Dr. Oed.*

S P I R I T S.

SOME Astral Forms I must invoke by Pray'r;
Fram'd all of purest Atoms of the Air:
In airy Chariots they together ride,
And sip the Dew, as thro' the Clouds they glide,

Vain

Vain Spirits you, that, shunning Heav'n's high Noon,
Swarm here beneath the Concave of the Moon:
Hence to the Task assign'd you here below;
Upon the Ocean make loud Tempests blow;
Into the Wombs of hollow Clouds repair,
And crush out Thunder from the bladder'd Air:
From pointed Sun-Beams take the Mists they drew,
And scatter them again in pearly Dew:
And of the bigger Drops they drain below,
Some mould in Hail, and others stamp in Snow.

Dryd. Tyr. Love.

S T A G.

UNDER an Oak, whose antique Root peeps out
Upon the Brook that brawls along this Wood,
A poor sequester'd Stag,
That from the Hunter's Aim had ta'en a Hurt,
Did come to languish:
The wretched Animal heav'd forth such Groans,
That their Discharges stretch'd his leathern Coat
Almost to bursting; and the big round Tears
Cours'd one another down his innocent Nose
In piteous Chase, and swell'd the running Brook.

Shak. As you like it.

S T A R S.

THE radiant Galaxies of blended Stars,
Whose Influence govern Mortals here below.

Hig. Gen. Conq.

THE

THE Sparks of Light,
The Gems that ſhine in the blue Ring of Heav'n.

Lee's Miſb.

THE ſhooting Stars end all in purple Jellies.

Dryd. Oed.

STATESMEN.

STATESMEN are

The Workmanſhip of inconfiderate Favour:
The Creatures of raſh Love: One of thoſe Meteors
Which Monarchs raiſe from Earth;

And People, wond'ring how they came ſo high,
Fear from their Influence Plagues, Wars, and Fa-
mine.

Dryd. M. Queen.

THEY meaſure not the Compaſs of a Crown,
To fit the Head that wears it, but their own.

Daven. S. Rhod.

GREAT Stateſmen, Kings ſhould watch while they
employ,
Leſt what they build, thoſe underhand deſtroy.

Lee's Soph.

VALIANT Fools

Were made by Nature for the Wiſe to work with;
They are their Tools: And 'tis the Sport of Stateſ-
men,

When Heroes knock their knotty Heads together,
And fall by one another.

Rowe's Amb. Step.

THUS Wit ſtill gets the Maſtery over Courage:
Long Time unmatch'd in War the Hero ſhone,
And mighty Fame in Fields of Battle won;

Til.

Till one fair Project of the Statesman's Brain
Bereaves him of the Spoils his Arms did gain,
And renders all his boasted Proweſs vain. *Ibid.*

}
}

THE Bold are but the Instruments o'th' Wife,
They undertake the Dangers we adviſe:
And whiſt our Fabric with their Fame we raiſe,
We take the Profit, and pay them with Praise.

Dryd. Conq. Gran.

UNHAPPY Miniſters to cheated Princes:
Who make new Quarrels, new Pretences find,
To pleaſe us Wretches, who deſtroy Mankind.

Hig. Gen. Conq.

BUT Change in Statesmen is moſt natural:
They're Weathercocks of Time, and face about
To every veering Wind.

Tate's Loy. Gen.

HE that ſeeks Safety in a Statesman's Pity,
May as well run a Ship upon ſharp Rocks,
And hope a Harbour.

How. D. Lerma.

OH! couldſt thou charm the Malice of a Stateſ-
man,
And make him quit his Purpose of Revenge!
Thy Preaching may reform the guilty World,
And Vice would be no more! *Rowe's Amb. Step.*

ART thou a Statesman, and canſt not be a Hypo-
cite?

Impoſſible!

Do not diſtruſt thy Virtue.

Dr. Don Sebaſt.

THY Reasons were too ſtrong,,
And driv'n too near the Head to be but Artifice:
And after all, I know thou art a Statesman,
Where Truth is rarely found.

Ibid.

LOVE and Intereſt ſometimes
May make a Statesman honeſt.

Dr. Cleom.

THIS

THIS 'tis to ſerve a Prince too faithfully!
 Who, free from Laws himſelf, will have that done
 Which, not perform'd, brings us to ſure Diſgrace;
 And, if perform'd, to Ruin!

This 'tis to counſel Things that are unjuſt!
 Firſt to debauch a King to break his Laws,
 Which are his Safety, and then ſeek Protection
 From him they have endanger'd!

If Princes not protect their Miniſters,
 What Man will dare to ſerve 'em?

None will dare

To ſerve them ill, when they are left to Laws:
 But when a Counſellor, to ſave himſelf,
 Would lay Miſcarriages upon his Prince,
 Expoſing him to Public Rage and Hate;
 Oh! 'tis an Act as infamously baſe,
 As ſhould a common Soldier ſculk behind,
 And thruſt his Gen'ral in the Front of War!
 It ſhews he only ſerv'd himſelf before,
 And had no Senſe of Honour, Country, King,
 But centred on himſelf; and us'd his Maſter,
 As Guardians do their Wards, with Shews of Care
 But with Intent to ſell the public Safety,
 And pocket up his Prince!

Dr. Sp. Friar

STATESMEN have peculiar Arts:

They're ſo myſterious, few can apprehend
 The Favours they confer.

Fent. Mar

STATESMAN, thou art enur'd to Infamy!
 Practice hath petrify'd thy wicked Heart,

Bred to Conſpiracies, to fawn, betray,
 To lye: Yet thou canſt ſmile! yet thou canſt ſleep!

Phil. Bell

ST O R E

S T O R K.

THE Stork's the Emblem of true Piety :
Because when Age has seiz'd, and made her Dam
Unfit for Flight, the grateful Young-one takes
His Mother on his Back, provides her Food,
Repaying thus her tender Care of him,
E'er he was fit to fly, by bearing her.

Beaum. Sp. Cur.

S T O R M.

THE Storm is hush'd, the Winds breath out their
last;
The Thunders too in feebl' Bodies die;
And all the ruff'd Elements return
To their dull Order.

Tate's Loy. Gen.

TEMPESTS sometimes drive Ships into the Ports.

Sed. Ant. Cleop.

THINGS that love Night,
Love not such Nights as these; the wrathful Skies
Gallow the very Wanderers of the Dark,
And make them keep their Caves :
Since I was Man,
Such Sheets of Fire, such Bursts of horrid Thunder,
Such Groans of roaring Winds and Rain, I never
Remember to have heard! Man's Nature cannot carry
The Affliction, nor the Fear.

Ibid.

LET the great Gods
That keep this dreadful Pother o'er our Heads,
Find out their Enemies now. Tremble, thou Wretch,

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M

That

SUBJECTS.

WHAT have the People done, the Sheep of Princes,
That they ſhould periſh for their Shepherd's Fault?
They bring their yearly Wool, to cloath their Owners,
And yet when bare themſelves, are cull'd for Slaughter.

Dr. Love Tri.

THE Vulgar, Greatneſs too much idolize;
But haughty Subjects, it too much deſpiſe.

Dr. Conq. Cran.

WE are but Subjects, *Maximus!* Obedience
For what is done, and Grief for what is ill done,
Is all we can call ours. The Hearts of Princes,
Are like the Temples of the Gods, pure Incenſe,
Till ſome unhallowed Hands deſile their Offerings,
Burns ever there: We muſt not put it out,
Be cauſe the Priests who touch thoſe Sweets are
wicked:

We dare not deareſt Friend, nay, more, we cannot,
While we conſider whoſe we are, and how,
To what Laws bound, much more to what Law-
giver;

While Maſteſty is made to be obey'd,
And not enquir'd into.

Roch. Valen.

WAS it for me to prop
The Ruins of a falling Maſteſty?
To place my ſelf beneath the mighty Flaw,
Thus to be cruſh'd and pounded into Atoms,
By its o'erwhelming Weight? 'Tis too preſuming
For Subjects to preſerve that wilful Power,
Which courts its own Deſtruction.

Dr. All for Love.

THE

THE Elephant is never won with Anger;
Nor muſt that Man, who would reclaim a Lion,
Take him by the Teeth.

Our honeſt Actions, and the Truth that breaks,
Like Morning from our Service, chaſte and bluſhing,
Is that which pulls a Prince back: Then he ſees,
And not till then truly repents his Errors. *Ibid.*

SUBJECTS are ſtiff-neck'd Animals: They ſoon
Feel ſlacken'd Reins, and throw the Rider down.

Dr. Aur.

SUBJECTS like theſe are ſeldom ſeen,
Who not forſake me at my greateſt Need,
Nor for baſe Lucre ſold their Loyalty;
But ſhar'd my Dangers to the laſt Event,
And ſenc'd them with their own *Dr. Don Sebaſt.*

HE who his Prince too blindly does obey,
To keep his Faith, his Virtue throws away.

Dr. Ind. Emp.

S U C C E S S.

VIRTUE without Succeſs,
Is a fair Picture ſhewn by an ill Light:
But lucky Men are Favourites of Heaven,
All own the Chief, when Fortune owns the Cauſe.

Dr. Sp. Friar

It is Succeſs makes Innocence a Sin:
If the End be glorious, glorious is the Way:
They always have the Cauſe, who have the Day.

Crown's De

HAD I miſcarried, I had been a Villain;
For Men judge Actions always by Events:

But when we manage by a juſt Foreſight,
Success is Prudence, and Poſſeſſion Right.

Hig. Gen. Conq.

If all Things by Success are underſtood,
Men that make War, grow wick'd to be good,

How. Ind. Queen.

We cannot answer for unborn Events:
The Gods have plac'd them in the Hand of Fate,
To ſhape and faſhion for their high Decrees;
At their appointed Time to bring them forth,
To baſtle human Wit and Induſtry. *South. Fate Cap.*

FATE holds the Strings, and Men like Children
move,

But as they're led; Success is from above.

Landſ. Her. Love.

'Tis not in Mortals to command Success;
But we'll do more, *Sempronius*; we'll deſerve it!

Add. Cato.

S U N.

SO ſhews the bluſhing diſcontented Sun,
From out the fiery Portal of the Eaſt,
When he perceives the envious Clouds are bent,
To dim his Glory, and to ſtain the Track
Of his bright Paſſage to the Occident. *Shak. Rich. II.*

THE Sun when he from Noon declines,
And with abated Heat, leſs fiercely Shines,
Seems to grow milder as he goes away,
Pleaſing himſelf with the Remains of Day. *Dr. Aur.*

So when from Weſtern Hills, the burning Sun
Deſcends, and leaves his Empire to the Moon,

False Meteors glare, and ſcatter'd Drops of Light,
With Glow-worm Spangles dreſs the Gloom of
Night:

But as the Radiant God remounts his Car,
The borrowed Vapours ſwiftly diſappear:
They fly the Force of his ceſtial Ray,
Or their pale Fires are loſt in Floods of Day.

John. Viſt.

Now *Phæbus* mounts Triumphant in the Skies;
The Clouds diſperſe, and gloomy Horror flies:
Darkneſs gives place to the victorious Light;
And all around is gay, and all around is bright.

Laſd. Br. Inc.

So bright a Track, ſtill leave the ſetting Suns,
That Vanish in a Glory.

Dr. Riv. Ladies.

THE ſetting Sun all curtain'd round with Night,
At his Departure gives a greater Light.

Lee's Soph.

As glorious as the Sun at Noon,
To th' admiring Eyes of gazing Mortals,
When he beſtrides the lazy puffing Clouds,
And ſails upon the Boſom of the Air.

Otw. Don Carl.

S U R P R I Z E.

WE came like bold intruding Gueſts,
And took 'em unprepar'd to give us Welcome:
The Scouts we kill'd, then found their Body ſleeping;
And as they lay confus'd, we ſtumbl'd o'er them,
And . . . what Joint came next; Arms, Heads, or
Legs,

Somewhat undecently: But when Men want Light,
They make but bungling Work.

Dr. Sp. Friar.

A BATTLE

A BATTLE blindly fought,
Where Darkneſs and Surprize, made Conqueſt cheap!
Where Virtue borrow'd but the Arms of Chance,
And ſtruck a random Blow! 'Twas Fortune's Work,
And Fortune take the Praise. *Ibid.*

ALL guard themſelves when ſtronger Foes invade:
Yet by the Weak, Surprizes may be made.

Dr. Tyr. Love.

SUSPICION.

SUSPICION's but at beſt a Coward's Virtue.

Otw. Ven. Pref.

OH! what a ready Tongue Suspicion has!
He that but fears the Thing he would not know,
Has by Inſtinct, Knowledge from other Eyes,
That what he fear'd is chang'd! *Sb. Hen. IV.*

SUSPICION always haunts the guilty Mind:
The Thief ſtill fears each Buſh an Officer.

Shak. Hen. VI.

SWEET.

SHE's ſweeter than the Spring, wreath'd in the
Arms
Of budding Flowers. *How. D. Lerma.*

A GREATER Sweetneſs on thoſe Lips there grows,
Than Breath ſhut out from a new folded Roſe.

How. Ind. Queen.

O SOFT as Bloſſoms, and yet ſweeter!
Sweeter than Incence, which to Heaven aſcends,
Tho' 'tis preſented there by Angels Hands!

Otw. Don Carlos.

S W I M M I N G.

HE plung'd into the *Sein*, and where 'twas swiftest,
Plough'd to his Point against the Head-strong Stream.

Lee's Mass. Par.

I SAW him beat the Billows under him,
And ride upon their Backs: He trod the Water,
Whose Enmity he flung aside, and breasted
The most swell'd Surge that met him: His bold Head
High 'bove the contentious Waves he kept,
And oar'd himself with his strong Arms to Shore.

Shak. Temp.

TH' affrighted *Belvidera*,
As she stood trembling on the Vessel's Side,
Was by a Wave wash'd off into the Deep:
When instantly I plung'd into the Sea,
And buffeting the Billow's to her Rescue,
Redeem'd her Life with half the Loss of mine:
Like a rich Conquest, in one Hand I bore her,
And with the other, dash'd the saucy Waves,
That throng'd and press'd to rob me of my Prize.

Otw. Ven. Pres.

ACCOUTER'D as we were, we both plung'd in,
The troubl'd *Tiber*, chafing with the Shores:
The Torrent roar'd, and we did buffet it
With lusty Sinews, throwing it aside,
And stemming it with Hearts of Controversy.

Shak. Jul. Caesar.

SWOON.

S W O O N.

A SUDDEN Damp has seiz'd my vital Spirits;
I see but thro' a Mist, and hear far off. *Dr. Love Tri.*

SURE I am near upon my Journey's End:
My Head runs round, my Eyes begin to fail,
And dancing Shadows swim before my Sight.

Rowe's J. Shore.

SHE faints! support her!

Sustain her Head, while I infuse this Cordial
Into her dying Lips! From Spices, Drugs,
Rich Herbs, and Flowers, the potent Juice is drawn;
With wondrous Force it strikes the lazy Spirits,
Drives them around, and wakens Life a new:
And see! she stirs, and the returning Blood,
Faintly begins to blush again, and kindle
Upon her ashy Cheeks!

Ibid.

SHE faints!

Her Cheeks are cold, and the last leaden Sleep,
Hangs heavy on her Lids!

Rowe's Ulyss.

My Sight grows dim, and every Object dances,
And swims before me in the Maze of Death.

Dr. All for Love.

A SUDDEN Trembling seiz'd on all his Limbs;
His Eyes distorted grew, his Visage pale;
His Speech forsook him; Life it self seem'd fled!

Otw. Orph.

HER Eyes are clos'd, and tho' with her 'tis Night,
Her Beauty shines, without the help of Light.

Nature begins to conquer in the Strife,
And thro' her Lips soft Whispers steal off Life:

M s

How

How fresh they ſhew ! The Roſes almoſt gone,
 For want of Air, by Breath ſeem newly Blown !
 Her Eyes begin to move, and ſhine with Life,
 Now ſink again in Death's ungentle Strife !
 In doubtful Weather, ſo the Sun reſigns
 Sometimes his Light to Clouds, and ſometimes
 Shines. *How. Veſt. Vir.*



T E A R S.



THAT precious Drops are thoſe,
 Which ſilently each other's Track
 purſue,
 Bright as young Diamonds, in their
 infant Dew :
 Your Luſtre you ſhould free from
 Tears maintain,
 Like *Egypt*, rich without the help of Rain.
 Now curs'd be he, who gave this Cauſe of Grief,
 And double curs'd, who does not give Relief.

*Dr. Cong. Gran.*IN Tears my fair *Candiope* !

So, thro' a watry Cloud,
 The Sun at once ſeems both to weep and ſhine !
 For what Forefather's Sin do you afflict
 Thoſe precious Eyes ? For ſure you have
 None of your own to weep ! *Dr. Maid. Queen.*

THOU

THOU weep'st my Queen, and hang'st thy drooping Head,
Like nodding Poppies, heavy with the Rain,
That bow their weary Necks, and bend to Earth.

Rowe's Jane Gray.

THY tell-tale Eyes, the riſing Breath that ſwells
Thoſe ſnowy Orbs, theſe Tears of pearly Dew,
That, Drop by Drop, ſteal from thy languid Eyes,
Silently ſpeak the Paſſion of thy Soul!

Johnſ. Force of Friend.

LET me wipe off this honourable Dew,
That ſilvery doth progreſs on thy Cheeks:
My Heart hath melted at a Lady's Tears,
Being an ordinary Inundation:
But this Effuſion of ſuch manly Drops,
This Shower blown up by Tempeſt of thy Soul,
Startles my Eyes, and makes me more amaz'd,
Than had I ſeen the vaulted Top of Heaven,
Figured quite o'er with burning Meteors.

Shak. K. John.

STILL thou weepeſt!
Come, let me kiſs thy Eyes, and catch thoſe Pearls,
Hold thy Cheeks cloſe to mine, that none may fall,
And ſpare me ſome of thoſe celeftial Drops!

Bank's Unhap. Fav.

O my Soul's beſt Half!
Loſe not one pearly Drop of that rich Dew!
Which ſhed on Sorrow, would make Sorrow Joy,
And Pleaſure ſpring from Miſery! *Hill's Elfrid.*

WHAT ſawcy Sorrow dares approach your Heart?
Waſte not thoſe precious Tears! O Weep no more!
Should Heav'n frown, the World would be too poor!
(Robb'd

(Robb'd of the ſacred Treafure of your Eyes,) To pay for Mercy, one fit Sacrifice!

Ether. Love in a Tub.

A riſing Storm of Paſſion ſhook her Breaſt,
Her Eyes, a piteous Show'r of Tears let fall,
And then ſhe ſigh'd as if her Heart were breaking!

Rowe's F. Pen.

TEARS not ſqueez'd by Art,
But ſhed from Nature like a kindly Show'r.

Dr. Don Sebaſt.

SHE then look'd down and ſigh'd,
While from her unchanging Face, the ſilent Tears
Drop'd as they had not Leave, and ſtole their Parting.

Dr. All for Love.

BELIEVE theſe Tears, which from my wounded
Heart,

Bleed at my Eyes.

Dr Spa. Friar.

THY Heart is big! Get thee apart, and weep:
Paſſion I ſee is catching, for my Eyes,
Seeing thoſe Beads of Sorrow ſtand in thine,
Begin to water.

Shak. Jul. Caſar.

THE waiting Tears ſtood ready for Command,
And now they flow to varniſh the falſe Tale.

Rowe's Am. Step.

I FOUND her on the Floor,
In all the Storm of Grief; yet beautiful!
Sighing ſuch Breath of Sorrow, that her Lips,
Which late appear'd like Buds, were now o'erblown;
Pouring forth Tears, at ſuch a laſh Rate,
That were the World on fire, they might have
drown'd

The Wrath of Heaven, and quench'd the mighty Ruin.

Lee's With.

"TWOULD

'TWOULD raise your Pity, but to see the Tears
Force thro' her snowy Lids the melting Course,
To lodge themselves on her red murmuring Lips,
That talk such mournful Things; when streight a
Gale

Of starting Sighs carry those Pearls away,
As Dews by Winds are wafted from the Flowers. *Ibid.*

MINE is a Grief of Fury, not Despair!
And if a manly Drop or two fall down,
It Scalds along my Cheeks; like the green Wood,
That sputtering in the Flames, Works outward into
Tears. *Dr. Cleom.*

STOP, stop, those Tears, *Monimia!* for they fall,
Like baneful Dew from a distemper'd Sky!

I feel them chill me to the very Heart! *Orw. Orph.*

By Heavens, my Love, thou dost distract my Soul!
There's not a Tear that falls from those dear Eyes,
But makes my Heart weep Blood! *Lee's Mith.*

O DRY those Tears, those Drops of liquid Pearl!
More precious far than aromatic Gums,
Or fragrant Balm, which Eastern Groves Distil!

Hig. Gen. Conq.

O RAISE thee, my *Lavinia*, from the Earth!

It is too much, this Tide of flowing Grief,

This waste of Tears!

Rowe's Fair Pen.

OH! I will credit my *Semandra's* Tears!

Nor think them Drops of Chance, like other Womens,

The Weather of their Souls, the chrystal Bubbles,

Which they can make at Will!

Lee's Mith.

ONE Smile, one Tear of Joy from my *Semandra*,

Will wash the Anger of the Gods away!

Ibid.

PASSION

PASSION grew big, and I could not forbear!
Tears drown'd my Eyes, and Trembling seiz'd my
Soul!

Orw. Orph.

I SEE thy modest Tears aſham'd to fall,
And witneſs any Part of Woman in thee.

Dryd. Tro. Crefſ.

I KISS'D her ſoftly, and ſhe gave a Sigh!
Tears make her Cheek feel like a Damask Roſe
Wet with cold Evening Dew.

Fent. Mar.

T H A N K S.

GRANT me but Life, good Heav'n, but Length
of Days,
To pay ſome Part, ſome little of this Debt,
This countleſs Sum of Tenderneſs and Love,
For which I ſtand engag'd to this All-Excellence:
Then bear me in a Whirlwind to my Fate!
Snatch me from Life, and cut me ſhort unwarn'd;
Then, then 'twill be enough! ---- I ſhall be old,
I ſhall have liv'd beyond all Æra's then
Of yet unmeaſur'd Time, when I have made
This exquisite, this moſt amazing Goodneſs,
Some Recompence of Love and matchleſs Truth!

Cong. M. Bride.

WITH Gratitude as low, as Knees can pay,
To thoſe beſt holy Fires, our Guardian Angels,
Receive theſe Thanks, till Altars can be rais'd.

Dryd. Don Seb.

You have deſerv'd from me
More than Reward can answer.
Were the main Ocean cruſted into Land,

And

And univerſal Monarchy were mine,
Here ſhould the Gift be plac'd.

Ibid.

WHAT I am,

Is but thy Gift: Make what thou canſt of me,
Secure of no Repulſe.

Ibid.

FOR that kind Word

Thus let me fall, thus humbly to the Earth,
Weep on your Feet, and bleſs you for this Goodneſs!

Rowe's F. Pen.

YOUR Bounty is beyond my ſpeaking;
But tho' my Mouth be dumb my Heart ſhall thank you;
And when it melts before the Throne of Mercy,
My Fervent Soul ſhall breath one Prayer for you,
That Heav'n will pay you back, when moſt you need
The Grace and Goodneſs you have ſhewn to me.

Rowe's J. Shore.

WHAT can I pay thee for this noble Uſage,
But grateful Praise? So Heav'n it ſelf is paid!

Rowe's Tamerl.

FAIN I in Gratitude would ſomething ſay,
But am too far in Debt for Thanks to pay.

Otw. Don Carl.

YOU out-bid my Service,
And all Returns are vile, but Words the pooreſt.

Rowe's Amb. Step.

O CALL not to my Mind what you have done!
It ſets a Debt of that Account before me,
Which ſhews me poor and bankrupt ev'n in Hopes!

Cong. M. Bride.

WELL have you made amends by this laſt Com-
fort,

For the cold Dart you ſhot at me before:

For

For this last Goodness, O my *Athenais*!
I empty all my Soul in Thanks before you!

Lee's Theod.

OH! hadst thou fought so poorly as thou speakest,
Thy Actions, all thy Lawrels, that lie green
Upon thee, strait would wither and be dust:
To mention but thy last, the last of Wars,
Which ev'n the Breath of Majesty makes vile;
So much below thy Valour is all Language!
The Glory of that Battle is your own:
To thee we owe the Day, our Life, and Empire!
Demand I say, ask me most royally;
I will be lavish to thy vast Ambition,
And crown thy Wishes like a giving God.

Lee's Mith.

Now by my Hopes of Mercy, he's so lost,
His Heart's so full, brimful of Tenderness,
The Sense of what you've done has struck him speech-
less,

Nor can he thank you now but with his Tears. *Ibid.*

THERE is a Kind of Gratitude in Thanks,
Tho' it be barren, and bring forth but Words.

South. F. Cap.

LET my Tears thank you, for I cannot speak;
And if I could,
Words were not made to vent such Thoughts as
mine.

Dr. Don Sebast.

O MY More-than-Father!

Let me not live but at thy very Name!
My eager Heart springs up, and leaps with Joy!
When I forget, the vast, vast Debt I owe thee;
Forget! but 'tis impossible, then let me
Forget the Use and Privilege of Reason,

Be

Be driven from the Commerce of Mankind,
To wander in the Defart, among Brutes;
To bear the various Fury of the Seasons;
The Night's unwholesome Dew, and Noon-Day's
Heat;
To be the Scorn of Earth, and Curse of Heaven.

Rowe's Fair Pen.

WORDS would but wrong the Gratitude I owe you:
Should I begin to speak, my Soul's so full,
That I should talk of nothing else all Day.

Otw. Orph.

OH! let me unlade my Breast!
Pour out the Fulness of my Soul before you!
Shew every tender, every grateful Thought,
This wonderous Goodness stirs! But 'tis impossible,
And Utterance all is vile; since, I can only
Swear you, reign here, but never tell how much!

Rowe's Fair Pen.

T H O U G H T S.

I KNOW thou art my Friend; and therefore I
Am glad to find thee and thy Mind at Peace,
Thy Thoughts all clear as Chrystal Current Streams
In wanton Play, coursing each other down
From the fair Fountain of an honest Soul.

South. Disap.

THOUGHTS succeed Thoughts, like restless trou-
bled Waves,
Dashing out one another.

How. D. Lerma.

I HAVE been studying how to compare
The Prison where I live, unto the World;
And for because the World is populous,
And here is not a Creature but my self.

I cannot

I cannot do it: Yet I'll hammer't out:
 My Brain I'll prove the Female to my Soul;
 My Soul the Father; and theſe two beget
 A Generation of ſtill breeding Thoughts;
 And theſe ſame Thoughts people this little World,
 In Humours like the People of this World:
 For no Thought is contented. The better Sort,
 As Thoughts of Things divine are intermix'd
 With Scruples, and ſet the Faith it ſelf
 Againſt the Faith:
 Thoughts tending to Ambition, they do plot
 Unlikely Wonders! How theſe vain weak Nails
 May tear a Paſſage thro' the flinty Ribs
 Of this hard World, my rugged Priſon Walls;
 And, for they cannot, die in their own Pride.
 Thoughts tending to Content, flatter themſelves
 That they are not the firſt of Fortune's Slaves;
 And ſhall not be the laſt: Like ſilly Beggars,
 Who ſitting in the Stocks, refuge their Shame,
 That many have, and others muſt be there;
 And in this Thought they find a kind of Eaſe,
 Bearing their own Miſfortunes on the Back
 Of ſuch who have before endured the like.
 Thus play I in one Priſon many People,
 And none contented: Sometimes am I a King;
 Then Treason makes me wiſh my ſelf a Beggar;
 And ſo I am. Then cruſhing Penury
 Perſwades me I was better when a King:
 Then I am king'd again; and by-and-by
 Think that I am unking'd by *Bullingbroke*,
 And ſtraight am nothing: But whate'er I am,
 Nor I, nor any Man, that but Man is,

With

With nothing shall be pleas'd, till he be eas'd
By being nothing. *Shak. Rich. II.*

THUS my Thoughts are tired
With tedious Journeys up and down my Mind:
Sometimes they lose their Way; sometimes as slow
As Beasts o'erloaded, heavily they move,
Press'd by the Weight of Sorrow, and of Love.

How. Vest. Virg.

ALLOW my melancholy Thoughts this Privilege,
To let them brood in secret o'er my Sorrows.

Rowe's Fair Pen.

TURN not to Thought my Brain, but let me find
Some unfrequented Shade: There lay me down,
And let forgetful Dulness steal upon me,
To soften and assuage this Pain of Thinking. *Ibid.*

THOUGHT is Damnation! 'Tis the Plague of Devils
To think on what they are! *Rowe's Amb. Step.*

HER thoughtful Soul labours with some Event
Of high Import, which jumbles like an Embryo
In its dark Womb, and longs to be disclos'd. *Ibid.*

TIME will perfect
A lab'ring Thought, that rolls within my Breast.

Dr. Don Seb.

MY Thoughts grow wild,
And let in Fears of ugly Form upon me. *Otw. Orph.*

WILD hurrying Thoughts
Start every way from my distracted Soul,
To find out Hope, and only meet Despair.

South. Fatal Mar.

He heav'd beneath a pressing Load of Thought.

Rowe's Fair Pen.

THERE is nothing,
Or good, or bad, but thinking makes it so. *Shak. Ham.*

I THINK

I THINK; therefore I am: Hard State of Man,
 That proves his Being by an Argument,
 That speaks him wretched! Birds in Cages lose
 The Freedom of their Natures unconfined;
 Yet they will Sing, and Bill, and Murmur there,
 As merrily as if they were on Wing:
 But Man, that reasoning Favourite of Heaven,
 How can he bear it? Tho' the Body find
 Respite from Torment, yet the Mind has none!
 But thousand restless Thoughts, of different Kinds,
 Beat thick upon the Soul! Some are comparing
 The present with the past: How happy once
 I was, and now, how wretched! Some presenting
 My Miseries, by others Happiness;
 Whil'st others falsely flattering me to Life,
 Tell me my Fortune ripens in the Womb
 Of Time; and I shall yet be happy. *South. Loy. Bro*

CONSIDER? How should I
 Consider, who grow Mad with growing Thoughts,
 When every one, endeavouring to be foremost,
 Stops up the Passage, and will choke my Reason.

Lee's Mistr

THINKING will make me mad: Why must I think,
 When no Thought brings me Comfort?

South. Fat. Mar

WOULD I had met
 Sharpest Convulsions, spotted Pestilences,
 Or any other deadly Foe to Life,
 Rather than heave beneath this Load of Thought!

Rowe's Fair Pen

By Heaven! I'd rather be a Dog,
And lead a brutal Life, without Reflection,
Than to be ſtung with this tormenting Thought!

Den. Rin. Arm.

A THOUSAND crowding Thoughts
Break in at once: This Way, and that, they ſnatch;
They tear my hurried Soul! All claim Attention,
And yet not one is heard!

Rowe's J Shore.

My ridden Thoughts, hagg'd with oppreſſive Tears,
Have ſunk my Spirits to the Depth of Hell.

South. Diſap.

Oh! That my working Thoughts were once at reſt,
Still as fallen Stars, or Streams bound up in Froſt!

Tate Loy. Gen.

O PEACEFUL Solitude!

Here all Things ſmile, and in ſweet Conſort join:
All but my Thoughts, that ſtill are out of Tune,
And break like jarring Strings, the Harmony! *Ibid.*

Thou haſt rous'd a Thought,
Which like a ſudden Earthquake, ſhakes my Frame.

Con. Mour. Brid.

O NAME it again!

It ſhews a beaſtly Image, to my Fancy,
Will wake me into Madneſs!

Orw. Ven. Pref.

FORGET that Thought,
Which jarring grates your Soul, and turns the Har-
mony

Of bleſs'd Peace, to curs'd infernal Diſcord.

Rowe's Am. Step.

Oh! Thou haſt ſearch'd too deep!
There, there I bleed! There pull the horrid Cords
That Strain my cracking Nerves! Engines and Wheels,
That

That Piece-meal grind, are Beds of Down and Balm,
To that Soul-racking Thought! *Cong. Mon. Bride*

THERE is a ſtrange Diſorder in thy Thoughts,
Something thou would'ſt unfold, but know'ſt not
how. *Rowe's Fa. Pen.*

STOP there, *Aspaſia*!

And bar my Fancy, from the guilty Scene!
Let not Thought enter, leaſt the buſy Mind,
Should muſter ſuch a Train of monſtrous Images,
As would Diſtract me! *Rowe's Tam.*

O calm

The warring Paſſions, and tumultuous Thoughts,
That rage within thee, and deform thy Reaſon!
Rowe's Fa. Pen.

SEE where he ſtands, folded and fix'd to Earth,
Stiffening in Thought. *Cong. Mon. Bri.*

PENSIVE like Kings, in their declining State.
Dr. Riv. Ladies.

OH! Sleep that Thought, and I ſhall be at Eaſe.
South. Diſap.

THREATENING.

OH! I can bear no more!

Thy cunning Engines have with Labour rais'd
My heavy Anger, like a mighty Weight,
To fall and cruſh thee dead! See, thou raſh *Ixion*,
Thy promiſed *Juno* vaniſhed in a Cloud!
And in her Room, avenging Thunder rolls,
To blaſt thee! *Dr. Oed.*

MY Vengeance rolls within my Breſt! It muſt,
It will have Vent! My Blood rides high! I will not
Mide

My Head, but meet thee in the very Face of Danger!
Oh! Were I on some Precipice,
High as *Olympus*, and a Sea beneath!
Call when thou durst, just on the sharpest Point,
I'll meet, and tumble with thee to Destruction!
A gnawing Conscience haunts not guilty Men,
As I'll haunt thee!
Nay, should'st thou take the *Stygian* Lake for Refuge,
I'll plunge in after, thro' the boiling Flames,
To push thee hissing down the vast Abyss.

Dr. Troi. Cres.

Is there Revenge on Earth, or Pain in Hell?
Can Art invent, or boiling Rage suggest,
Even endless Torments, which thou shalt not suffer?

Smith's Phed. Hip.

Oh! Thou shalt howl thy fearful Soul away,
While laughing Crowds shall echo to thy Cries,
And make thy Pains, their sport!
Drag him to all the Torments, Earth can furnish!
Let him be rack'd and ganch'd, impal'd alive!
Then let the mangl'd Monster fix'd on high,
Grin o'er the shouting Crowd, and glut their Ven-
gance!

Ibid.

RACK me

Ye Pow'rs above, with all your choicest Torments,
Horror of Mind, and Pains yet uninvented,
If I not practise Cruelty upon her,
And treat Revenge, some Way yet never known!

Osw. Orph.

WERE'T thou not priviledg'd, like Age and Wo-
men,

My Sword should reach thee, and revenge the Wrong,
My Tongue has done my Fame!

Rowe's Am. Step.

I WILL

I WILL crumble thee,
Thou bottled Spider, into thy primitive Earth,
Unless thou ſwear thy very Thought's a Lye.

Dr. Duke Guiſe.

INFAMOUS Wretch!

So much below my Scorn, I dare not kill thee! *Ibid.*

OH! That thou wer't my equal, great in Arms,
As the firſt *Cæſar* was, that I might kill thee,
Without a Stain to honour.

Dr. All for Love.

SOME God pluck threeſcore Years from that
fond Man,

That I may kill him, and not ſtain my Glory!

Bean. Maid. Tra.

HAST thou compacted for a Leaſe of Years,
With Hell, that thus thou ventureſt to provoke me!

Dr. Duke Guiſe.

OH! That I had the fruitful Heads of *Hydra*,
That one might bourgeon where another fell!
Still would I give thee Work! Still, ſtill thou Tyrant
And hiſt thee with the laſt!

Dr. Don. Sel.

ART thou ſome Gholt, ſome Demon, or ſome
God,

That I ſhould ſtand aſtoniſh'd at thy Sight!
If thou could'ſt deem ſo meanly of my Courage,
Why did'ſt not thou engage me, Man for Man,
And try the Virtue of that *Gorgon* Fate,
To ſtare me into Statue?

THINK not you dream; or if you did, my In-
juries

Shall call ſo loud, that Lethargy ſhould wake;
And Death ſhould give you back to answer me:
The long expected Hour is come at length,

By manly Vengeance, to redeem my Fame:
And that once clear'd, eternal Death is welcome.

Ibid.

THOU hast dar'd

To tell me what I durst not tell my self;
I durst not think that I was spurn'd, and live:
And live to hear it boasted to my Face:
All my long Avarice of Honour lost;
Heap'd up in Youth, and hoarded up for Age:
Has Honour's Fountain sucked back the Stream?
He has: And hooting Boys may dryshod pass,
And gather Pebbles from the naked Ford.
Give me my Love, my Honour, give 'em back!
Give me Revenge while I have Breath to ask it! *Ibid.*

THOU might'st as safely meet

The Thunder launch'd from the red Arm of Jove.

Dr. Amphy.

THOU would'st elude my Justice, and escape:

But I will follow thee thro' Earth and Seas;
Nor Hell shall hide thee from my just Revenge. *Ibid.*

OH! that I had

some one renown'd, and winter'd as my self,
To encounter, like an Oak, the rooting Storm!
But thou art weak, and to the Earth will bend,
With my least Blast, thy Head of Blossoms down.

Lee's Caesar Bor.

SPEAK then, or I will tear thee Limb from Limb:

Thou shalt be safe, if thou confess the Truth;
But if thou hide ought from me, I will rack thee,
Still with thy horrid Groans, thou wake the Dead:
Or I will cut thee to Anatomy,
And search thro' all thy Veins to find it out. *Ibid.*

266. *The saurus Dramaticus.*

IF then, I prove thee false, O *Bellamira*!
 Not that celestial Copy, ev'n thy Face,
 Shall 'scape; but I will raze the Draught, as if
 It ne'er had been the Pattern of the Gods:
 If thou art false, and if I prove thee so,
 That Skin of thine, that matchless West of Heav'n,
 Which some more curious Angel cast about thee,
 Will I tear off, tho' cleaving to the Shrine:
 If thou dost play me false, think not of Mercy:
 I'll take thee unprepar'd, and sink thy Soul,
 Body and Soul to everlasting Ruin. *Lee's Cas. Borg.*

OH! wert thou young again, I would put off
 My Majesty to be more terrible;
 That like an Eagle I might strike this Hare,
 Trembling to Earth! Shake thee to Dust, and tear
 Thy Heart for this bold Lye, thou feeble Dotard!

Lee's Alex.

OH! that thou wert a Man, that I might drive thee
 Around the World, and scatter thy Contagion,
 As Gods hurl mortal Plagues when they are angry.

Ibid.

THINK not I have forgot your Insolence:
 No; tho' I pardon'd it, yet if again
 Thou dar'st to cross me with another Crime,
 The Bolts of Fury shall be doubled on thee. *Ibid.*

I'LL pour such Storms of Indignation on thee,
Philotas' Rack, *Calisthenes*' Disgrace,
 Shall be Delight to what thou shalt endure. *Ibid.*

SAFER thou'dst met a Tygress hunting out
 The Thief that robb'd her of her Young.
 Thou shalt be torn by Horses, rack'd alive,
 Be bury'd quick; I'll have thee hew'd to Pieces.
Promethens' Vulture, and *Ixion*'s Wheel,

The

The Stone, the Sieve, the Tortures of the damn'd
Are but ſlight Pains: Thou ſhalt be more than damn'd.

Lanf. Her. Love.

I'LL print a thouſand Wounds, tear thy fine Form,
And ſcatter thee to all the Winds of Heav'n.

Rowe's F. Pen.

ON Eagles Wings my Rage ſhall urge her Flight,
And hurl thee headlong from the topmoſt Height:
Then like thy Fate, ſuperior will I fit,
And view thee fall'n, and grov'ling at my Feet;
See thy laſt Breath with Indignation go,
And tread thee ſinking to the Shades below.

Rowe's J. Shore.

HA! doſt thou brave me, Minion? Doſt thou know
How vile, how very a Wretch my Pow'r can make
thee?

That I can let looſe Fear, Diſtreſs, and Famine,
To hunt thy Heels, like Hell-Hounds, thro' the
World?

That I can place thee in ſuch abject State,
As Help ſhall never find thee? Where repining
Thou ſhalt ſit down, and gnaw the Earth for Anguiſh;
Groan to the pitileſs Winds without Return;
Howl like the midnight Wolf amidſt the Deſarts;
And curſe thy Life in Bitterneſs of Miſery? *Ibid.*

BUT hear me, Maid, this Blot of Nature,
This deform'd loath'd Carcaſe
Is Maſter of a Sword, to reach the Blood
Of your young Minion, ſpoil the Gods fine Work,
And ſtab you in his Heart. *Dr. Oed.*

BETTER for him to tempt the Rage of Heav'n,
And wrench the Bolt red-hiſſing from the Hand

268 *Thesaurus Dramaticus.*

Of him that thunders, than but think that Insolence:
'Tis Daring for a God! *Cong. M. Bride.*

DESTRUCTION! swift Destruction
Fall on my coward Head, and make my Name
The common Scorn of Fools, if I forgive him:
If I forgive him, if I not revenge
With utmost Rage, and most unstaying Fury,
Thy Sufferings, thou dear Darling of my Life!

Otw. Ven. Pres.

FROM his iron Den I'll waken Death,
And hurl him on this King: My Honesty
Shall steel my Sword; and on its horrid Point
I'll wear my Cause, that shall amaze the Eyes
Of this proud Man, and be too glittering
For him to look on.

Beaum. M. Tra.

By my just Sword, he'd safer
Bestride a Billow, when the angry North
Plows up the Seas, or made Heav'n's Fire his Food.

Ibid.

SET Hills on Hills betwixt me, and the Man
That utters this, and I will scale them all,
And from the utmost Tops fall on his Neck
Like Thunder from a Cloud. *Beaum. Philast.*

By Heav'n, I will not lay down my Commission,
Not at his Foot; I will not stoop so low;
But if there be a Part in all his Face
More sacred than the rest, I'll throw it there.

Dryd. Don Seb.

Avoid him! If we meet,
It must be like the Crush of Heav'n and Earth,
T'involve us both in Ruin.

Ibid.

Did

DID he, my Slave, presume to look so high!
That crawling Insect, who from Mud began,
Warm'd by my Rays, and kindled into Man! *Dr. Aur.*

HAD any broad-mouth'd sland'rous Villain said it,
I would have turn'd him out-side to the Sun,
Display'd th' infected Fountain of his Thoughts,
And stabb'd the venom'd Lye down to his Heart.

South. Disap.

THO' he were great as the first *Cæsar* was,
High seated in the Empire of the World,
With Nations waiting round him for his Guards,
He went to nothing; all his Glories here
Should meet his Fate, and fall before my Fury. *Ibid.*

To the Earth's utmost Verge I will pursue him;
No Place, tho' e'er so holy, shall protect him;
No Shape, that artful Fear e'er form'd, shall hide him.

Rowe's F. Pen.

YES, yes, ye Gods! ye shall have ample Vengeance
On *Laius'* Murderer! O the Traytor's Name!
I'll know it; I will: Art shall be conjur'd for't,
And Nature all unravell'd. I'll fetch him,
Tho' lodg'd in Air upon a Dragon's Wing;
Tho' Rocks should hide him: Nay, he shall be dragg'd,
From Hell; if Charms can hurry him along:
His Ghost shall be, by sage *Tiresias'* Pow'r,
Confin'd to Flesh, to suffer Death once more;
And then be p'sung'd in his first Fires again. *Lee's Oed.*

O DID I know the Name of him I dread!
What God in Arms should save him from my Sword?

Lee's Cæs. Borg.

Do me Justice,
Or, by the Gods, I'll lay a Scene of Blood,
Shall make this Dwelling horrible to Nature:

I will have Juſtice :

Who'll ſleep in Safety that has done me Wrong?

Orw. Orph.

My Slave, whom I

Could tread to Clay, dares utter bloody Threats!

Lee's Alex.

SAFER thou mayſt with Thunder play, kiſs Fire,
Grapple with Death, a Peſtilence invade,

With all his fatal purple Pomp array'd! *Lee's Soph.*

PEACE, Villains! Peace, conſpiring Sicophants!

Now, by the Gods, my Eyes are half unſcal'd:

But if the Thought that kindles in my Breaſt,

Finds proper Fuel to increaſe my Fire,

I ſhall conſume you. Traytors, if I find,

Which I begin to do, that you have play'd

The Villain.

Mark me; if ought of this, if any Shadow

Appears that you conſpir'd to betray me,

I'll heap ſuch Horrors on your frighted Souls,

That you ſhall call your Brother Devils up,

To ſnatch you hence, rather than ſtand my Fury.

Lee's Mith.

If ſhe be dead--- That If's impoſſible;

And let none here affirm it for his Soul:

For he that dares but think ſo damn'd a Lye,

I'll have his Body ſtrait impal'd before me,

And glut my Eyes upon his bleeding Entrails.

Lee's Alex.

COWARDS are ſcar'd with Threatnings: Boys are

whip'd

Into Confeſſions; but a ſteady Mind

Acts of it ſelf, ne'er aſks the Body Counſel.

Orw. Ven. Preſ.

THUNDER

T H U N D E R.

FROM Winds and thick'ning Clouds we Thunder
fear;

None dread it from that Quarter which is clear.

Dryd. Cong. Gran.

O FOR a Peal of Thunder, that could make
Earth, Sea, and Air, and Heav'n, and *Cato* tremble!

Add. Cato.

It comes like Thunder grumbling in a Cloud,
Before the dreadful Break ; if here it falls,
The subtle Flame will lick up all my Blood,
And in a Moment turn my Heart to Ashes.

Dryd. Tro. Cress.

THE Skies are hush'd, no grumbling Thunders
roll.

Dryd. Don Seb.

T I M E.

DESPAIR not then ; for Time these Griefs will cure.
Time dries the sighing Widow's Eyes, and makes
The Wretch in Bondage in his Chains forget
That ever he was happy.

Hig. Gen. Cong.

GOOD Heav'n ! thy Book of Fate before me lay ;
But to tear out the Journal of this Day :
Or if the Order of the World below,
Will not the Gap of one whole Day allow,
Give me that Minute when she made her Vow :
That Minute, ev'n the Happy from their Bliss might
give,
And those who live in Grief a shorter Time would
live.

So ſmall a Link, if broke, th' eternal Chain,
 Would, like divided Waters, join again:
 It will not be; the Fugitive is gone;
 Preſs'd by the Crowd of following Minutes on:
 That precious Moment's out of Nature fled,
 And in the Heap of common Rubbiſh laid,
 Of Things that once have been, and are decay'd. }

Dr. Cong. Gran.

TIMON's Curſe.

LET me look back upon thee, O thou Wall,
 That girdleſt in thoſe Wolves! Dive in the Earth,
 And fence not *Athens*! Matrons turn incontinent;
 Obedience fail in Children; Slaves and Fools
 Pluck the grave wrinkled Senate from the Bench,
 And miniſter in their Steads to general Filths:
 Convert i'th' Infant green Virginity;
 Do't in your Parents Eyes: Bankrupts holds faſt,
 Rather than render back: Out with your Knives
 And cut your Truſters Throats: Bound Servants ſteal;
 Large-handed Robbers your grave Maſters are
 And Pill by Law: Maid to thy Maſter's Bed;
 Thy Miſtreſs is o'th' Brothel: Son of ſixteen
 Pluck the kind Crutch from thy old limping Sire;
 With it beat out his Brains. Piety and Fear,
 Religion to the Gods, Peace, Juſtice, Truth,
 Domestic Awe, Night-Reſt, and Neighbourhood,
 Inſtructions, Manners, Myſteries, and Trade;
 Degrees, Obſervances, Customs, and Laws,
 Decline to your confounding Contraries;
 And yet Confuſion live: Plagues incident to Man;
 Your potent and infectious Fevers heap
 On *Athens*, ripe for Stroke. Thou cold *Sciatica*

Cripple

Gripple our Senators, that their Limbs may halt
As lamely as their Manners: Luſt and Liberty
Creep in the Minds and Marrows of our Youth;
That 'gainſt the Stream of Virtue they may ſtrive
And drown themſelves in Riot. Itches, Blains
Sow all th' *Athenian* Boſoms; and their Crop
Be general Leproſy: Breath infect Breath;
That their Society (as their Friendſhip) may
Be meerly Poiſon. Nothing I'll bear from thee,
But Nakedneſs, thou deteſtable Town!

Shak. Tim. Ath.

T I T L E.

WHAT tho' no gawdy Titles grace my Birth?
Titles, the ſervile Courtier's lean Reward!
Sometimes the Pay of Virtue, but more oft
The Hire which Greatneſs gives to Slaves and Syco-
phants:

Yet Heav'n that made me honeſt, made me more
Than e'er a King did, when he made a Lord.

Rowe's J. Shore.

T O I L.

AND Work is Pleaſure when we chuſe our Task.

Dryd. State Inn.

SOME Labour, ev'n the eaſieſt Life would chuſe.

Ibid.

OUR Labours you with ſickly Eyes behold,
And think them our Diſhonour, which indeed
Are the protractive Tryals of the Gods,
To prove Heroic Conſtancy in Man. *Dr. Tro. Creſſ.*

N 5

T O M B.

T O M B.

'TIS dreadful!

How rev'rend is the Face of this tall Pile?
 Whose antient Pillars rear their marble Heads,
 To bear aloft its arch'd and pond'rous Roof?
 By its own Weight made stedfast, and immovable,
 Looking Tranquility! It strikes an Awe
 And Terror to my aking Sight! The Tombs
 And monumental Caves of Death look cold,
 And shoot a Chilness to my trembling Heart!
 The Horror of this Place,
 And Silence will encrease my Melancholy!

Cong. M. Bride

BEHOLD, my Son, this rude unpolish'd Marble,
 The common Receptacle of our Dust,
 When Fate shall summon our obedient Spirits.

Tate's Loy. Gen

THEY'LL decently bestow
 This Lumber in some Vault by Nature fram'd;
 Wrapp'd in no Sables but of decent Night:
 No Pageantry, or more superfluous Trains
 Of such as mourn for Hire: No fun'ral Dirge
 But what the widow'd Turtle shall afford me.
 The Pomp that I despis'd in Life, in Death
 I hold most vain; nor care to rot in State.

T O N G U E.

O THAT delightful Engine of her Thoughts!
 That blabb'd them with such pleasing Eloquence,

Is torn from forth that pretty hollow Cage,
Where, like a ſweet melodious Bird, it ſung
Sweet vary'd Notes, inchanting every Ear.

Shak. Tit. And.

TREACHERY.

NATURE abhors,
And drives thee out from the Society
And Commerce of Mankind, for Breach of Faith!
Men live, and proſper but in mutual Truſt,
A Confidence of one another's Truth:

That thou haſt violated!

South. Oroon.

WHEN Breach of Faith join'd Hearts does diſ-
engage,

The calm'eſt Temper turns to wildeſt Rage.

Lee's Soph.

HOWE'ER in private, Miſchiefs are conceiv'd,
Torture and Shame attend their open Birth:
Like Vipers in the Womb, baſe Treach'ry lies
Still gnawing that whence firſt it did ariſe;
No ſooner born, but the vile Parent dies.

Cong. Doub. Deal.

FALSE Eyes

Are quick to ſee another's Treacheries.

How. Ind. Queen.

NONE can defend thoſe, who betray themſelves.

Sed. Ant. Cleop.

PRINCES invite, who pardon Treachery. *Ibid.*

A TREACHEROUS Friend, will be a timorous Foe.

Ibid.

TREASON.

T R E A S O N.

WHO strike at Kings, repeat the Giants Crime,
And strike at *Jove*. *Lanf. Her. Love.*

CAN Gold corrupt you to betray your Master?
Dogs on their Feeders fawn, but you betray.

Hig. Gen. Conq.

THE faithful Dog flies at the Robber's Throat,
That would break in to force his Master's Treasure;
But Dogs are watchful Creatures; true to Trust:
Men are the first to prey upon their Lords;
In Dangers they forsake us, shifting still
From Side to Side, as they can mend their Bargain.

Lanf. Her. Love.

THE Heart and harbour'd Thoughts of Ill make
Traytors,
Not spleeny Speeches. *Rock. Val.*

How sweet is Treason when the Traitor's safe?

Dr. Don Sebast.

THE Man who pauses in the Paths of Treason
Halts on a Quicksand, the first Stop engulphs him.

Hill's Hen. V.

T R E E.

I, LIKE a naked Tree, my Shelter gone,
To Winds and Winter Storms must stand expos'd.

Dr. Aurel.

THE young Sapling
Is shrouded long beneath the Mother-Tree,
Before it be transplanted from its Earth,
And trust it self for Growth.

Dr. Tro. Cress.

THUS

THUS yields the Cedar to the Axes Edge,
Whose Arms gave Shelter to the Princely Eagle:
Under whose Shade the ramping Lion slept,
Whose Top-Branch overlook'd *Jove's* spreading Tree,
And kept low Shrubs from Winter's pow'rful Wind.

Shak. Hen. VI.

T R I U M P H.

IN purple Robes,
With solemn State the Magistrates proceed:
The Streets adorn'd; the Doors with Statues grac'd;
Vast thronging Crowds retard the great Procession,
Whose loud repeated Shouts divide the Air;
While flutt'ring Birds their empty Pinions shake:
With Garlands crown'd the Virgins strew the Ways,
And in glad Hymns repeat his glorious Name;
While joyful Mothers to their wond'ring Babes
Point out the Hero as he drives along. *Hig. Gen Conq.*

HE comes, and with a Port so proud,
As if he had subdu'd the spacious World:
And all *Sinope's* Streets are fill'd with such
A Glut of People, you would think some God
Had conquer'd in their Cause, and them thus rank'd,
That he might make his Entrance on their Heads;
While from the Scaffolds, Windows, Tops of Houses,
Are cast such gawdy Show'rs of Garlands down,
That even the Crowd appear like Conquerors,
And the whole City seems like one vast Meadow,
Set all with Flow'rs, as a clear Heav'n with Stars.
Nay, as I've heard, e'er he the City entred
Your Subjects lin'd the Way for many Furlongs;
The very Trees bore Men: And as our God,

When

When from the Portal of the Eaſt he dawns,
 Beholds a thouſand Birds upon the Boughs,
 To welcome him with all their warbling Throats,
 And prune their Feathers in his golden Beams;
 So did your Subjects, in their gaudy Trim,
 Upon the pendant Branches ſpeak his Praise!
 Mother's, who covered all the Banks beneath,
 Did rob the crying Infants of the Breſt,
 Pointing *Ziphæes* out, to make them ſmile;
 And climbing Boys, ſtood on their Father's Shoulders,
 Answering their ſhouting Sires, with tender Cries,
 To make the Conſort up of general Joy. *Lee's Mith.*

T R U S T.

WE both are bound by Truſt, and muſt be true,
 For he, who to the Bad betrays his Truſt,
 Tho' he does Good, becomes himſelf unjuſt.

When *Brutus* did from *Cæſar* Rome redeem,
 The Act was good, but was not good in him:
 You ſee the Gods adjudg'd it Parricide,
 By dooming the Event on *Cæſar's* Side.

'Tis Virtue not to be oblig'd at all,
 Or not conſpire our Benefactors fall. *Dr. Tyr. Love*

TRUST repoſed in noble Natures,
 Obliges them the more. *Dr. Affig*

I'LL truſt thee with my Life! On thoſe ſoft Breſts
 Breath out the choiceſt Secrets of my Heart,
 Till I have nothing in it left, but Love. *Otw. Orph*

TURTLE

TURTLE.

THE Dove that Murmurs at her Mates Neglect,
But Counterfeits a Coyneſs to be courted: *Dr. Amph.*

THE Storm blown over, ſo the wanton Doves,
Shake from their Plumes, the Rain, and ſeek the }
Groves,
Pair their glad Mates, and coo eternal Loves.

Lanſd. Br. Incb.

T T R A N N T.

YOU make your ſelf abhorr'd for Cruelty,
The Empire Groans under your bloody Reign,
And its vaſt Body, bleeds in every Vein: *Dr. Tyr. Love.*

WHEN thou wer't form'd, Heaven did a Man
being,

But the brute Soul, by chance was ſhuffl'd in:
In Woods and Wilds thy Monarchy Maintain,
Where valiant Beaſts by Force and Rapine reign:
In Life's next Scene, if Transmigration be,
Some Bear or Lion, is reſerv'd for thee. *Dr. Auren.*

METHINKS I ſee

Th' inſulting Tyrant, prancing o'er the Field,
Strow'd with *Rome's* Citizens, and drench'd with
Slaughter!

His Horſes Hoofs, wet with *Patricians* Blood!

O *Portius*! is there not ſome choſen Curſe,
Some hidden Thunder in the Stores of Heaven,
Red with uncommon Wrath, to blaſt the Man,
Who owes his Greatneſs to his Country's Ruin

Add. Cato.

'Tis

'TIS an impious Greatneſs,
And mix'd with too much Horror to be envied.

Ibid.

TYRANTS and Devils, think all Pleaſure vain,
But wha tare ſtill deriv'd from other's Pain.

Dev. Siege Rho.

TYRANNY, that ſavage brutal Pow'r,
Which not protects, but ſtill devours Mankind.

Den. Sophy.

AND this to tyranny belongs,
To forget Service, but remember Wrongs.

Ibid.

OUR Emperor is a Tyrant fear'd and hated;
I ſcarce remember in his Reign one Day,
Paſs Guiltleſs o'er his excreable Head
He thinks the Sun is loſt, that ſees not Blood:
When none is ſhed, we count it Holiday.
We, who are moſt in Favour, cannot call
This Hour our own.

Dr. Don. Sch.

PROUD, impatient,
Of ought Superior, even of Heavens that made him!
Fond of falſe Glory; of the ſavage Power
Of ruling without Reaſon; Of confounding
Juſt and Unjuſt by an unbounded Will:
By whom Religion, Honour, all the Bands,
That ought to hold the jarring World in Peace,
Were held the Tricks of States, Snares of wiſe Princes,
To draw their eaſy Neighbours to Deſtruction;
To waſte with Sword and Fire, their fruitful Fields:
Like ſome accuſed Fiend, who 'ſcap'd from Hell,
Poisons the balmy Air, thro' which he flies;

He

He blasts the bearded Corn, and loaded Branches,
The labouring Hind's best Hopes, and marks his Way
with Ruin. *Rowe's Tam.*



V I C I S S I T U D E.



O Day a Conqueror, and to Night a
Slave!

How short the Space, betwixt these
vast Extreams! *Hig. Gen. Conq.*

THINK on the slippery State of hu-
man Things,

The strange Vicissitudes, and sudden Turns
Of War, and Fate reviling on the Proud,
To crush a merciless and cruel Victor:
Think there are Bounds of Fortune, set above
Periods of Time, and Progress of Success,
Which none can stop, before the appointed Limits,
And none can push beyond. *Dr. Love Tri.*

O DISMAL Change! Nothing is constant found,
The Gods with Whirlwinds, drive our Fortunes
Round!

Things at the worst, will cease, or else climb up-
ward,
To what they were before. *Shak. Mack.*

FOR over all Men hangs a double Fate:

One gains by what another is bereft;
The frugal Destinies have only left

A com-

A common Bank of Happiness below,
Maintain'd like Nature, by an Ebb and Flow.

How. Ind. Emp.

THE lowest, and most abject Thing in Fortune,
Stands still in Hopes, lives not in Fear:
The lamentable Change is from the best,
The worst returns to better.

Shak. King Lear

THERE is a Tide in the Affairs of Men,
Which taken at the Flood, leads on to Fortune:
Omitted, all the Voyage of their Life
Is bound in Shallows and Miseries.

Shak. Jul. Cæs.

V I C T O R Y.

BUT Victory not always is entail'd:
The Wise their Conduct lose; the Strong their Force
'Tis Heaven alone, the Fate of Empire weighs:
Whose Power resistless by all human Force,
Derides our Prudence, and our shallow Foresight,
By interposing the minute Accidents,
Unthought of, unforeseen by Man's dim Eyes;
Tears from the Victor what he thought secure,
And turns the Fate of Battle!

Hig. Gen. Com.

V I L L A I N.

SURE there never was any great Thing yet
Aspired to, but by Violence and Fraud:
And he that sticks for Folly of a Conscience,
To reach it, is a good Religious Fool;
A Superstitious Slave, and sure to die a Beast.

Johns. C.

THE original Villain, ſure no God created!
He was a Baſtard of the Sun, by Nile;
Ap'd into Man, with all his Mother's Mud
Cruſted about his Soul.

Dr. All for Love.

A VILLAIN, when he moſt ſeems kind,
Is moſt to be ſuſpected.

Landſ. Few Venice.

THOU temperate Villain, in Unforgivenefs cool,
Who putt'ſt a Gloſs of Sanctity on Malice,
And ſeem'ſt to weep, and ſeem'ſt to pray for thoſe
Thou would'ſt deſtroy!

Phil. D. Gloſ.

V I N E.

THE Vine will cling, while the tall Poplar ſtands;
But that cut down, creeps to the next Support,
And twines as cloſely there.

Dr. Don Sebaſt.

ONCE like a Vine I flouriſh'd, and was young,
Rich in my ripening Hopes, that ſpoke me ſtrong,
But now a dry and wither'd Stock am grown,
And all my Cluſters, and my Branches gone.

Otw. Don Carlos.

V I R T U E.

WHAT ſhall I ſay, to ſpeak thy wond'rous Vir-
tue?

My Tongue forſakes me, when I would go on,
Uncapable to form my dazling Thoughts;
And I can only gaze, and ſtill admire thee!

South. Loy. Bro.

THE

THE chariest Maid is prodigal enough:
If she unvail her Beauty to the Moon,
Virtue it self 'scapes not calumnious Stroaks.

Shak. Ham.

O VIRTUE, Virtue! what art thou become,
That Man should leave for that Toy a Woman,
Made from the Dross and Refuge of a Man?

Dr. Sp. Fri.

VIRTUE'S a solid Rock, whereat being aim'd,
The keenest Darts of Envy, yet unhurt
Her Marble Hero stands, built of such Basis,
While they recoil, and wound the Shooter's Face.

Beaum. Q. of Corinth.

OUR Life is short; but to extend that Span
To vast Eternity, is Virtue's Work. *Shak. Troil. Cress.*
HE lives in Fame, that dies in Virtue's Cause.

Shak. Tit. And.

How vain is Virtue, which directs our Ways,
Thro' certain Dangers, to uncertain Praise.
Barren and airy Name! Thee Fortune flies,
With thy lean Train, the Pious and the Wise.
Heaven takes thee at thy Word, without Regard,
And lets thee poorly be thy own reward.
The World is made for the bold-impious Man,
Who stops at nothing, seizes all he can.
Justice to Merit does weak Aid afford,
She trusts her Ballance, and neglects her Sword:
Virtue is nice, to take what's not her own,
And while she long consults the Prize is gone.

Dr. Aure.

GREAT Minds, like Heaven, are pleas'd with
doing Good,
Tho' th' ungrateful Subject of their Favours,

Are barren in return. Virtue does still
With Scorn the mercenary World regard,
Where abject Souls do Good, and hope Reward:
Above the worthless Trophies Man can raise,
She seeks not Honour, Wealth, nor airy Praise,
But with her self, her self the Goddess pays.

Rowe's Tam.

HENCE with this peevish Virtue, 'tis a Cheat,
And they who taught it first, were Hypocrites.

Otw. Orph.

TORMENT of Mind! O feeble Virtue hence!
Blow thee from the Palace to the Cottage,
Go build in Hearts of Hinds; bless their rude Hands,
With thy lean Recompence of endless Labour!
For me, since I have burst th' ungrateful Chain,
That held me to thee, like a shackled Slave;
I will enjoy whate'er the Gods have given,
And surfeit on the Beauties of *Semandra*! *Lee's Mith.*

IF when a Crown, and Mistress are in Place,
Virtue intrudes with her lean holy Face;
Virtue's then mine, and I not Virtue's Foe!
Why does she come, where she has nought to do?
Let her with *Anchorets*, not with Lovers lye;
Statesmen and they keep better Company.

Dr. Cong. Gran.

How strange a Riddle Virtue is!

They never miss it, who possess it not;
And they who have it, ever find a Want! *Robt. Val.*

VIRTUE, the more it is exposed,
Like purest Linnen, laid in open Air,
Will bleach the more, and whiten to the View.

Dr. Amph.

FOR

286 *Theſaurus Dramaticus.*

FOR Bleſſings ever wait on virtuous Deeds;
And tho' a late, a ſure Reward ſucceeds.

Cong. M. Bride.

THEN why ſhould Virtue fear,
When with their murdering Shafts, the Gods appear?
Guilt tremble thou, when Heaven's wing'd Vengeance flies,
Thro' frighted Cities, and when Storms ariſe!

Dav. Circe.

How few could follow thoſe ſtrict Rules they
gave,

For human Life, will human Frailties have!
And Love of Virtue is but barren Praise,
Airy as Fame, not ſtrong enough to raiſe
The Actions of the Soul above the Senſe
Virtue grows cold without a Recompence.

Dr. Tyr. Love.

A SETTLED Virtue

Makes it ſelf a Judge; and ſatiſfied within,
Smiles at that common Enemy, the World:
I am no more afraid of flying Cenſures,
Than Heaven of being fired with mounting Sparkles

Dr. Riv. Ladies.

GOOD Deeds their Worth and Value have from
hence,

They their own Glory are, and Recompence.

Otw. Alce.

THE Virtuous nothing fear but Life with Shame
And Death's a pleaſant Road that leads to Fame.

My Virtue, which I ſerv'd, is but a Name,
Since it betrays me to this publick Shame.

Virtue

Virtue's no God, nor has she Power divine;
But he protects it, who did first enjoin.

Dr. Cong. Gran.

LET Mortals learn,

When in Obedience to the Gods they tread
The doubtful Paths of Destiny, to affront
The dreadful'st Dangers with undaunted Spirit;
Let them not even in worst Extreame despair;
For while they keep to Virtue's narrow Paths,
With Guards invincible they March surrounded:
The Gods who surely guide them on the Way,
From them no more than from themselves can

Stray,

For Virtue's of Divinity a Ray.

Den. Iphig.

Is Virtue then

Given to make us wretched? Ah! sad Portion!

Fatal to all that have thee! Shunn'd on Earth,

Oppress'd and shewn, but in severest Tryals:

Condemn'd to solitude: Then shining most,

Then black Obscurity surrounds! Poor, poor!

Not ever beautiful!

Landf. Her. Love.

STRONG Virtue, like strong Nature, struggles still,

Asserts its self, and then throws off the Ill.

Dr. Aurenz.

O PURSUE, I

Pursue the sacred Counsels of your Soul,

Which urge you on to Virtue! Let not Danger,

For the incumb'ring World, make faint your Purpose:

Assisting Angels shall conduct your Steps,

Leading you to Bliss, and crown your End with Peace!

Rowe's J. Shore.

To civilize the rude unpolish'd World,

And lay it under the Restraint of Laws:

To

To make Man mild, and sociable to Man;
 To cultivate the wild licentious Savage,
 With Wisdom, Discipline, and lib'ral Arts;
 Th' Embellishments of Life! Virtues, like these,
 Make human Nature shine; reform the Soul,
 And break the fierce Barbarians into Man! *Add. Cato.*

O *Aurenziba*! thy Virtues shine too bright!
 They flash too fierce! I, like the Bird of Night,
 Shut my dull Eyes, and sicken at the Sight.

Dr. Auren.

OH! I know him
 Fierce in the Right, and obstinately Good,
 When round beset, his Virtue, like a Flood,
 Breaks with resistless Force the opposing Dams,
 And bears the Mounds along: They're hurried on,
 And swell the Torrent they were used to stop.

Smith's Phed. Hyp.

A NOBLE Temper shines even tho' his Faults,
 And gilds them into Virtue! *Dr. Love Tri.*

THE Heavens have Clouds, and Spots are in the
 Moon,
 But faultless Virtue shines in her alone!

How. Ind. Queen.

TO what a Height of Arrogance she swells?
 Pride or ill Nature still with Virtue dwells!

Dr. Tyr. Love.

HEAVEN doth with us, as we with Torches do,
 Not light them for our selves: For if our Virtues
 Did not go forth of us, 'twere all alike,
 As if we had them not. Spirits are not finely touch'd
 But to fine Issues; nor Nature never sends
 the smallest Scruple of her Excellence;

But like a thrifty Goddeſs, ſhe determines
Her ſelf the Glory of a Creditor,
Both Thanks and Uſe.

Shak. Meaſ. for Meaſ.

VIRGINITY.

KEEP ſtill that holy and immaculate Fire,
You chaſt Lump of Eternity: 'Tis a Treafure,
Too precious for Death's Moment to partake,
This Twinkling of ſhort Life: Diſdain as much,
To let Mortality know ye, as Stars to kiſs the Pavement:

Ye have a Subſtance

As excellent as theirs, holding your Pureneſs;

They look upon Corruption as you do,

But are Stars: Still be you a Virgin too.

Middleton's Mayor of Queenb.

VIRGINITY! 'Tis not politic in the Commonwealth
of Nature, to preſerve Virginity. Loſs of Virgi-
nity is rational Increate, and there was never Vir-
ginity got, till Virginity was firſt loſt. That you are
made of, is Metal to make Virgins. Virginity by be-
ing once loſt, may be ten Times found: By being
ever kept, it is ever loſt: 'Tis too cold a Companion,
away with it! To ſpeak on the Part of Virginity, is
to accuſe your Mother; which is moſt infallible Diſ-
obedience. He that hangs himſelf, is a Virgin: Vir-
ginity murders it ſelf, and ſhould be buried in High-
ways, out of all ſanctified Limit, as a deſperate Of-
fence againſt Nature. Virginity breeds Mites, much
like rotten Cheeſe; conſumes it ſelf, in the very Pa-
ſſages, and ſo dies with feeding its own Stomach. Be-
ſides, Virginity is peeviſh, proud, idle, made of Self-
Love,

Love, which is the moſt inhibited Sin in the Canon, Keep it not, you cannot chuſe but loſe by it. Within ten Years, it will make it ſelf two, which is a good In-creaſe, and the Principle it ſelf not much the worſe. It is a Commodity will loſe the Gloſs with lying; the longer kept, the leſs worth: Off with't, while 'tis ven-dible, anſwer the Time of Request. Virginity, like an old Courtier, wears her Cap out of Faſhion, richly ſuited, but unſuitable: Your Date is better in the Pye, and your Porridge, than your Cheek; and your old Virginity is like one of our *French* wither'd Pears, it looks ill, and eats dryly: Marry, 'tis a wither'd Pear! It was formerly better: Marry, yet 'tis a wither'd Pear!

Shak. All's well.

VOICE.

THERE'S wond'rous Muſic in thy Voice! The
Story

Of *Orpheus*, which appears ſo bold a Fiction,
Was prophecy'd of thee! Thy Voice has tam'd,
The Tygers, and the Lions of my Soul! *Den. Sophy*
THY Voice, like ſad, but pleaſing Muſic, flew!
Like dying Swans, 'twas ſweet and fatal too!

Lee's Sophy

O CHARM me with the Muſic of thy Tongue!
I'm ne'er ſo bleſt, as when I hear thy Vows,
And liſten to the Language of thy Heart. *Otw. Orph*

THAT Voice was wont to come in gentle Whiſpers
And fill my Ears with the ſoft Breath of Love.

Otw. Ven. Pro

METHOUGHT I heard a Voice,
Sweet as the Shepherd's Pipe upon the Mountains,
When all his little Flock's at Feed before him. *Otw. Orph*

HIS Voice is ſoft as is the upper Air,
Or dying Lovers Words. *Dr. Riv. Ladies.*

METHOUGHT I heard a Voice,
Now roaring like the Ocean, when the Winds
Fight with the Waves; now in a ſtill ſmall Tone
Your dying Accents fell, as wrecking Ships,
After the dreadful Yell ſink murm'ring down,
And bubble up a Noiſe. *Lee's Oed.*

WHO talks of dying in a Voice ſo ſweet,
That Life's in Love with it? *Otw. Orph.*

THERE'S Heav'n ſtill in thy Voice, but that's a
Sign

Virtue's departing; for thy better Angel
Still makes the Woman's Tongue his riſing Ground,
Waggs there a while, and takes his Flight for ever.

Dr. Duke of Guiſe.

HIS Voice, Attention ſtill as Midnight, draws;
His Voice more gentle than the Summer's Breeze,
That mildly whiſpers thro' the waving Trees;
Soft as the Nightingale's complaining Song,
Or murm'ring Currents as they roll along.

OH! were my Voice a Trumpet loud as Fame,
To reach the Round of Heav'n, and Earth, and Sea,
All Nations ſhould be ſummon'd to this Place!

Dr. Don Seb.

U P B R A I D I N G.

FLY, begone!

And hide thee where bright Virtue never ſhone!
The Day will ſhun thee, nay, the Stars that view
Miſchiefs and Murders, Deeds to thee not new,
Will ſtart at this!

Lee's Alex.

WHAT'S

WHAT'S Life without your Honour?
 Could you transform your ſelf into a *Gorgon*,
 Or make that beardleſs Face like *Jupiter's*,
 I would be heard in ſpite of all your *Thunders*!
 O Pow'r of Guilt! You fear to ſtand the Teſt
 Which Virtue brings! Like Sores, your Vices ſhake
 Before this *Roman* Healer: But if you be not
 Quite dead with Sleep, for ever loſt to Honour,
 Before I go, I'll rip the Malady;
 I'll let the Venom fly before your Eyes,
 And laſh you with keen Words from lazy Love.

Lee's Theod.

I WOULD but ſhake him,
 Rouſe him a little from this Death of Honour,
 And ſhew him, what he ſhould be. *Ibid.*

O EMPEROR! thou Picture of a Glory!
 Thou mangl'd Figure of a ruin'd Greatneſs!
 O thou royal Villany!
 In Purple dippp'd to give a Gloſs to Miſchief!
 Yet e'er thy Death enriches my Revenge,
 And ſwells the Book of Fate, thou ſtatelier Mad-man,
 Plac'd by the Gods upon a Precipice,
 To make thy Fall more dreadful!
 By all th' immortal Gods, I will awake thee!
 I'll rouze thee, *Cæſar*, if ſtrong Reason can!
 If thou haſt ever Senſe of *Roman* Honour,
 Or the Imperial Genius ever warn'd thee!
 Why haſt thou us'd me thus for all my Service,
 My Toils, my Fights, my Wounds in horrid War?
 Why diſt thou tear the only Garland from me,
 That could make proud my Conqueſts? *Rock. Val.*

A THOUSAND Nights have brush'd their balmy

Wings

Over

Over theſe Eyes; but ever when they clos'd,
Thy tyrant Image forc'd them ope again,
And dry'd the Dews they brought. *Dr. Don Seb.*

TYRANT ! (it irks me ſo to call my Prince,)
But juſt Reſentment, and hard Uſage coin'd
Th' unwilling Word, and grating as it is,
Take it, for 'tis thy Due. *Ibid.*

If I'm a Traitor, think, and bluſh, thou Tyrant,
Whoſe Injuries betray'd me into Treason,
Eſſac'd my Loyalty, unhing'd my Faith,
And hurry'd me from Hopes of Heav'n to Hell !
All theſe, and all my yet unfiniſh'd Crimes,
When I ſhall riſe to plead before the Skies,
I charge on thee to make thy Damning ſure. *Ibid.*

I SERV'D thee fifteen hard Campaigns,
And pitch'd thy Standard in theſe foreign Fields;
By me thy Greatneſs grew; thy Years grew with it;
But thy Ingratitude out-grew them both. *Ibid.*

THOU haſt loſt thy Honour ! Oh ! haſt thou dy'd
Ten thouſand Deaths, e'er blaſted *Grillon's* Glory !
Grillon ! who ſav'd thee from a barb'rous World,
Where thou haſt ſtarv'd, or ſold thy ſelf for Bread,
Took thee into his Boſom, foſter'd thee
As his own Soul, and laid thee in his Heart-ſtrings !
And now for all my Cares to ſerve me thus,
It wrings the iron Tears from *Grillon's* Heart,
And melts me to a Babe ! *Dr. D. Guiſe.*

COULD I believe thee, could I think thee true:
But, O ! thou Syren ! I will ſtop my Ears
To thy enchanting Notes ! The Winds ſhall bear
Upon their Wings thy Words, more light than they.
Dr. Tro. Creſſ.

I TAKE the Gods to witneſs, with more Sorrow,
And more Vexation hear I theſe Reproaches,
Than were my Life dropp'd from me thro' an Hour-
Glaſs. *Roch. Val.*

YOU have your ſelf your Kindneſs over-paid:
He ceaſes to oblige who can upbraid. *Dr. St. Inn.*
EVEN Benefits upbraided, are diſſolv'd.

Hig. Gen. Conq.

U S U R P E R.

IF I thought my Soul of Kin to thine,
Soon would I rend my Heart-Strings,
And tear out that Alliance: But thou, Viper,
Haſt cancell'd Kindred, made a Rent in Nature;
And thro' her holy Bowels gnaw'd thy Way
Thro' thy own Blood to Empire. *Dr. Don Seb.*

THE Queen has in her Chapel
All Night devoutly watch'd, and brib'd the Gods
With Vows for her Deliverance.

O Alphonſo!
I fear they come too late! Her Father's Crimes
Hang heavy on her, and weigh down her Prayers:
A Crown uſurp'd! A lawful King depos'd!
In Bondage held, debarr'd the common Light!
His Children murder'd, and his Friends deſtroy'd!
What can we leſs expect, than what we feel,
And what we fear will follow?

AVERT it, Heaven!

Then Heav'n muſt not be Heav'n: Judge the Events,
By what has paſs'd. Th' Uſurper joy'd not long
His ill-got Pow'r! 'Tis true, he dy'd in Peace:
Unriddle that, ye Powers! *Dr. Sp. Friar.*

KINGS

KINGS who did Crowns unjustly get
In Hell on burning Thrones are set:
And, oh! uneasily their Crowns they wear,
And their own Guilt, amidst the Guards they fear;
Cares, when they wake, their Minds unquiet keep,
And Ghosts, in Visions, lord it o'er their Sleep.

Dr. Temp.

HE, who by Force a Sceptre does obtain,
Shews he can govern that which he could gain.
Right comes of Course, whate'er he was before,
Murder and Usurpation are no more. *Dr. Auren.*

A SCEPTRE snatch'd with an unruly Hand,
Must be as boist'rously maintain'd as gain'd:
And he that stands upon a slipp'ry Place,
Makes nice of no vile Hold to stay him up.

Shak. K. John.

DARE to be great without a guilty Crown!
View it, and lay the bright Temptation Down!
'Tis base to seize on all because you may;
That's Empire, that which I can give away.
There's Joy when to wild Will you Laws prescribe,
When you bid Fortune carry back her Bribe.
A Joy which none but greatest Minds can taste,
A Fame which will to endless Ages last! *Dr. Auren.*

O 4

WANT.



W A N T.



AMINE is in thy Cheeks,
Need and Oppression staring in thy
Looks,
Contempt and Beggary hang on thy
Back. *Shak. Rom. Jul.*

OH! we must change the Scene,
In which the past Delights of Love were tasted:
The Poor sleep little; we must learn to watch
Our Labours late and early e'ery Morning,
'Midst Winter Frosts, sparingly clad and fed,
Rise to our Toils, and drudge away the Day.
O Belvidera!

Want, worldly Want, that hungry meagre Fiend,
Is at our Heels, and chases us in View.
Canst thou bear Cold and Hunger? Can these Limbs
Fram'd for the tender Offices of Love,
Endure the bitter Gripes of smarting Poverty?
When in a Bed of Straw we sink together,
And the bleak Winds shall whistle round our Heads,
Wilt thou then talk to me thus?

Thus hush my Cares, and shelter me with Love?

OH! I will love thee, ev'n in Madness love thee!
Tho' my distracted Senses shall forsake me;
Tho' the bare Earth be all our resting Place,
Its Roots our Food, some Cliff our Habitation;

I'll make this Arm a Pillow for thy Head,
And, as thou sighing liest, and swell'd with Sorrow,
Creep to thy Bosom, pour the Balm of Love
Into thy Soul, and kiss thee into Rest.

Otw. Ven. Pres.

OH! we will bear our wayward Fate together,
And ne'er know Comfort more. *Ibid.*

If all her former Woes were not enough,
Look on her now! Behold her where she wanders,
Hunted to Death, distress'd on e'ery Side,
With no one Hand to help; and tell me then,
If ever Misery were known like hers?

AND can she bear it, can that delicate Frame
Endure the Beating of a Storm so rude?
Can she, for whom the various Seasons chang'd,
To court her Appetite, and crown her Board;
For whom the foreign Vintages were press'd;
For whom the Merchant spread his filken Stores;
Can she entreat for Bread, and want the needful Rai-
ment

To wrap her shiv'ring Bosom from the Weather?
When she was mine, no Care came ever near her:
I thought the gentlest Breeze that wakes the Spring,
Too rough to breath upon her: Cheerfulness
Danc'd all the Day before her, and at Night
Soft Slumbers waited on her downy Pillow:
Now sad and shelterless perhaps she lies,
Where piercing Winds blow sharp, and the chill Rain
Drops from some Penthouse on her wretched Head,
Drenches her Locks, and kills her with the Cold;
While her Head rests on what cold Stone she pleases.

Rowe's J. Shore.

To Men

Prefs'd by their Wants, all Change is ever welcome.

*Johnſ. Catal.**W A R.*

ALL the dire Calamities

Of raging War chain'd up in Discipline,
Are now broke looſe, trooping in horrid Mar
To fright the World:

Now Luſt and Rapine both divide the Spoil;
And Giant Murder now beſtrides our Streets,
Stalking in State, and wading deep in Blood.

South. Fate of Cap.

NEW Storms of War like Hail around us fall:

Fury, that ſat at home on maſſy Shields,
Now heaves them up, and ranges thro' the Fields:
With all her hundred Whips of Wire ſhe comes,
And drives deſpairing Monarchs to their Tombs.
War! how it ſounds! Away, to Arms! to Arms!
My Soul to Battle now all fiery turns;
Swift as the Gods, in haſte outſtrips the Wind,
And leaves the Courſers of the Day behind!

Lee's Soph.

YET, yet a little, and deſtructive Slaughter
Shall rage around, and mar this beauteous Proſpect!
Paſs but an Hour, which ſtands betwixt the Lives
Of Thouſands and Eternity! what Change
Shall haſty Death make in that glitt'ring Plain!
O thou fell Monster, War! that in a Moment
Lays waſte the nobleſt Part of the Creation,
The Boſom and Maſter-piece of the great Maker!

That

That wears in vain th' Impression of his Image,
Unpriviledg'd from thee! *Rowe's Tam.*

WAR is the Province of ambitious Men,
Who tear the miserable World for Empire. *Ibid.*

ENOUGH of War the wounded Earth has known!
Weary at length, and wasted with Destruction,
Sadly she rears her ruin'd Head to shew
Her Cities humbled, and her Countries spoyl'd,
And to her mighty Masters sue for Peace. *Ibid.*

Now, glorious War, farewell:
Thou Child of Honour and ambitious Thoughts,
Begot in Blood, and nurs'd with Kingdoms Ruins!
Thou golden Danger, courted by thy Followers,
Thro' Fires and Famines, for one Title from thee!
A long Farewel I give thee! Noble Arms,
Ye Ribs for mighty Minds, ye iron Houses,
Made to defy the Thunder-Claps of Fortune,
Rust, and consuming Time must now dwell with
you!

And thou, good Sword, that knewst the Way to
Conquest,

Upon whose fatal Edge Death and Despair dwelt,
That when I shook thee thus, foreshew'dst Destruction,
Sleep now from Blood, and grace my Monument!

Farewel my Eagle! When thou flewst, whole Ar-
mies

Have stoop'd below thee! At Passage I have seen
thee

Ruffle the *Tartars* as they fled thy Fury,

And bang them up together as a Tassel,

Upon the Stretch, a Flock of fearful Pigeons!

I yet remember when the *Volga* curl'd!

The aged *Volga*! when he held his Head up,

And

And rais'd his Waters high to see the Ruins,
 The Ruins our Swords made, the bloody Ruins!
 Then flew this Bird of Honour, bravely flew!
 But this must be forgotten, quite forgotten;
 And all that tends to Arms, by me for ever.

Beaum. Loy. Subject.

OH! Now for ever,
 Farewel the tranquil Mind; farewel Content:
 Farewel the plumed Troops, and the big War
 That makes Ambition Virtue: O farewel,
 Farewel the neighing Steed, and the loud Trump,
 The Spirit-stirring Drum, and the shrill Fife,
 The Royal Banner, and all Quality,
 Pride, Pomp, and Circumstance of glorious War!
 And, oh! ye mortal Engines, whose rude Throats
 Th' immortal Jave's dread Clamours counterfeit,
 Farewel: *Othello's* Occupation's gone. *Shak. Oth.*

REMEMBER him, the Villain, righteous Heaven,
 In thy great Day of Veng'ance: Blast the Traytor
 And his pernicious Counsels; who, for Wealth,
 For Pow'r, the Pride of Greatness, or Revenge,
 Would plunge his native Land in Civil Wars.
 Have we so soon forgot those Days of Ruin,
 When like a Matron butcher'd by her Sons,
 And cast beside some common Way, a Spectacle
 Of Horror, and Affright to Passers-by,
 Our groaning Country bled at e'ry Vein:
 When Murders, Rapes, and Massacres prevail'd;
 When Churches, Palaces, and Cities blaz'd;
 When Insolence and Barbarism triumph'd,
 And swept away Distinction: Peasants trod
 Upon the Necks of Nobles: Low were laid
 The reverend Crozier, and the holy Mitre;

And

And Desolation cover'd all the Land?
Who can remember this, and not, like me,
Here vow to sheath a Dagger in his Heart,
Whose damn'd Ambition would renew those Horrors,
And set once more that Scene of Blood before us?

Rome's 7. Shore.

Oh! spare the Wounds our bleeding Country fears;
The thousand Ills that Civil Discord brings!
Oh! still that Noise of War, whose dread Alarms
Frighten Repose from Country Villages;
And stir rude Tumult up, and wild Distraction,
In all our peaceful Cities!

Rome's Amb. Step.

So shaken as we are, so wan with Care,
Find we a Time for frightened Peace to pant,
And breath short-winded Accents of new Broils,
To be commenc'd in Strands a-far remote:
No more the thirsty Entrance of this Soil
Shall daub her Lips with her own Childrens Blood:
No more shall trenching War channel her Fields,
Nor bruise her Flow'rets with the armed Hoofs
Of hostile Paces: Those oppos'd Eyes,
Which like the Meteors of a troubled Heav'n,
All of one Nature, of one Substance bred,
Did lately meet in the intestine Shock,
And furious Close of Civil Butchery,
Shall now in beauteous well-becoming Ranks,
March all one Way, like an ill-sheathed Knife
No more shall cut his Master.

Shak. Hen. IV.

From hence let fierce contending Nations know,
What dire Effects from Civil Discord flow.
Tis this that shakes our Country with Alarms,
And gives up Rome a Prey to Roman Arms;

Pro-

Produces Fraud, and Cruelty, and Strife;
And robs the guilty World of *Cato's Life*. *Add. Cato.*

It was the Time

When creeping Murmur, and the poring Dark,
Fill the wide Vessel of the Universe:
From Camp to Camp, thro' the foul Womb of Night,
The Hum of every Army stilly sounds.
Fire answers Fire, and thro' their paly Flames
Each Battle sees the other's umber'd Face:
Steed threatens Steed in high and boasting Neighs
Piercing the Night's dull Ear; and from the Tents
Th' Armourers accomplishing the Knights,
With busy Hammers closing Rivets up,
Give dreadful Notes of Preparation. *Shak. Hen. V.*

THE neighb'ring Plain with Arms is cover'd o'er;
The Vale an iron Harvest seems to yield
Of thick-sprung Lances in a waving Field;
The polish'd Steel gleams terribly from far,
And e'ery Moment nearer shews the War. *Dr. Aur.*

THE Fight grows hot, the whole War's now at
work,
And the goar'd Battle bleeds at e'ery Vein.

Shak. R. Lear.
WHEN *Greeks* join'd *Greeks*, then was the Tug of
War;

The labour'd Battle sweat, and Conquest bleed.

Lee's Alex.
THEN planting at the Walls a Scaling-Ladder,
I mounted spite a Show'r of Cranes, Bars, Arrows,
And all the Lumber which they thunder'd down.
I left the Walls to fly among my Foes,
And, like a baited Lion, dy'd my self
All over with the Blood of those dire Hunters;

Till spent with Toil I battell'd on my Knees,
Pluck'd forth the Darts, that made my Shield a
Forest,
And hurl'd them back with most unconquer'd Fury.

Ibid.

THE dreadful Bus'ness of the War is o'er;
And Slaughter, that from Yester Morn till Ev'n,
With Giant Steps pass'd stridling o'er the Field,
Besmear'd and horrid with the Blood of Nations,
Now weary sits among the mangled Heaps,
And slumbers o'er her Prey.

Rowe's Tamer.

O WAR! thou Son of Hell!

Whom angry Heavens do make their Minister,
Throw in the frozen Bosoms of our Part
Hot Coals of Vengeance! Let no Soldiers fly.
He that is truly dedicate to War
Hath no Self-Love; nor he that loves himself
Hath not essentially, but by Circumstance,
The Name of Valour.

Shak. Hen. VI.

THE Night wears off with slow and heavy Pace:
Now creeping Murmur, and the Poring Dark
Fill the wide Vessel of the Universe:
From Camp to Camp, thro' the thick Shade of Night,
The Hum of either Army stilly sounds!
The out-fix'd Centinels almost receive
The secret Whispers of each others Watch:
The Country Cocks crow round us----Mournful
Bells.

From Distance send their slow and solemn Sounds:
The lusty *French* invite the drowsy Morning;
Proud of their Numbers, and secure in Soul;
They the low-rated *English* play at Dice for:
My poor condemn'd and thoughtful Followers

Sit

Sit patiently round their small watchful Fires,
 And inly ruminate the Morning's Danger:
 Their lank lean Cheeks, sad Air, and War-worn
 Coats,
 Present them to the distant gazing Moon,
 So many horrid Ghosts! *Hill's Henry V.*

W E E P I N G.

OH! why *Semantbe*! why these falling Tears?
 I swear my Love, not the last Drops of Life,
 Just flowing from my Heart, are dearer to me
 Than those rich Pearls that trickle from thy Eyes!
 Give me thy Griefs, pour all thy Sorrows here,
 In my Breast, and pant within my Arms:
 Tho' Fortune frown, and e'ery Thing conspire,
 Yet we may love *Semantbe*! *South. Loy. Bro.*

So silver *Thetis*, on the *Phrygian* Shore,
 Wept for her Son, fore-knowing of his Fate!
 The Sea-Nymphs sat around, and join'd their Tears,
 While from his lowest Deep, old Father Ocean,
 Was heard to groan, in pity of their Pain!

Rowe's Ulyss.

So thro' a wat'ry Cloud,
 The Sun at once seems both to weep and shine.

Dr. Secret Love

SHE came weeping forth,
 Shining thro' Tears, like *April* Suns in Show'rs,
 That labour to o'ercome the Cloud, that loads them!
 While two young Virgins, on whose Arms she lean'd,
 Kindly look'd up, and at her Grief grew sad,
 As if they catch'd the Sorrows that fell from her!

Even

Even the lewd Rabble, that were gather'd round,
To ſee that Sight, ſtood mute when they beheld her,
Govern'd their roaring Throats, and grumbled Pity!

Onw. Ven. Pref.

THEN ſetting free a Sigh, from her fair Eyes,
She wip'd two Pearls, the Remnant of wild Show'rs,
Which hung like Drops, upon the Bells of Flow'rs.

Dr. Secret Love.

So Morning Dews, on new-blown Roſes lodge,
By the Suns amorous Heat to be exhal'd.

Otw. Orph.

WHY thou art wet with weeping, as the Earth,
When vernal *Jove* deſcends in gentle Show'rs,
To cauſe Increaſe, and bleſs the infant Year!
When every ſpiry Graſs, and painted Flow'r,
Is hung with pearly Drops of heav'nly Rain.

Rowe's Uliff.

BEAR my Weakneſs,
If throwing thus my Arms about thy Neck,
I play the Boy, and blubber in thy Boſom!

Otw. Ven. Pref.

By Heaven he weeps! poor good old Man, he
weeps!

The big round Drops courſe one another down
The Furrows of his Cheeks.

Dr. All for Love.

HIS Eyes,
Altho' unus'd unto the melting Mood,
Drop Tears more faſt, than the Arabian Tree
Her medicinal Gums.

Shak. Othello.

FALL, fall, chryſtal Fountains!
And ever feed your Streams, ye riſing Sorrows,
Till you have wept your Miſtreſs into Marble!

Roch. Valen.

Now

Now all my Mother comes into my Eyes,
And gives me up to Tears. *Shak. Hen. V.*

I FEEL the Woman breaking in upon me,
And melt about my Heart : My Tears will flow !

Add. Cato

OH ! break not yet my Heart :
Tho' my Eyes burſt, no matter ! — *Dr. All for Love.*

THESE Thanks I pay you :
And know, that when *Sebastian* weeps, his Tears
Come harder than his Blood !

They plead too ſtrongly,
To be withſtood : My Clouds are gathering too,
In kindly Mixture with his royal Show'r.

Dr. Don Seb.

THOU know'ſt the gentle Temper of my Soul,
Which the miſtaken World Good Nature call;
Tho' eaſy to be rais'd, more eaſy to be calm'd :
Like to Heaven's Anger, my relenting Rage,
Begins in tempeſts, and is lay'd in Show'rs !
Thy ſwelling Drops burſt thro' their lucid Orbs,
And chaſe each other down my flowing Cheeks,
Which bluſh with Shame, at the old Soldiers Weak-
neſs.

Hig. Gen. Com.

WHY holds thy Eye that lamentable Rheum,
Like a proud River, peering o'er its Bounds ?

Shak. King John

WHY doſt thou weep, and pour into my Wounds
New Oil, to make 'em blaze ? *Lee's Caſ. Borg*

WHY bend thy Eyes to Earth ?
Wherefore theſe looks of Heavineſs and Sorrow ?
Why breaths that Sigh, my Love, and wherefore fall
That trickling Show'r of Tears, to ſtain thy Sweet-
neſs ?

Rowe's J. Shor

He

HER Soul unable to contain its Grief,
Pours forth a Deluge of impetuous Sorrow.

Den. Iphig.

HER Soul in Sadness, and her Eyes in Tears,
Sighing, she said, she fear'd her Heart might break :
Then at my Feet, in all the Storm of Grief,
Such Floods of Sorrow burst from her bright Eyes,
I could not keep my Manhood, but wept too !

South. Disap.

DOWN her Cheeks flow'd the round Drops :
And as we see the Sun shine thro' a Show'r,
So look'd her beauteous Eyes,
Casting forth Light and Tears together !

Lansd. Her. Love.

BY Day she seeks some melancholy Shade,
To hide her Sorrows from the prying World :
At Night she watches all the long long Hours,
And listens to the Winds, and beating Rains,
With Sighs as loud, and Tears that fall as fast !

Rowe's Fair Pen.

HAD her Eyes been fed from that rich Stream
Which warms her Heart, and numbred
For e'ery falling Tear a Drop of Blood,
It had not been too much.

Ibid.

THE Accents die upon her charming Tongue,
And leave her lovely overflowing Eyes,
To pour out the Abundance of her Soul !

Den. Liberty Assert.

HAD you seen her Dove-like Sorrow,
When she begg'd for *Rome* ;
With Eyes Tear-charg'd, yet sparkling thro' the Dew ;
Whilst charming Pity dimpled each soft Cheek.

Tate's Coriol.

LOOK

Look how her mournful Eyes move melting Pity!
In which the Greatness of her Mind appears,
That struggles to repress her mighty Woe!

Den. Liberty Assert.

Oh! haste, conduct me to the lovely Mourner!
Oh! I will kiss the pearly Drops away;
Suck from her rosy Lips the fragrant Sighs;
With other Sighs her panting Breasts shall heave;
With other Dews her swimming Eyes shalt melt;
With other Pangs her throbbing Heart shall beat;
And all her Sorrows shall be lost in Love!

Smith's Pb. Hipp.

He with his Tears, augments the Morning Dew,
And adds to Clouds, more Clouds with his deep
Sighs.

Shak. Rom. Jul.

Look! the good Man weeps,
And strangles all his Language in his Tears.

Shak. Hen. VIII.

He making Shew, as he would rub his Eyes,
Disguis'd, and blotted out a falling Tear.

Dr. All for Love.

I COULD perceive with Joy, a silent Show'r
Run down his silver Beard. *Lee's Luc. Jun. Brut.*

O SIR! what have you done? You've burst the
Heart

Of your old Gaffer, with this Flood of Greatness!
And see it gushes from my aged Eyes!

Lee's Mass. Paris.

FORBEAR these strict Embraces!
Your Tears, your hanging on my Bosom thus,
Your Sighs reduce my Age to sobbing Childhood,
And make an Infant of your poor old Man!

Lee's Mith.

You

Y ou smother all

Your Words with Groans! Dry up this womanish
Grief. *Ibid.*

My Tears begin to take his Part so much,
They mar my Counterfeiting. *Shak. K. Lear.*

If that the Earth could teem with Woman's
Tears,

Each Drop she weeps would be a Crocodile!

Shak. Othello.

HER wat'ry Eyes assault my very Soul;

They shake my best Resolves! *Lee's Alex.*

I WEEP, 'tis true: But, *Machiavel*, I swear

They're Tears of Vengeance; Drops of liquid Fire!

o Marble weeps, when Flames surround the Quarry;

and the pil'd Oaks spout forth such scalding Bubbles,

before the general Blaze. *Lee's Cæs. Borg.*

OH! that my Tears could make my Heart relent!

then would I drain those chrystal Stuićes dry;

ivers I'd weep, and long luxuriant Streams!

Lee's Nero.

THOSE moving Tears will quite dissolve my

Frame:

they melt that Soul, which Threats could never

shake! *Hig. Gen. Con.*

BACK, foolish Tears, back to your native Spring,

our tributary Drops belong to Woe;

Which, you mistaken, offer up to Joy. *Shak. Rom. Jul.*

Joy had the like Conception in our Eyes,

and at that Instant, like a Babe, sprung up.

Shak. Tim. Athens.

BEHOLD

BEHOLD a Joy,
A watry Comfort riſing in his Eyes !

Lee's Luc. Jun. Brut.

BUT theſe are Tears of Joy ! To ſee you thus, has
fill'd

My Eyes with more Delight than they can hold !

Cong. M. Bride

W E L C O M E.

WELCOME as after Darkneſs chearful Light,
Or to the weary Wanderer downy Night.

Lianſd. Brit. Incha

WELCOME as Life, as Victory and Fame,
As Hope to Lovers, or the tortur'd Wretch
Ceffation of his Pain.

Hig. Gen. Con

NOT Wealth to Miſers, Honour to the Brave,
Health to the Sick, or Freedom to the Slave,
Could be more welcome.

Sed. Ant. Cleop

O HAPPY Night ! not to the weary
Pilgrim half ſo welcome,
When after many a toilsome bleeding Step,
With joyful Looks he ſpies his long'd for Home.
Thus comes to the deſpairing Wretch the glad
Reprieve ! 'Tis Mercy, Mercy at the Block !
Thus the toſs'd Seaman, after boiſt'rous Storms,
Lands on his Country's Breſt, thus ſtands and gazes
And runs it o'er with many a greedy Look ;
Then ſhouts for Joy, and makes
Th' echoing Hill, and all the Shores reſound.

Lee's Caſ. Br

WELCO

WELCOME as Mercy to a Man condemn'd;
Welcome to me, as to a ſinking Mariner,
The luckily Plank that bears him to the Shore.

Lee's Oed.

WELCOME as Light
To cheerful Birds, or to the Lovers Night.

Dr. Tyr. Love.

A GENERAL Welcome from his Grace
Salutes you all: This Night he dedicates
To fair Content and you: None here he hopes,
In all this noble Bevy, has brought with her
One Care abroad: He would have all as merry,
As firſt good Company, good Wine, good Welcome,
Can make good People.

Shak. Hen. VIII.

WELCOME as Night with ſweet refreshing Shade,
And balmy Dews to the faint Traveller,
Who journeys o'er a Waſte of burning Sands,
With painful Steps, and ſlow.

Fen. Mariam.

W I F E.

A WIFE is Man's beſt Piece; who, till he marries,
Wants making up: She is the Shrine to which
Nature doth ſend us forth on Pilgrimage;
She was a Syen taken from that Tree,
Into which if ſhe have no ſecond Grafting,
The World can have no Fruit; ſhe is Man's
Arithmetic, which teaches him to Number
And multiply himſelf in his own Children;
She is the good Man's Paradife, and the Bad's
Firſt Step to Heaven; a Treafure which who wants,
Cannot be truſted to Poſterity,

Nor

Nor pay his own Debts; ſhe's a golden Sentence,
Writ by our Maker, which the Angels may
Diſcourſe of, only Men know how to uſe,
And none but Devils violate.

Shirley's Love's Cruelty.

THE beſt of Woman;
Of Wives the perfecteſt! Let me ſpeak this,
And with a Modeſty declare thy Virtues;
Chafter than Chryſtal on the *Scythian* Cliffs,
The more the proud Winds court, the more the purer;
Sweeter in thy Obedience than a Sacrifice,
And in thy Mind a Saint, that even yet living,
Produceſt Miracles; and Women daily
With crook'd and tame Souls, creep to thy Good-
neſs,
Which having touch'd at, they become Examples.
The Fortitude of all their Sex is Fable,
Compar'd to thine; and they that fill'd up Glory,
And Admiration in the Age behind us,
Out of their celebrated Urns are ſtated,
To ſtake upon the Greatneſs of thy Spirit,
Wond'ring what new Martyr Heav'n has begot,
To fill the Times with Truth, and eaſe their Stories.

Beaum. Double Mar.

WHEN you would give all worldly Plagues a Name
Worſe than they have already, call 'em Wife!
But a new married Wife's a teeming Miſchief,
Full of herſelf: Why, what a deal of Horror
Has that poor Wretch to come, that married Yeſter-
day?

Osw. Orph.

O WRETCHED Husband! While ſhe hangs about thee
With idle Blandiſhments, and plays the fond one;

Ever

Even then her hot Imaginations wanders,
Contriving Riot, and looſe Scaſes of Love;
And while ſhe claſps thee cloſe, makes thee a Monſter.

Rowe's Tam.

WE hope to find
That Help which Nature meant in Womankind, }
To Man that ſupplemental Self deſign'd; }
But proves a burning Cauſtic when applied: }
And *Adam* ſure could with more Eaſe abide, }
The Bone when broken, than when made a Bride. }

Cong. Old Batch.

WHAT! Hunt a Wife,
On the dull Soil? Sure a ſtanch Husband,
Of all Hounds, is the dulleſt. Wilt thou never,
Never be wean'd from Caudles and Confections?
What Feminine Tale haſt thou been liſtening to,
Of unair'd Shirts, Catarrhs, and Tooth-ach got
By thin ſoal'd Shoes.

Otw. Ven. Pref.

To To perverſe a Sex all Grace is vain;
It gives them Courage to offend again:
For with feign'd Tears, they Penitence pretend,
Again are pardoned, and again offend;
Fathom our Pity, when they ſeem to grieve,
Only to try how far we can forgive:
Till launching out into a Sea of Strife,
They ſcorn all Pardon, and appear all Wife.

Dr. Auren.

HERE I Kneel;

If e'er my Will did treſpaſs 'gainſt his Love,
Either in Diſcourſe, or Thought, or actual Deed;
Or that my Eyes, my Ears, or any Senſe,
Delighted them, or any other Form,

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Or

Or that I do not yet, and ever did,
 And ever will, tho' he do ſhake me off
 To beggarly Divorcement, love him dearly;
 Comfort forſwear me! Unkindneſs may do much:
 And this Unkindneſs may defeat my Life,
 But cannot taint my Love. *Shak. Othello.*

THEN art thou true? Is ſuch a Thing in Nature,
 As a true Wife? No, *Bellamira!* no!
 Thou would'ſt be monſtrous then, e'en to Deri-
 ſion:

For the whole Flock of common Wives would hoot
 thee,

And drive thee like a Bird, without one Feather
 Of thy own Kind. *Lee's Cæſ. Borg.*

OUR wiſe Creator, for his Choirs divine,
 Peopled his Heaven with Souls all Maſculine:
 Ah! why muſt Man from Woman take his Birth?
 Why was this Sin of Nature made on Earth?
 This fair Defect, this helpleſs Aid, call'd Wife,
 The bending Crutch of a decrepid Life?

Dr. State of Inno.

IF I but hear Wife nam'd, I'm ſick that Day;
 The Sound is mortal, and frights Life away.

Dr. Aurenz.

I LOOK on Wives, as on good dull Companions
 For elder Brothers to ſleep out their Time with:
 All we can Hope for in the Marriage Bed,
 Is but to take our Reſt; and what care I
 Who lays my Pillow for me. *Dr. Riv. Ladies.*

BETTER with Brutes my humble Lot had gone,
 Of Reaſon void, accountable to none:
 Th' unhappieſt of Creation is a Wife;
 Made loweſt in the higheſt Rank of Life:

Her Fellow's Slave, to know, and not to chuſe;
Curs'd with that Reaſon ſhe muſt never uſe.

Dr. State of Inno.

O Marriage! happieſt, eaſieſt, ſaſeſt State!
Let *Debauchees* and *Drunkards* ſcorn thy Rites,
Who in their nauſeous Draughts and Luſts, prophane
Both thee and Heaven by whom thou wer't ordain'd:
How can the Savage call it Loſs of Freedom,
Thus to converſe with, thus to gaze at
A faithful beautious Friend?
Bluſh not, my Fair-one, that thy Love applauſds thee,
Nor be it painful to my wedded Wife,
That my full Heart o'erflows in praiſe of thee:
Thou art by Law, by Intereſt, Paſſion, mine;
Paſſion and Reaſon join in Love of thee.
Thus thro' a World of Calumny and Fraud,
We paſs both unreprouch'd, both undeceiv'd;
While in each other's Intereſt and Happineſs,
We without Art, all Faculties employ,
And all our Senſes without Guilt enjoy.

Hay. John the Huſb. Tib. his Wife.

W I N D.

AS wanton as the Breath of Western Winds,
Thoſe ſpicy Breath thro' all theſe flow'ry Plains,
Maintains eternal Spring. *Den. Rin. & Arm.*

SEAS are the Fields of Combats for the Winds;
At when they ſweep along ſome flow'ry Coaſt,
Their Wings move mildly, and their Rage is loſt.

Dr. Riv. Ladies.

W I S D O M.

WISDOM's too froward to let any find,
 Trust in himself, or Pleasure in his Mind:
 She takes by what she gives, her Help destroys;
 She shakes our Courage, and disturbs our Joys.

How. Ind. Queen.

THE Wise and Active conquer Difficulties,
 By daring to attempt them: Sloth and Folly
 Shiver and shrink at sight of Toil and Hazard,
 And make th' Impossibility they fear.

Rowe's Amb. Step.

VAIN Boast of Wisdom,
 That with fantastic Pride, like busy Children,
 Builds paper Towns and Houses, which at once,
 The Hand of Chance o'erturns, or loosely scatters.

*Ibid.**W I S H E S.*

SO Blind we are, our Wishes are so vain,
 That what we most desire, proves most our Pain.

Dr. Mar. A-la-mode

FOR Wishes often are extravagant,
 They are not bounded with Things possible:
 Desires, the vast Extent of human Mind,
 It mounts above, and leaves poor Hope behind.

Dr. Aure

WITH how much Ease believe we what we wish.

*Dr. All for Love**As*

AND multiplying Wiſhes is a Curſe,
That keeps the Mind perpetually awake.

Dr. Secret Love.

WHERE Hope is wanting, Wiſhes are in vain.

W I T C H.

SHE was a Witch, and one ſo ſtrong,
She would controul the Moon, make Ebbs and
Flows,
And deal in her Command without her Power.

Shak. Temp.

SHE was a Charmer, and could almoſt read
The Thoughts of People.

Shak. Othello.

THESE Midnight Hags,
By Force of potent Spells, of bloody Characters,
And Conjurations, horrible to hear,
Call Fiends and Spectres from the yawning Deep,
And ſet the Miniſters of Hell at Work.

Rowe's J. Shore.

WHAT are theſe
So wither'd, and ſo wild in their Attire?
They look not like the Inhabitants o'the Earth,
And yet are on it: Live you? Or are you ought,
That Man may queſtion? You ſeem to underſtand
me,

By each, at once, her choppy Fingers laying,
Upon her ſkinny Lips.

If you can look into the Seeds of Time,
And ſee which Grain will grow, and which will not;
Conjure you by that which you profeſs,
To answer me:

P 3

Tho'

Tho' you untie the Winds, and let 'em fight
 Against the Churches; tho' the yeſty Waves,
 Confound and ſwallow Navigation up;
 Tho' bladed Corn be lodg'd, and Frees blown down;
 Tho' Caſtles topple on their Warder's Heads;
 Tho' Palaces and Pyramids do ſlope
 Their Heads to their Foundations:
 Even till Deſtruction ficken, answer me. *Shak. Macb.*

ON the Corner of the Moon
 Hangs a vaprous Drop profound,
 I'll catch it e'er it come to Ground:
 Which, diſtill'd by magic Sights,
 Shall raiſe artificial Sprights;
 Thrice the brinded Cat hath mew'd;
 Twice, and once the Hedge-Pig whin'd:
 Harper cries, 'Tis Time! 'tis Time!
 Round about the Caldron go,
 In the poiſon'd Entrails throw:
 Pour in Sow's Blood, that has eat
 Her nine farrow; Greafe that's ſweet
 From the Murderer's Gibbet, throw
 Into the Flame.

Toad that under the cold Stone,
 Days and Nights, has thirty one;
 Swelter'd Venom ſleeping got,
 Boil thou firſt i'th' charmed Pot;
 Fillet of a Fenny Snake,
 In the Chaldron boil and bake:
 Eye of Newt, and Toe of Frog,
 Wool of Bat, and Tongue of Dog,
 Adder's Fork, and Blind-worm's Sting,
 Lizard's Leg, and Howlet's Wing,

For a Charm of powerful Trouble,
Like a Hell-Broth, boil and bubble.
Scale of Dragon, Tooth of Wolf,
Witches Mummy, Maw and Gulph
Of the ravin'd Salt-Sea Shark,
Root of Hemlock digg'd i'th' Dark;
Liver of blaspheming Jew,
Gall of Goats, and Slips of Yew,
Silver'd in the Moon's Eclipse;
Nose of Turk, and Tartars Lips;
Finger of Birth-strangl'd Babe,
Ditch delivered by a Drab,
Make the Gruel thick and slab:
Add thereto a *Dutch* Man's Chaudron,
For the Ingredients of our Caldron:
Cool it with a Baboon's Blood,
Then our Charm is firm and good.

}
}

Ibid.

BUT see they're gone,
The Earth has Bubbles as the Waters have,
And these are some of them: They vanish'd
Into the Air, and what seem'd corporal,
Melted as Breath into the Wind.

Ibid.

W O M A N Good.

IT was not best for Man to be alone;
An equal, yet thy Subject, is design'd,
For thy soft Hours, and to unbend thy Mind;
Thy stronger Soul shall her weak Reason sway,
And thou thro' Love her Beauty shall obey;
Thou shalt secure her helpless Sex from Harms,
And she thy Cares shall sweeten with her Charms.

Dr. State of Inno.
Grant

GRANT me but Life, good Heaven, and give me
Means

To make this wond'rous Goodneſs ſome Amends,
And let me then forget her if I can!

Oh! ſhe deſerves of me much more than I
Can loſe for her! Tho' I again could venture,
A Father and his Fortune for her Love!

You wretched Fathers, blind as Fortune all,
Not to perceivethat ſuch a Woman's Worth,
Weighs down the Portions you provide your Sons;
What has ſhe in my Abſence undergone!

South. Fat. Mar.

WOMEN, like fair *Almira*,
Were form'd to bleſs and ſtamp Perfection on us;
Man was at firſt a rude unpoliſh'd Maſs,
Till Nature fram'd that charming Creature Woman,
All kind and ſoft, all tender and divine,
To mend our Faults, and mould us into Virtue;
And by the Sweets of her refreshing Goodneſs,
Prepare our Taſtes for never-ending Joys.

O THOU art tender all!
Gentle and kind, as ſimpathizing Nature!
When a ſad Story has been told, I've ſeen
Thy little Breſts, with ſoft Compaſſion ſwell'd,
Shove up and down, and heave like dying Birds.

Otw. Orph.

THOU! I would call thee ſomewhat higher ſtill:
But when my Thoughts ſearch Heaven for Appella-
tion,

They echo back the ſovereign Name of Woman!
Thou Woman, therefore! O thou lovelieſt Woman!

Hill's Elfrida

WOMAN

WOMAN, they say, was only made of Man:
Methinks 'tis strange they should be so unlike!
It may be all the best was cut away,
To make the Woman, and the naught was left
Behind with him.

Beaum. Coxcomb.

O WOMAN! that some One of you would take
An everlasting Pen into your Hands,
And grave in Paper, which the Writ shall make
More lasting than the marble Monuments,
Your matchless Virtues to Posterity!
Which the defective Race of envious Man
Strive to conceal.

Ibid.

IMAGINE something between young Men and
Angels

Fatally beauteous, and have killing Eyes,
Their Voices charm beyond the Nightingale's,
They're all Enchantment, those who once behold 'em
Are made their Slaves for ever.

Dr. Temp.

HARD Nature! Hard Condition of poor Women!
That, we are most su'd to, we must fly most.
The Trees grow up, and mix together freely:
The Oak not envious of the sailing Cedar;
The lusty Vine not jealous of the Ivy,
Because she clips the Elm; the Flow'rs shoot up,
And wantonly kiss one another hourly;
This Blossom glorying in the other's Beauty:
And yet they smell as sweet, and look as lovely:
But we are ty'd to grow alone. O Honour!
Thou hard Law to our Lives, Chain to our Free-
doms!

He that invented thee had many Curses.

Beaum. Low. Prog.

O WOMAN! lovely Woman! Nature made you
 To temper Man: We had been Brutes without you.
 Angels are painted fair, to look like you:
 There's in you all that we believe of Heaven;
 Amazing Brightness, Purity, and Truth,
 Eternal Joy, and Everlasting Love. *Otw. Ven. Pres.*

W O M A N Bad.

THEIR Sex is one gross Cheat! Their only Study
 How to deceive, betray, and ruin Man!
 They have it by Tradition from their Mothers,
 Which they improve each Day, and grow more ex-
 quisite!

Their Painting, Patching, all their Chamber-Arts,
 And public Affectations, are but Tricks
 To draw fond Man into that Snare, their Love!

Otw. Atheist.

ON Woman's Virtue who too much rely,
 To boundless Will, give boundless Liberty.
 Restraint you will not brook, but think it hard
 Your Prudence is not trusted as your Guard:
 And to your selves so left, if Ill ensues
 You first our weak Indulgence will accuse.
 Curs'd be that Hour,
 When, fated with my single Happiness,
 I chose a Partner to controul my Bliss,
 Who wants that Reason which her Will should sway,
 And knows but just enough to disobey.

Dryd. Stat. Inn.

HEAV'N has no Rage like Love to Hatred turn'd,
 Nor Hell a Fury like a Woman scorn'd.

Cong. M. Bride.

Ans.

AN! the whole Sex is naught, false and unkind;
Fals'er than flatt'ring Seas, or fleeting Wind!
With panting Fears and Hopes they rack our Breast,
Snatch our soft Sleep, and ravish downy Rest!

Lee's Nero.

JOIN to a slender Shape a Syren's Head,
Two Eyes of Basilisks, a Serpent's Tongue,
The Heart and Whining of a Crocodile,
The Dazzling of the Sun, the Moon's Inconstancy;
To this odd Compound give but Hands and Feet,
And cover all with a soft Skin, and fair Complexion,
You'll make a perfect Woman. *Smith. P. Parma.*

WHO trusts himself to Woman, or the Waves,
Should never hazard what he fears to lose:
For he that ventures all his Hopes, like me,
On the frail Promise of a Woman's Smiles,
Like me will be deceiv'd, and curse his Folly.

Oldmix. Gov. Cyp.

SEE thy self, Devil!

Proper Deformity seems not in the Fiend
So horrid as in Woman.

Shak. K. Lear.

They shall find,
That to a Woman of her Hopes beguil'd
A Viper trod on, or an Aspic's mild.

Beaum. Sp. Cur.

WOMEN! Keep me from Women!
Place me before a Cannon, 'tis a Pleasure:
Stretch me upon a Rack, a Recreation:
But Women! Women! O the Devil, Women!
Curtius' Gulph was never half so dangerous!

Beaum. Cust. of the Country.

THAT

THAT Man that would successful be in Mischief,
Must by one Means or other hook in Woman:
Mischief's their Study, Mischief is their Trade;
And sure 'twas for that only they were made:
For when a Woman once in Mischief joins,
She's sure to gain whatever she designs.

Pow. Treach. Bro.

OH! th' uncomfortable Ways such Women have!
Their different Speech, and Meaning! no Assurance
In what they say or do! Dissemblers
Ev'n in their Pray'rs! As if the weeping *Greek*
That flatter'd *Troy* a-fire had been their *Adam*!
Lyars, as if their Mother had been made
Only of all the Falshood of the Man
Dispos'd into that Rib! *Beaum. Mart. Maid.*

WHO trusts his Heart with Woman's surely lost:
You were made fair on purpose to undo us;
Whilst greedily we snatch th' alluring Bait,
And ne'er distrust the Poison that it hides.

Osw. Orph.

WOMAN! the Fountain of all human Frailty:
What mighty Ills have not been done by Woman!
Who was't betray'd the Capitol? A Woman!
Who lost *Marc Antony* the World? A Woman!
Who was the Cause of a long ten Years War,
And laid at last Old *Troy* in Ashes? Woman!
Destructive, damnable, deceitful Woman!
Woman to Man, first as a Blessing given,
When Innocence and Love were in their Prime;
Happy, a while, in Paradise they lay,
But quickly Woman long'd to go astray;
Some foolish new Adventure needs must prove,
And the first Devil she saw, she chang'd her Love;

To

To his Temptations lewdly she inclin'd
Her Soul, and for an Apple damn'd Mankind. *Ibid.*

COULD I find out

The Woman's Part in me ; for there's no Motion
That tends to Vice in Man, but I affirm
It is the Woman's Part : Be it Lying, note it
The Woman's : Flatt'ring hers : Deceiving hers :
Lust and rank Thoughts hers : Revenge hers :
Ambitions, Covetings, Change of Pride, Disdains,
Nice Longings, Slanders, Mutability ;
All Faults that may be nam'd, nay, that Hell knows,
Why hers in Part, or all : But rather all ; for ev'n to
Vice

They are not constant, but are changing still ;
One Vice but of a Minute old, for one
Not half so old as that. *Shak. Cymb.*

SHE is a Woman, therefore may be woo'd ;
She is a Woman, therefore may be won ;
She is *Lavinia*, therefore must be lov'd.
What, Man ! more Water glideth by the Mill
Than wots the Miller of ; and easy 'tis
Of a cut Loaf to steal a Shrive we know.

Shak. Tit. And.

THIS is a very Woman :

Her Sex is Avarice ; and she, in one,
Is all her Sex.

Dr. Aimp.

No Woman, once well pleas'd, can thoroughly hate.
I gave them Beauty to subdue the Strong ;
(A mighty Empire, but it lasts not long :)
I gave them Pride to make Mankind their Slave,
But in Exchange to Men I Flattery gave ;
Th' offending Lover when he lowest lies
Submits to conquer, and but kneels to rise.

Ibid.

O WOMEN! Women! Women! All the Gods
Have not such Pow'r of doing Good to Man
As you of doing Harm. *Dr. All for Love.*

There's not a Grain of Faith or Honesty
In all your Sex: You've Tongues like the Hyena,
And only speak us fair, to ruin us:
You carry Springs within your Eyes, and can
Outweep the Crocodile, till our too-much Pity
Betray us to your merciless Devouring.

Shirley's Love's Cruelty.

THE FOX,

Hyena, Crocodile, and all Beasts of Craft,
Have been distill'd to make one Woman.

Rand. Jeal. Lovers.

O DEVIL! Devil!

If that the Earth could teem with Woman's Tears,
Each Drop she falls would prove a Crocodile.

Shak. Oth.

SHUN 'em, *Massina*, as thou wouldst thy Fate,
As Things which by Antipathy we hate:
Not all the Horrors of a bloody War,
Not Lions, Tygers, such hid Fury bear:
None ever yet destroy'd, but still she smil'd:
They are all Grief when they appear all Joy;
Like Light'ning, while they glitter, they destroy.

Lee's Soph.

WOMAN! Woman!

Whence comes your Empire over us? whence the
Pow'r

That chains us all your Slaves? Sure we, at first,
Were meant the Masters! But by some strange Turn
Some most prodigious Whirl of unfix'd Fate,
The subtle Sex has chang'd the Laws of Heaven:

Heaven

Heaven, when it made them, meant them to obey,
 Deſign'd them Slaves, who now have learn'd to ſway:
 To them the Hero's of the Earth fall down,
 Pleas'd when they ſmile, but dying when they frown:
 To them we offer up our frequent Pray'rs,
 They move above our Heads in higher Spheres,
 And the large Rule of all the World is theirs.

Hopk. Pyr.

WOMAN! Woman!

What can I call thee more? If Devil, 'twere leſs.
 Sure thine's a Race was never got by *Adam*;
 But *Eve* play'd falſe, engendring with the Serpent,
 Her own Part worſe than his.

Dr. D. Guiſe.

Devil! Devil! as they're all!

'Tis true, at firſt, ſhe caught the heav'nly Form;
 But now Ambition ſets her on her Head:

By Hell, I ſee the cloven Mark upon her.

Ibid.

The Plague, War, Famine,
 Nay, put in Dice and Drunkenneſs, (and thoſe,
 You'll grant, are pretty Helps,) kill not ſo many,
 I mean ſo many Noble, as your Loves do,
 Rather your Lewdneſs. I crave your Mercy, Women!

Beaum. Lov. Prog.

A POOR Woman,

That has been once ſold, us'd, and loſt her Shew!

I am a Garment worn, a Veſſel crack'd,

A Loan unty'd, a Lilly trod upon!

A fragrant Flow'r crop'd by another Hand,

My Colour fully'd, and my Odour chang'd!

Beaum. Knight of Malta.

That Sex was firſt in Mock'ry of us made;

They are the falſe deceitful Glaſſes, where

We gaze, and dreſs our ſelves to all the Shapes

Of

Of Folly: What is't a Woman cannot do?
 She'll make a Statesman quite forget his Cunning,
 And trust his dearest Secrets to her Breast,
 Where Fops have daily Entrance; make a Priest,
 Forgetting the Hypocrisy of's Office,
 Dance, and shew Tricks, to prove his Strength and
 Brawn;

Make a Projector quibble; an old Judge
 Put on false Hair, and paint. And after all,
 Tho' she be known the Lewdest of her Sex,
 She'll make some Fool or other think her honest.

Otw. Cai. Mar.

I'LL stay and fix my Imaginations
 On all their Mischiefs, Murders, Massacres,
 And Seas of Blood they've spilt in former Ages,
 Women, no more! And when my Heart is going,
 Sound but that Name: The pow'ful Spell shall bind
 Beyond *Circean* and *Egyptian* Charms;
 'Twill raise the lowest Devils up in Swarms,
 Unhinge the Globe, and put the World in Arms!
 Woman! that dooms us all to one sure Grave,
 And faster damns, than Providence can save!

Lee's Const.

O WOMAN! Woman! thou primitive Seducer,
 That with the Serpent clubb'd for our Damnation!
 Man was forewarn'd, and could have stood his Guile;
 But thou, the greater Fiend, not being suspected,
 Finish'd what Satan but imperfect drew!

Mount. Successful Strang.

WOMAN's the last, the Master-Stroke of Nature,
 The finish'd World's Epitome; the Skies,
 And all their Glory circle in her Eyes:

But

But in her Heart the Mother Moon preſides,
The Winds, and Siſter Seas with fatal Tides;
Fatal to him, who dares her Strength oppoſe,
Or truſt her ſhining Smiles, where deep Deſtruction
flows *Orw. Her. Friend.*

HE has that Tinfel-Wit which Women like;
Can fool, and toy, and idly prate with them:
For it is Words, not Reaſon they regard:
For's Cowardice he'll be the more approv'd,
'Tis ſo agreeable to their Nature.

Phillips's Reveng. Queen.

WOMAN! Woman! how endleſs are thy Ills?
They know not when to leave, when they have once
Begun, but boundleſs in all their Paſſions! *Ibid.*

WOMEN enjoy'd, like Rivers in the Sea,
Loſe both their Taſte and Name. Suppoſe 'em *Juno's*
In the Purſuit, they're Clouds in the Enjoyment.

Wilson's Cheats.

THUS when the common Parent of thy Sex,
Pattern of Falſhood, had betray'd her Lord,
Had talk'd, and ſigh'd, and wept him into Ruin,
And loſt his *Eden* for one Taſte of Pleaſure,
She hung upon him with a Shew of Fondneſs!
Grief's pearly Dew gave Luſtre to her Eyes,
The Eloquence of Love dwelt on her Tongue,
And heighten'd Beauty bluſh'd upon her Cheek!
Thus, like the Vernal Morning dress'd in Show'rs,
The charming Miſchief ſooth'd th' uxorious Wretch,
And bought his cheap Forgiveneſs with a Tear.

Earl Warw.

A WOMAN! If you love my Peace of Mind,
Name not a Woman to me! But to think
Of Woman were enough to turn my Brains,

Till

Till they ferment to Madness ! A Woman is the
Thing

I would forget, and blot from my Remembrance !

Otw. Orph.

O WOMAN in Perfection !

Thou dazzling Mixture of ten thousand *Circes*

In one bright Heap, cast by some huddling God.

Lee's Cæf. Borg.

THOU ! I want a Name

By which to stile thee ! All articulate Sounds,

That do express the Mischief of vile Woman,

That are, or have been, or shall be, are weak

To speak thee to the Height ! *Beaum. Doub. Mar.*

WHO can describe

Womens Hypocrisies ? Their subtle Wiles,

Betraying Smiles, feign'd Tears, Inconstancies ?

Their painted Outsides, and corrupted Minds ?

The Sum of all their Follies, and their Falshoods ?

Otw. Orph.

WHAT Faith can be in Woman,

The very Fragments of the whole Creation ?

Whose sever'd Souls, like many parted Mirrors,

Reflect the Face of all Mankind at once :

Who with their weeping Smiles and laughing Tears,

Were they allow'd a Heav'n, as sure they are not,

Would tempt the Angels to a second Fall. *Lee's M. Par.*

O WOMAN ! Woman !

Dear damn'd inconstant Sex ! *Dr. All for Love.*

FOR since the Conquest *Adam* made on *Eve*,

T'has been the Sex's Bus'ness to deceive.

South. Disap.

I'VE

I'VE made

A Study of the Sex, and found it frail :
The Black, the Brown, the Fair, the Old, the Young,
Are earthly minded all : There's not a She,
The coldest Constitution of her Sex,
Nay, at the Altar, telling o'er her Beads,
But ſome one riſes on her heavenly Thoughts,
That drives her down the Wind of ſtrong Deſire,
And makes her taſte Mortality again. *Ibid.*

How poor a Thing is he, how worthy Scorn,
Who leaves the Guidance of imperial Manhood,
To ſuch a paltry Piece of Stuff as this is !
A Moppet made of Prettineſs and Pride ;
That oftner does her giddy Fancy change,
Than glittering Dew-Drops in the Sun do Colours :
Now Shame upon it ! Was our Reaſon given
For ſuch a Uſe, to be thus puff'd about,
Like a dry Leaf, an idle Straw, a Feather,
The Sport of every whiſtling Wind that blows ?
Beſhrew my Heart, but it is wond'rous ſtrange !
Sure there is ſomething more than Witchcraft in them,
That maſters even the Wiſeſt of us all !

Rowe's J. Shore.

NATURE made

Nothing but Woman dangerous and fair. *Dr. Tem.*

MANKIND from *Adam* have been Woman's Fools :
Woman, from *Eve*, have been the Devil's Tools :
Heaven might have ſpar'd one Torment when we fell ;
Not left us Women, or not threaten'd Hell.

Lanſd. She-Gal.

OUR Serpents tho' new born, are poiſonous ſtill,
And Women ne'er ſo young, have Craft and Guile :

Sed. Ant. Cleo.

THOU

THOU hast in Camp and fighting Fields been bred,
 Unknowing in the Subtleties of Women :
 It is the constant Cozenage of their Sex,
 One of the common Arts they practice on us,
 To sigh and weep : Then when their Hearts beat high
 With Expectation of the coming Joy.

Rowe's Fair Pen.

PROPHET take Notice, I disclaim thy Paradise,
 Thy fragrant Bowers, and everlasting Shades ;
 Thou hast placed Woman there, and all thy Joys
 are tainted.

Rowe's Tam.

AND yet this tough impracticable Heart,
 Is govern'd by a dainty finger'd Girl :
 Such Flaws are found in the most worthy Natures ;
 A laughing, toying, wheedling, whimpering She,
 Shall make him amble on a Gossip's Message,
 And take the Distaff with a Hand as patient,
 As e'er did *Hercules*.

Rowe's J. Shore.

THE Bard who charm'd the Shades, made Furies
 weep,
 And lull'd the Damn'd amidst their Pain to Sleep ;
 Who Panthers could reclaim, or Beasts more fell,
 Could not the Rage of furious Woman quell :
 Her wilder Heart no Power of Sound could tame,
 While the Creation melted with his Flame.

Hig. Gen. Conq.

THE BRAVE
 Could scorn the Snares of that deluding Sex,
 Nor sacrifice to such a Toy as Woman,
 Their Interest, their Happiness, and Fame :
 With Woman always, they most Favour find,
 Who have the least of Merit.

Ibid

CURS'D

CURS'D Vassalage of Womankind!
First idoliz'd, till Love's hot Fit be o'er;
Then Slaves to those who courted us before.

Dr. State of Inno.

How fierce a Friend is Passion? with what Wild-
ness,
What Tyranny untam'd it reigns in Woman!
Unhappy Sex, whose yielding easy Temper
Gives way to every Appetite alike,
Each Gust of Inclination uncontroul'd,
Sweeps tho' their Souls, and sets them in an Uproar:
Each Motion of the Heart rises to Fury;
And Love in their weak Bosoms is a Rage,
As terrible as Hate, and as destructive:
So the Winds roar o'er the wide senseless Ocean,
And heaves the Billows of the boiling Deep,
Alike from North, from South, from East and West,
With equal Force the Tempest blows by Turns,
From every Corner of the Seaman's Compass.

Rowe's J. Shore.

WHEN Love once pleads Admission to our Hearts,
In spite of all the Virtue we can boast,
The Woman that deliberates is lost.

Add. Cato.

MARK by what partial Justice we are judg'd:
Such is the Fate unhappy Woman find,
And such the Curse entail'd upon our Kind;
That Man, the lawless Libertine, may rove,
Free and unquestion'd thro' the Wilds of Love:
While Woman, Sense, and Nature's easy Fool,
If poor weak Woman swerve from Virtue's Rule;
If strongly charm'd, she leave the thorny Way,
And in the swifter Charms of Pleasure stray;
Ruin ensues, Reproach and endless Shame,

And

And one falſe Step entirely damns her Fame:
 In vain with Tears the Loſs ſhe may deplore;
 In vain look back to what ſhe was before;
 She ſets like Stars that fall to riſe no more.

Rowe's J. Shore.

THE wittieſt Men are all but Woman's Tools,
 'Tis our Prerogative to make them Fools:
 For one ſweet Look, the Rich, the Beaux, the Brave,
 And all Mankind run Headlong to be Slaves:
 Ours is the Harveſt, which thoſe *Indians* mow,
 They plow the Deep, but we reap what they ſow.

Dr. Love Tri.

INSPIRE me, Woman!

That what my Soul deſires above the World,
 May ſeem'd impos'd and forc'd on my Affection.

Lee's Theod.

THESE Women are ſuch cunning Purveyors!
 Mark where their Appetites have once been pleas'd!
 The ſame Reſemblance in a younger Lover,
 Lies brooding in their Fancies the ſame Pleaſures,
 And urges their Remembrance to Deſires. *Dr. Oed.*

THO' Hearts for Hearts uncertainly prevail,
 Riches and Power are Baits that never fail:
 He makes moſt Progreſs in a Woman's Breſt,
 Who proſers higheſt, not who loves her beſt.

Lanſd. Her. Love.

SO many Shapes have Women for Deceit,
 That Man's a Fool whenever we think fit.

Lanſd. Jew Ven.

WOMEN are like Tricks by Slight of Hand,
 Which to admire, we ſhould not underſtand.

Cong. Love for Love.

THOUGHT

THOU'RT Woman, a true Copy of the first,
In whom the Race of all Mankind was curs'd;
Your Sex by Beauty was to Heaven ally'd,
But your great Lord, the Devil, taught you Pride,
He too an Angel, till he durst rebel,
And you are sure the Stars that with him fell.
Weep on! a Stock of Tears, like Vows you have,
And always ready when you would deceive.

Osw. Don. Carlos.

AH Trayt'refs! ah Ingrate! ah faithless Mind!
Ah Sex, invented first to damn Mankind!
Nature took care to dress you up in Sin,
Adorn'd without, unfinish'd left within!
Hence by no Judgment you your Love direct;
Talk much, ne'er think, and still the Wrong affect:
So much Self-love in your Composure's mix'd,
That Love to others still remains unfix'd:
Greatness and Noise, and Shew are your Delight:
Yet wise Men love you in their own Despight:
And finding in their native Wit no Ease,
Are forc'd to put your Folly on to please.

Dr. Aurenz.

INTOLLERABLE Vanity! Your Sex
Was never in the Right! You're always false
Or silly! Even your Dresses are not more
Antastick than your Appetites! You think
Of nothing twice! Opinion you have none:
To Day you're nice, to Morrow not so free;
Now smile, then frown; now sorrowful, then glad;
Now pleas'd, now not; and all you know not why:
Virtue you affect, Inconstancy you practice;
And when your loose Desires once get Dominion,
No

No hungry Churl feeds coarser at a Feast;
Every rank Fool goes down.

Otw. Orpb.

Who can describe
Their Affectation, Pride, Ill Nature, Noise,
Proness to change, even from the Joy that pleas'd 'em!
So gracious is their Idol, dear Variety,
That for another's Love they would forego
An Angel's Form, to mingle with a Devil's:
Thro' every State and Rank of Men they wander,
Till even their large Experience takes in all
The different Nations of the peopled Earth.

Rowe's Amb. Stepm.

FATALLY fair they are, and in their Smiles
The Graces little Loves, and young Desires, inhabit;
But all that gaze upon them are undone;
For they are false, luxurious in their Appetites,
And all the Heaven they hope for, is Variety.
One Lover to another still succeeds:
Another, and another after that:
And the last Fool is welcome as the former;
Till having lov'd his Hour out, he gives place,
And mingles with the Herd that went before him.

Rowe's Fair Pen

METHOUGHT even now I mark'd the Starts
Guilt

That shook her Soul, tho' damn'd Diffimulation
Skreen'd her dark Thoughts, and set to public
View

A specious Face of Innocence and Beauty!
O false Appearance! what is all our Sovereignty,
Or boasted Power, when they oppose their Arts?
Still they prevail, and we are found the Fools;

With

With such smooth Looks, and many a gentle Word,
The first fair She beguil'd her easy Lord:
Too blind with Love, and Beauty, tobeware,
He fell unthinking in the fatal Snare :
Nor could believe that such a heavenly Face
Had bargain'd with the Devil to damn her wretched
Race. *Ibid.*

HENCEFORTH not name a Woman :
'Tis Treason to my Ear ! They are
The Bane of Empire, and the Rot of Power ;
'The Cause of all our Mischiefs, Murders, Massacres !

What Seas of Blood they've spilt in former Ages!
Lee's Const.

How hard is the Condition of our Sex ?
Thro' every State of Life the Slaves of Men !
In all the dear delightful Days of Youth,
A rigid Father dictates to our Wills,
And deals out Pleasure with a scanty Hand.
To his the Tyrant Husband's Reign succeeds ;
Proud with Opinion of superior Reason,
He holds domestic Business and Devotion,
All we are capable to know ; and shuts us,
Like cloister'd Ideots, from the World's Acquaintance,

And all the Joys of Freedom. Wherefore are we
Born with high Souls, but to assert our selves,
Shake off this wild Obedience they exact,
And claim an equal Empire o'er the World ?

Rowe's Fair Pen.

WHY was I made with all my Sex's Softness,
Yet want the Cunning to conceal its Follies ?
I'll see *Castalio* ; Tax him with his Falshood ;

Be a true Woman: Rail, proteſt my Wrongs;
Reſolve to hate him, and yet love him ſtill.

Otw. Oph.

A STRANGE diſſembling Sex we Women are,
Well may we, Men, when we our ſelves deceive:
Long has my ſecret Soul lov'd *Troilus*;
I drank his Praises from my Uncle's Mouth,
As if my Ears could ne'er be ſatisfied.
Why then, why ſaid I not, I lov'd the Prince?
How could my Tongue conſpire againſt my Heart,
To ſay I lov'd him not? O childish Love!
'Tis like an Infant froward in his Play,
And what he moſt deſires, he throws away.

Shak. Troil. Creſſ.

FORBIDDING me to follow, ſhe invites me:
This is the Mould of which I made the Sex;
I gave them but one Tongue to ſay us nay,
And two kind Eyes to grant.

Dr. Amph.

OUR thoughtleſs Sex is caught by outward Form
And empty Noiſe, and loves it ſelf in Man. *Dr. Oed.*

HARD Fate of Lovers, ſubject to our Laws!
Fools we muſt have, or elſe we cannot ſway;
For none but Fools will Womenkind obey:
If they prove ſtubborn, and reſiſt our Will,
We exerciſe our Power, and uſe them ill.
The paſſive Slave that whines, adores, and dies,
Sometimes we pity, but we ſtill deſpiſe;
But when we doat, the ſelf ſame Fate we prove
Fools at the beſt, but double Fools in Love:
We rage at firſt with ill-diſſembled Scorn,
Then falling from our Height, more baſely mourn;
And Man, the inſulting Tyrant, takes his Turn:

Leaves

Leaves us to weep for our neglected Charms,
And hugs another Miſtreſs in his Arms;
And that which humbles our proud Sex the moſt,
Of all our ſlighted Favours, makes his Boaſt.

Dr. Cleom.

WERE you ye Fair but cautious whom ye truſt,
So many of your Sex would not in vain
Of broken Vows and faithleſs Men complain;
Of all the various Wretches Love has made,
How few have been by Men of Senſe betray'd?
Convinc'd by Reaſon, they your Power confeſs,
Pleas'd to be happy, as you're pleas'd to bleſs,
And conſcious of your Worth, can never love you
leſs.

Rowe's Fair Pen.

WOMEN, like Summers Storms, a while are
cloudy,

Burſt out in Thunder and impetuous Showers:
But ſtraight the Sun of Beauty dawns abroad,
And all the fair Horizon is ſerene.

Rowe's Tam.

CREDULOUS, eaſy, thoughtleſs Sex! Good Tools,
Fit Instruments to ruin and deſtroy,
Guided by ſkilful and judicious Heads;
Left to themſelves, like Frigates under Sail,
Goodly to ſee, without the Pilot's Care,
They drive on Sands, or bulge upon the Rocks!

Phil. Bel.

W O O I N G.

I AM unpractis'd in the Art of Courtſhip,
And know not how to deal Love out with Art:
Onſets in Love ſeem beſt, like thoſe in War,

Q 2

Fierce,

Fierce, resolute, and done with all the Force.
 So I would open my whole Heart at once,
 And pour out th' Abundance of my Soul. *Orw. Orp.*

O BEAUTEOUS Maid!

O thou, to whom my Vows were ever paid!
 And with such modest, chaste, and pure Affection,
 The coldest Nymph might read them without blush-
 ing! *Lee's Oed.*

FOR you I'd quit my Crown, and stoop beneath
 The happy Bondage of an humble Wife!
 With thee I'd climb the steepy *Ida's* Summit,
 And in the scorching Heat, and chilly Dews,
 O'er Hills, o'er Vales, pursue the shaggy Lion,
 Careless of Danger, and of wasting Toil;
 Of pinching Hunger and impatient Thirst,
 I'll find all Joys in thee. *Smith's Phed. Hip.*

DID you but know what 'tis to love, like me;
 Without a Dawn of Bliss, to dream all Day,
 To pass the Night in broken Sleeps away;
 Toss'd in the restless Tides of Hopes and Fears,
 With Eyes for ever running o'er with Tears:
 To leave my Couch, and fly to Beds of Flowers,
 'T'invoke the Stars, to curse the dragging Hours,
 To talk like mad Men to the Groves and Bow'rs: }
 Could you know this, and blame my tortured Love,
 If thus it throws my Body at your Feet?

O fly not hence!

Vouchsafe but just to view me in Despair:
 I ask not Love, but Pity from the Fair.

Lee's Prin. of Cleve.

OH! Let me kneel and swear,
 And on thy Hand seal my religious Vow:
 Straight let the Breath of Gods blow me from Earth;
 Swept

Swept from the Book of Fame, forgotten ever,
If I prefer thee not, O *Athenais*!
To all the *Persian* Greatness!

I will do every Thing
Which *Athenais* bids! If there be more
In Nature to convince her of my Love,
Whisper it, O some God! into my Ear,
And on her Breasts, thus to her listening Soul
I'll breath th' Inspiration!

O *Athenais*! What shall I do, or say,
To gain the Thing I wish?
Thus to approach thee! still thus to behold thee!

Lee's Theod.

O *Armida*!

Why wert thou form'd so exquisitely fair?
The Angel stamp'd upon that beauteous Face,
Without a Mind proportion'd to thy Form.
Bright as a Star! Why wilt thou not pour down
Propitious Influence to preserve Mankind?
But like a Comet, with portentous Blaze
Of threatening Beauty shine; and arm'd with Fate,
Presage Destruction, and the Fall of Kings!

Hig. Gen. Conq.

OH! I will woo thee
With Sighs so moving; with so warm a Transport,
That thou shalt catch the gentle Flame from me,
And kindle into Joy!

Rowe's Fair Pen.

CAN I behold thee, and not speak of Love?
E'en now thus sadly as thou stand'st before me;
Thus desolate, dejected, and forlorn,
Thy Softness steals upon my yielding Senses,
Till my Soul faints, and sickens with Desire.

How canst thou give this Motion to my Heart,
And bid my Tongue be still? *Rowe's Jane Shore.*

Oh! I behold thee as my Pledge of Happiness,
And know none fair, none excellent beside thee!
I still will love thee with unwearied Constancy;
Thro' every Season, every Change of Life;
Thro' wrinkled Age, thro' Sickneſs and Misfortune!

Rowe's Fair Pen

To thee my ſecret Soul more lowly bends,
Than Forms of outward Worſhip can expreſs.

Rowe's Tam.

If it were poſſible my Heart could ſtray,
One Look from thee would call it back again,
And fix the Wanderer for ever thine. *Ibid.*

My fond Eyes gaze with Joy and Rapture on thee;
Angels and Light it ſelf are not ſo fair! *Ibid.*

Which Way, *Lucina*, hope you to eſcape
The Cenſure both of Tyrannous and Proud,
While your Admirers languish by your Eyes;
And at your Feet an Emperor deſpairs.
Gods! why was I mark'd out of all your Brood
To ſuffer tamely under mortal Hate?
Is it not I that do protect your Shrines?
Am Author of your Sacrifice and Prayers?
Forced by whoſe great Commands, the knowing
World

Submits to own your Beings and your Power:
And muſt I feel the Torments of Neglect?
Betray'd by Love, to be the Slave of Scorn?
But 'tis not you, poor harmleſs Deities,
That can make *Valentinian* ſigh and mourn:
Alas! all Power is in *Lucina's* Eyes!

How

How ſoon could I ſhake off this heavy Earth,
Which makes me little lower than your ſelves,
And ſit in Heaven an equal with the firſt!
But Love bids me purſue a nobler Aim,
Continue mortal, and *Lucina's* Slave,
From whoſe fair Eyes, would Pity take my Part,
And bend her Will, to ſave a bleeding Heart;
I in her Arms, ſuch Bleſſings ſhould obtain,
For which th' unvy'd Gods might wiſh in vain.

Roch. Valen.

You like the Sun, great Sir, are placed above;
I a low Mirtle in the humble Vale,
May flouriſh by your diſtant Influence:
But ſhould you bend your Glories nearer me,
Such fatal Favours withers me to Duſt:
Or I in fooliſh Gratitude aſpire,
To kiſs your Feet, by whom I live and grow,
To ſuch a Heighth, I ſhould in vain aſpire,
Who am already rooted here below:
Fix'd in my *Maximus's* Breſt I lie;
Torn from that Bed, like gather'd Flowers die. *Ibid.*

CEASE to oppreſs me with ten thouſand Charms;
There needs no Succour to prevailing Arms:
Your Beauty had ſubdu'd my Heart before,
Such Virtue could alone enſlave me more.
I burn *Lucina* like a Field of Corn,
By burning Streams of kindled Flames o'erborn,
When North Winds drive the Torrent with a Storm:
Thoſe Fires into my Boſom you have thrown,
And muſt in Pity quench them in your own. *Ibid.*

I'm fill'd with ſuch Amaze,
So far transported with Deſire and Love,
My ſlippery Soul flies to you while I ſpeak. *Ibid.*

My Care ſhall beto pay Devotion here?
 At this fair Shrine to lay my Laurels down,
 And raiſe Love's Altar on the Spoils of War.
 Conqueſt and Triumph now are mine no more;
 Nor will I Victory in Camps adore:
 For lingering there in long Suſpenſe ſhe ſtands,
 Shifting the Prize in unreſolving Hands:
 Unuſ'd to wait, I broke tho' her Delay,
 Fix'd her by Force, and ſnatch'd the doubtful Day:
 Now late I find, that War is but her Sport,
 In Love the Goddeſs keeps her awful Court:
 Fickle in Fields, unſteadily ſhe flies,
 But rules with ſettl'd Sway in Zara's Eyes.

Cong. M. Bride.

EXQUISITE Charmer! Now by *Oroſmades*,
 I ſwear thy each ſoft Accent melts my Soul!
 The Joy of Conqueſt, and immortal Triumph,
 Honour and Greatneſs, all that fires the Hero
 To high Exploits, and everlaſting Fame,
 Grows vile in Sight of thee! My haughty Soul,
 By Nature fierce, and panting after Glory,
 Could be content to live obſcure with thee,
 Forgotten and unknown of all but my *Ameftris*.

No Son of great *Arſacis*, tho' my Soul,
 Shares in my Sexes Weakneſs, and would fly
 From Noiſe and Faction, and from fatal Greatneſs;
 Yet for thy Sake, thou Idol of my Heart!
 For thy lov'd Sake, ſpite of my boding Tears,
 I'll meet the Danger which Ambition brings,
 And tread one Path with thee!

FORBEAR to argue with that Angel Face,
 Againſt the Paſſion thou wert form'd to raiſe:
 Alas! thy frozen Heart has only known

Love

Love in reverſe, not taſted of its Joys;
The Wiſhes, ſoft Deſires, and pleaſing Pains,
That centre all in moſt extatic Blifs.
O lovely Maid! miſpend no more that Treſure
Of Youth and Charms, which laſiſh Nature gives!
The *Paphian* Goddeſs frowns at thy Delay:
By her fair ſelf, and by her Son ſhe ſwears,
Thy Beauties are devoted to her Service.
Now! now ſhe ſhoots her Fires into my Breſt,
She urges my Deſires, and bids me ſeize thee,
And bear thee as a Viſtım to her Altar;
Then offer up ten thouſand, thouſand Joys,
As an Amends for all thy former Coldneſs!

Rowe's Amb. Step.

To every Power divine, I will appeal,
Nor ſhall thy Beauty bribe them to be partial;
Their Altars now expect us: Come fair Saint,
And if thou wilt abide their righteous Doom,
Their Juſtice muſt decree my Happineſs,
Reward thy Sufferings, and my Flame approve;
For they themſelves have felt the Power of Love.

Ibid.

I AM all Love, and thou all over Charms!
Thou haſt no Equal! A ſuperior Ray,
Unrival'd as the Light that rules the Day!

Laſſd. Bri. En.

THOU art the Blood of Heaven,
The kindeſt Influence of the teeming Stars!
A God thy Father was, a Goddeſs was his Wiſe;
The Wood-Nymphs found thee on a Bed of Roſes,
Lap'd in the Sweets and Beauties of the Spring!
Diana foſter'd thee with Nectar Dews,

Q 5

Thus

Thus tender, blooming, chaste, ſhe gave me thee,
To build a Temple ſacr'd to her Name.

Lee's Lu. Ju. Brut.

Know then *Endoſia*! Ah! rather let me call thee,
By the lov'd Name of *Athenais* ſtill!
That Name which I ſo often have invoked,
And which was once auspicious to my Vows!
So oft at Midnight ſigh'd among the Groves!
The Rivers Murmur, and the Echo's Burden,
Which every Bird could ſing, and Wind did bear!
By that dear Name I make this Proteſtation:
By all that's good on Earth, or bleſs'd in Heaven,
I ſwear I love thee more, far more than ever.

Lee's Theod.

Now what you are, I'm fill'd with ſuch Amaze,
My ſlippery Souls flows to you while I ſpeak.

Roch. Valet

PLEASURE flows ſtreaming from thoſe lovely Eyes,
And with its Sweetneſs over comes my Soul!

Den. Rin. Ar.

Why wert thou form'd with that ſurprizing Beauty,
That might transport an Angel from his Sphere,
And fix him by divine Reſemblance here?

Ibid.

Oh! were the World return'd to antient Chaos,
Thy Looks would force the warring Element's
Into a ſacred Order, and beget
A Harmony like this they now enjoy!

Daven. Albovine.

WHAT Queens are thoſe of moſt celeftial Form,
Whoſe Charms can drive thy Image from my Breſt,
Oh! were they caſt in Nature's faireſt Mold,
Brighter than *Cynthia's* ſhining Train of Stars,
Kind as the ſoftereſt She that ever clasp'd

Her

Her Lover, when the bridal Night was past!
I swear I could prefer thee, O *Cecile*!
With all thy Scorn and cold Indifference;
Would chuse to languish, and to die for thee,
Much rather than be blest, and live for them!

Rowe's Amb. Stepm.

OH! thou disturb'st me with such charming Pleasure,
I Love and tremble, as at Angel's View!

Dr. Duke of Guise.

WHAT says my Fair? Drive *Athenais* from me!
Start me not into Frenzy, least I rail
At all Religion, and fall out with Heaven!
And what is she, alas! that should supplant thee?
Were she the Mistress of the World, as fair
As Winter's Stars, or Summers setting Suns,
And thou set by in Nature's plainest Dress,
With that chaste modest Look, when first I saw thee
The Heiress of a poor Philosopher;
I swear by all I wish, by and I love,
Glory, and thee, I would not lose a Thought,
Nor cast an Eye that Way, but rush to thee,
To these lov'd Arms, and lose my self for ever!

Lee's Theod.

O stop not here! for ever bless my Ears,
With the delightful Story of thy Love!
My Heart is ravish'd with excess of Joy,
Leaps in my Breast,
And dances to the Music of thy Voice!

South. Loy. Brother.

O speak again! The Breath that tells, you Love,
Approaches like the gentle Winds, that move

Over

Over the Tops of fragrant Flowers, and bring,
To the bleſt Senſe, their Souls upon the Wing.

How. Veſt. Vir.

OH! name not Love, the worſt of all Miſfortunes!
The common Ruin of my eaſy Sex;
Which I have ſworn for ever to avoid,
In Memory of all thoſe hapleſs Maids,
That Love has plung'd in unexamp'd Woes.

Rowe's Amb. Stepm.

OH! 'Tis moſt true, that while
I ſtand in View of thee, thy Eyes will wound me!
Thy Tongue will make me wanton as thy Wiſhes;
And while I feel thy Hand, my Body glows!

Lee's Alex.

THESE Praiſes breath'd from any Lips but yours,
Lord of my Life, and Idol of my Love,
Would make me think with Shame, or ſcorn the
Flatterer!

But as they come from you, from that lov'd Mouth,
The tender Offspring of your fond Deſire:
I take them all, and die upon the Sound!
To the driven Air, my flying Soul is faſten'd;
Each Word, each Syllable you ſpeak is mine;
Yes I am fair! a Queen! a Goddeſs! any Thing
That my lov'd Lord is pleas'd to have me be.

Lee's Mith.

WHERE is my boasted Reſolution now?
Oh! yes, thou art the ſame! My Heart joins with thee,
And to betray me, will believe thee ſtill!
It dances to the Sounds that mov'd it firſt;
And owns at once the Weakneſs of my Soul:
So when ſome ſkilful Artiſt ſtrikes the Strings,

The

The magic Numbers rouse our ſleeping Paſſions,
And force us to confeſs our Grief and Pleaſure:

Rowe's Tamer.

IN vain all Arts a Love-ſick Virgin tries,
Affects to frown, and ſeems ſeverely wiſe,
In Hopes to cheat the wary Lover's Eyes:
If the dear Youth, her Pity ſtrives to move,
And pleads with Tenderneſs the Cauſe of Love,
Nature aſſerts her Empire in her Heart,
And kindly takes the faithful Lover's Part:
By Love herſelf, and Nature thus betray'd,
No more ſhe truſts in Pride's fantaſtic Aid;
But bids her Eyes confeſs the yielding Maid. *Ibid.*

BEHOLD where gentle *Altamont*,
Kind as the ſoſteſt Virgin of our Sex,
And faithful as the ſimple Village Swain,
Sighs at your Feet, and wooes you to be happy.

Rowe's Fair Pen.

HE ſigh'd his Paſſion in ſuch ſoft Complaints,
Court'd with ſuch winning Modeſty,
Ev'n in his Silence, eloquent his Words,
So Artfully diſorder'd, as might move
Veaſtals devoted to a living Grave. *Tate's Loy Gen.*

FIRST he began to look,
And then he ſigh'd, and then he look'd again;
At length he ſaid, my Eyes wounded his Heart:
And after that, he talk'd of Flames and Fires,
And ſuch ſtrange Words, that I believe he conjur'd.

Dr. Mar. A-la-mode.

INTO

INTO theſe Ears of mine,
Theſe credulous Ears, he pouring the ſweeteſt Words
That Art or Love could frame.

Beaum. Maid's Tragedy.

I KNOW that ſhe deſerves a Crown:
Yet 'tis to Reaſon much, tho' not to Love.

Lee's Theod.

To fix her on a Throne, to me ſeems little;
Were I a God, yet would I raiſe her higher:
But, oh! I am dar'd with this gygantic Honour!
Glory forbids her Proſpect to a Crown!
Nor muſt ſhe gaze that Way! My haughty Soul,
That Day, when ſhe aſcends the Throne of *Cyrus*,
Will leave my Body pale; and to the Stars,
Retire in Bluſhes. Loſt quite for ever!
But ſee, ſhe comes, the Glory of my Arms!
The only Buſineſs of my inſtant Thought!
My Soul's beſt Joy, and all my true Repoſe!

Lee's Theod.

HE answers not my Glances, ſtupid Man!
My tender Look, my languiſhing Regards,
Are like miſaiming Arrows, loſt in Air,
And miſs the flying Prey!
Perhaps he dares not think, I would be lov'd:
Then muſt I make th' Advance? and making, loſe
The vaſt Prerogative our Sex enjoys,
Of being courted firſt! Courtied! to what?
To our own Wiſhes. There's the Point! But ſtill,
To ſpeak our Wiſhes firſt, forbid it Pride!
Forbid it Modeſty! True they forbid it,
But Nature does not! When we are athiſt,

Or hungry, will imperious Nature stay?
Not eat, nor drink, before 'tis bid fall on? *Dr. Cleom.*

I WOULD, but cannot speak,
'The Shame that should to Womankind belong,
Flows from my Bosom, hovers on my Tongue! *Ibid.*

W O R D S.

MY Ears will not be charm'd with sounding Words,
Or pompous Phrase, the Pageantry of Souls!

Cong. Mour. Bride.

OH! I'm struck, thy Words are Bolts of Ice,
Which shot into my Breast, now chill and freeze me!
I chatter, shake, and faint with thrilling Fears! *Ibid.*

How much distracted are your Thoughts, and how
Disjointed all your Words!

The *Sybil's* Leaves more orderly were laid. *Dr. M. Qu.*

YOUR Words are like the Notes of dying Swains,
Too sweet to last! *Dr. All for Love.*

I'LL speak the kindest Words,
That Tongue e'er uttered, or that Heart e'er thought.

Dr. Ind. Emp.

OH! I will tell my News in Terms so mild,
So tender, and so fearful to offend,
As Mothers use to sooth their froward Babes!

Dr. Troit. Cress.

Go, tell it all, but in such artful Words,
Such tender Accents, and such melting Sounds,
As may appease his Rage, and move his Pity!

Smith's Phed. Hyp.

TEACH me some Power, that happy Art of Speech,
To dress my Purpose up in gracious Words;

Such

Such as may ſoftly ſteal upon her Soul,
And never waken the tempeſtuous Paſſions!

Rowe's F. Pen.

W O R L D.

THE World's a ſtormy Sea,
Whoſe e'ery Breath is ſtrew'd with Wrecks of Wretches,
That daily periſh in it.

Rowe's Amb. Step.

WHERE ſolid Pains ſucceed our ſenſleſs Joys,
And ſhort-liv'd Pleaſures paſs like fleeting Dreams.

Roch. Val.

THE World's a Lab'rinth, where unguided Men
Walk up and down to find their Wearineſs:
No ſooner have we meaſur'd with much Toil
One crooked Path, in hope to gain our Freedom,
But it betrays us to a new Affliction.

Beaum. Night-Walker.

Is it a Pride, alas! to pleaſe the World,
Where honeſt Thoughts are a Reproach to Man,
Where Knaves look great, and groaning Virtue
ſtarves,
A World of Madneſs, Falſhood, and Injuſtice?

Smith's P. Parma.

I HOLD the World but as a Stage, *Gratiano*,
Where e'ery Man muſt play ſome certain Part.

Shak. Mer. Ven.

COME; the tumultuous World we viſit now,
There to ſucceſſful Vice the Virtuous bow:
The Pious Quarrel, Ignorance is loud,
All is amiſs in Schools, the Wiſe are proud;
At Court they patient Modesty deſpiſe,
Only the Impudent are ſure to riſe.

Daven. Circ.

Al

ALL the World's a Stage;

And all the Men and Women merely Players;
They have their *Exits* and their Entrances,
And one Man in his Time plays many Parts,
His Acts being seven Ages. At first the Infant,
Mewling and puking in the Nurſes Arms;
And then the whining School-Boy, with his Satchel
And ſhining Morning Face, creeping, like Snail,
Unwillingly to School; and then the Lover
Sighing like Furnace, with a woful Ballad
Made to his Miſtreſs' Eyebrow: Then a Soldier
Full of ſtrange Oaths, and bearded like a Pard,
Jealous in Honour, ſudden and quick in Quarrel,
Seeking the Bubble Reputation,
Ev'n in the Cannon's Mouth: And then the Juſtice,
In fair round Belly, with good Capon lin'd,
With Eyes ſevere, and Beard of formal Cut,
Full of wiſe *Saws*, and modern Inſtances,
And ſo he plays his Part. The Sixth Age ſhifts,
With the lean and ſlipper'd Pantaloon,
With Spectacles on Noſe, and Pouch on Side;
His youthful Hoſe, well fav'd, a World too wide
For his ſhrunk Shank; and his big manly Voice
Turning again toward childiſh treble Pipes,
And whistles in his Sound. Laſt Scene of all
That ends this ſtrange eventful Hiſtory,
Is ſecond Childiſhneſs, and mere Oblivion,
Sans Teeth, ſans Eyes, ſans Taſte, ſans every Thing.

Shak. As you like it.

WOUNDS.

W O U N D S.

I've seen him when he has been all over Blood;
And hack'd with Wounds that seem'd to mow his
Praises, *Lee's Theod.*

THOSE Wounds heal ill that Men have given
themselves,
Because they give them deepest. *Dr. Tro. Cress.*

WITH many a Wound she made her Bosom gay:
Her Wounds, like Flood-Gates, did themselves display,
Thro' which Life ran in scarlet Streams away.

Lee's Ner.

LIKE dumb Mouths, his Wounds
Open'd their ruby Lips! *Shak. Jul. Cas.*

THERE *Duncan* lay:

His silver Skin lac'd with his golden Blood,
And his gash'd Stabs look like a Breach in Nature,
For Ruin's wasteful Entrance. *Shak. Mac.*

OLD as I am, and quench'd with Scars and Sorrow,

Yet could I make this wither'd Arm do Wonders,
And open in an Enemy such Wounds,
Mercy would weep to look on. *Roch. Val.*

THEY made bare their Breasts,
Lac'd with long Scars, and studded o'er with Throats
The noble Wardrobe of the scarlet War. *Lee's Mac.*

W R E T C

W R E T C H

LOOK who comes here! A Grave unto a Soul;
Holding th' eternal Spirit against her Will
In the vile Prison of afflicted Breath. *Shak. K. John.*

To be a Dog, and dead,
Were Paradise to such a State as his:
He holds down Life, as Children do a Potion
With strong Reluctance and convulsive Strugglings;
While his Misfortunes press him to disgorge it.

Rowe's Tam.

To know no Thought of Rest, to have the Mind
Still ministring fresh Plagues, as in a Circle,
Where one Dishonour treads upon another:
What know the Fiends beyond it! *Ibid.*

THERE'S not a Wretch that lives on common
Charity,

But's happier far than me: For I have known
The luscious Sweets of Plenty; e'ery Night
Have slept with soft Content about my Head,
And never wak'd but to a joyful Morning;
Yet now must fall, like a full Ear of Corn,
Whose Blossom 'scap'd, but wither'd in the Ripening.

Osw. Ven. Pres.

ONE whom Heaven forsakes;
One who has tir'd Misfortune with pursuing;
One driv'n about the World, like blasted Leaves,
And Chaff, the Sport of adverse Winds; till late
At length imprison'd in some Cleft of Rock,
Or Earth, it rests, and rots to silent Dust.

Cong. M. Bride.

O THAT

O THAT my Head were laid! my sad Eyes clos'd!
 And my cold Coarse wound in my Shroud to Rest!
 My painful Heart will never cease to beat,
 Will never know a Moment's Peace till then!

Rowe's J. Shore.

I FEAR you're on a Rock will wreck your Quiet,
 And drown your Soul in Wretchedness for ever.

Otw. Orph.

THINK you this Solitude I now had chos'n,
 Left Joys just op'ning to my Sense, sought here
 A Place to curse my Fate in, measur'd out
 My Grave at length, wish'd to have grown one Piece
 With this cold Clay, and all without a Cause? *Ibid.*

My Soul is pierc'd! I'm tortur'd every where!
 Behold me as a Wretch forlorn and poor;

Imagine every Form of Misery,
 And when you've summ'd up all, then look on me

Otw. Alcib.

How curs'd is my Condition? Toss'd and justled
 From every Corner: Fortune's common Fool!
 The Jest of Rogues, an instrumental Ass
 For Villains to lay Loads of Shame upon,
 And drive about just for their Ease and Scorn!!

Otw. Ven. Pro.

I AM the Center of all Miseries:
 What wander from me, leave their proper Course.

Crown's Darin

My Loss is such as cannot be repair'd,
 And to the Wretched, Life can be no Mercy.

Dr. Mar. A-la-mo

To live, and live a Torment to my self!
 What Dog would bear't, that knew but his Condition

Wel

We've little Knowledge, and that makes us Cowards,
Because it cannot tell us what's to come. *Otw. Orph.*

WHAT means all this! why all this Stir to plague
A single Wretch! If but your Word can shake
This World to Atoms, why so much ado
With me? Think me but dead, and lay me so! *Ibid.*

WHERE, where is this most Wretched of Mankind,
This stately Image of Imperial Sorrow?
Whose Story told, whose very Name but mention'd,
Will cool the Rage of Fevers, and unlock
The Hand of Lust from the pale Virgin's Hair,
And throw the Ravisher before her Feet. *Lee's Oed.*

O WRETCHED Pair! O greatly wretched we!
Two Worlds of Woe! *Ibid.*

HASTE then, let's join our well-met Hands to-
gether,
Unite for ever, and defy the Gods
To shew a Pair so eminently wretched!

Smith's Phed. Hip.

I'm too unlucky to converse with Men!
I'll pack together all my Mischiefs up,
Gather with Care each little Remnant of 'em,
That none of them be left behind. Thus loaded
I'll fly to some Desert, and there let 'em loose
Where they may never prey upon Mankind.

Dr. Riv. Ladies.

YOUTH.



Y O U T H.



IN the Heat of Youth
When my Blood boil'd, and Nature
work'd me high! *Jee's Alex.*

WHEN youthful Grace,
And the first Down began to shade his
Face. *Dr. Auren.*

THERE was a Time in the gay Spring of Life,
When every Note was as the mounting Lark's,
Merry and cheerful, to salute the Morn;
When all the Day was made of Melody. *South. F. Cap.*

THEN Heat new bends thy slacken'd Nerves again,
And a short Youth runs warm in e'ery Vein.

Dr. Cong. Gran.

THE Spring of Life, the Bloom of gawdy Years,
Before the tender Nerves had strung his Limbs,
And knotted into Strength. *Shak. Tro. Cress.*

GRIEF seldom join'd with blooming Youth is seen,
Can Sorrow be where Knowledge scarce has been.

Fortune does well for heedless Youth provide,
But Wisdom does unlucky Age misguide.

How. Ind. Queen

To erring Youth there's some Compassion due,
But while with Rigour you their Crimes pursue,
What's their Misfortune is a Crime in you.
Hence learn offending Children to forgive;
Leave Punishment to Heav'n, 'tis Heav'n's Prerogative.
South. Fat. Mar.

F I N I S.

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